PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

NOVEMBER 1992 • $4.95

JOAN SEVERANCE'S SUPER HOT "RED SHOE DIARIES"

PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS WILLIAM SAFIRE · SEX IN CINEMA GETS DOWN TO BASICS · SEXY TREKKIE PATRICK STEWART ANSWERS 20 QUESTIONS

Dear diary,

The shoot lasted hours. There was no part of my body left untouched by the hot lights. Imagine the rush. Can sex be caught on film? We tried. There was talk of a cover shot...

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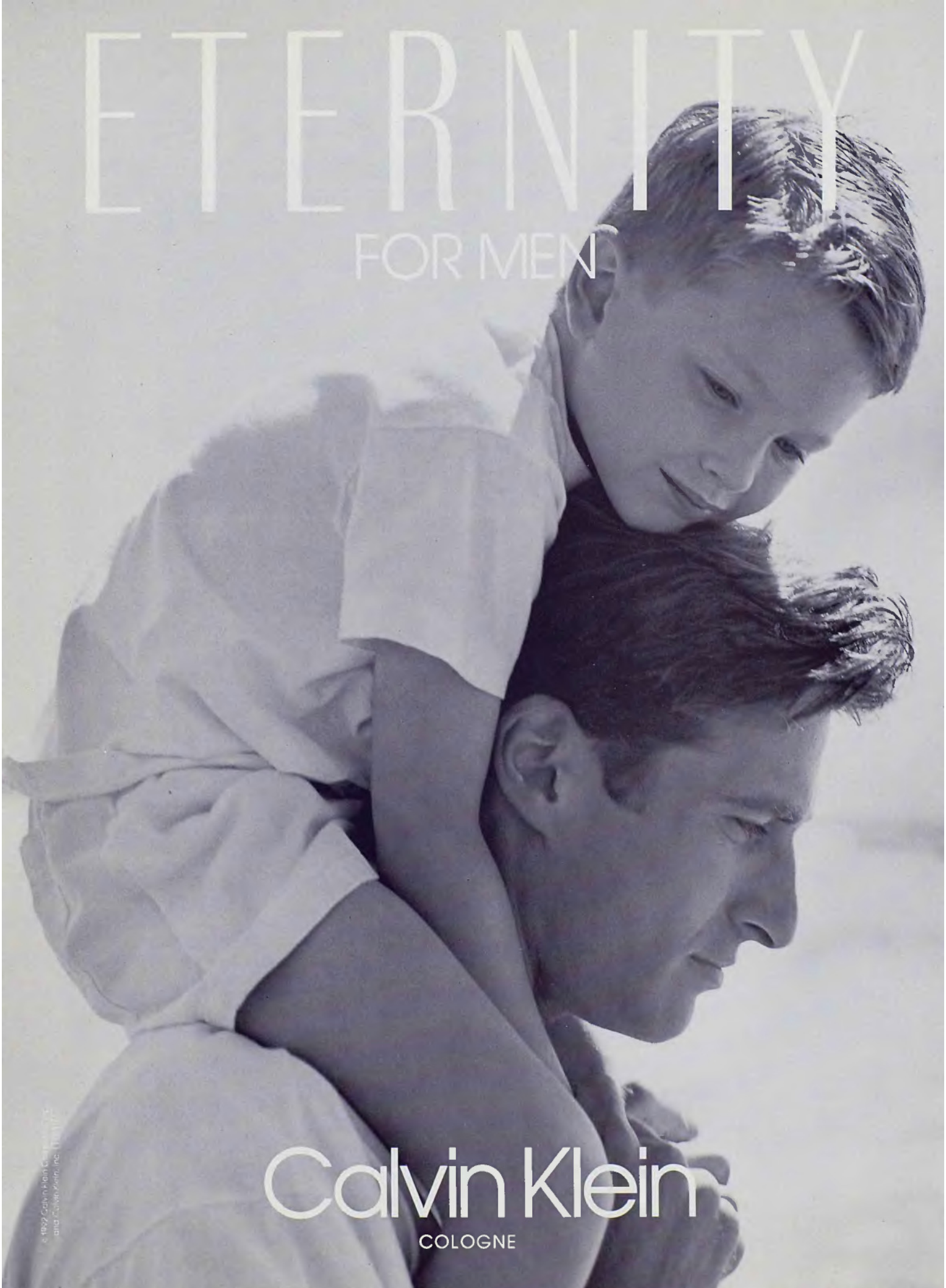
ETERNITY
FOR MEN
Calvin Klein
COLOGNE

EVEN THOUGH the presidential campaign season is just about over, American voters still must stagger through an obstacle course of brickbats, cheap shots and padded promises to get to the voting booth. Can we help you? Certainly. **Joe Queenan's** piece, *October Surprise*, illustrated by **Robert Giusti**, anchors our election coverage. October surprises are those last-minute banana peels set out to upend opponents; Queenan maps the hazards. To refresh your memory, **Terry Catchpole** offers a *Short History of Political Dirty Tricks*; **Ken Bode's** *Spin Doctors in the Emergency Room* reveals how bad news gets managed. And for the political overview, no one does it better than *New York Times* columnist and former Nixon spin doctor **William Safire**, interviewed this month by **Claudia Dreifus**. For a final word on politics, Editor-in-Chief **Hugh M. Hefner** sums up 20 years of Republican government in his *Playboy Forum* essay, *Just Say No*.

Two of the main topics on the political agenda this year are the economy and our crumbling inner cities. **Allan Sloan** asks the provocative question *What If the Japanese Bail Out?* First we worried that they were buying up too much of America—Rockefeller Center, Columbia Pictures and the Seattle Mariners, for instance—but now their own stock market is down. So suppose they start to dump their American holdings. Is it sayonara to the economy? An even greater concern to voters should be the Americans left behind and out in our big cities. **Léon Bing**, whose book *Do or Die* affords remarkable insights into Los Angeles' notorious street gangs, the Crips and the Bloods, returns to South Central Los Angeles in *Voices from the Hood* to grill gang veterans on the riots and the rage in urban America. The illustration is by **Brad Holland.**

Do we have anything just a little lighter? Sure. For a chuckle, try *The Do-It-Yourself Instant Country Lyric Kit*, by **Larry Tritten.** Who knows, maybe you have a million seller in you. And for fans who love *Star Trek: The Next Generation*, **Patrick Stewart** reveals the joys of extraterrestrial dating and why he won't wear his Jean-Luc Picard costume off the set in an enterprising *20 Questions* with **Neil Tesser.** Now that you're thinking showbiz, let us not forget that if it's November, it must be *Sex in Cinema 1992*—with text by our own movie maven, Contributing Editor **Bruce Williamson.**

Sex is also alive and well on cable, thanks in part to actress **Joan Severance**, who has been turning up the flame under Showtime's sizzling series *Red Shoe Diaries*. Our piece, written by her director, **Zalman King** (of *9½ Weeks* and *Wild Orchid* fame), was photographed by **Robert Scott.**

We have two good works of fiction this month. *Bobby*^{2}, by **Pat Jordan**, takes place in south Florida. Bobby and Sheila, his girlfriend, take off into the swamp to straighten out a botched coke deal. It's a terrifying ride. The illustration is by **Alan Reingold.** In **John Varley's** *Good Intentions*, illustrated by **Tony Fitzpatrick**, a political candidate makes a deal with the Devil—with unforeseen results.

Remember that old saw, You can separate the men from the boys by the price of their toys? We're here to tell you that the adage is true. In *For Control Freaks Only*, **James Imbrogno** has photographed some radio-controlled gadgets that definitely belong on your Christmas wish list. Shoppers should also check out *1993: The Electrifying News*, **Ivan Berger's** informed peek at all the hot news in consumer electronics, plus his scoop on car audio systems, *Sounds for the Open Road*.

Now that you've been enlightened, amused, informed and amazed, could there possibly be anything more? Set your sights on the Playmate of the Month, **Stephanie Adams.** And note that we made it through this entire *Playbill* without talking turkey. Or cranberries. We know you don't need us for that.

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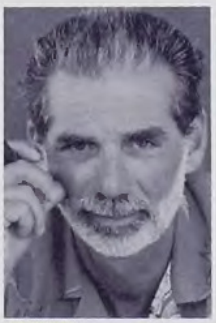
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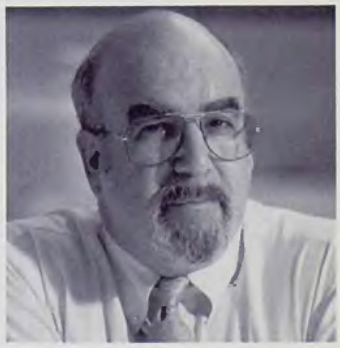
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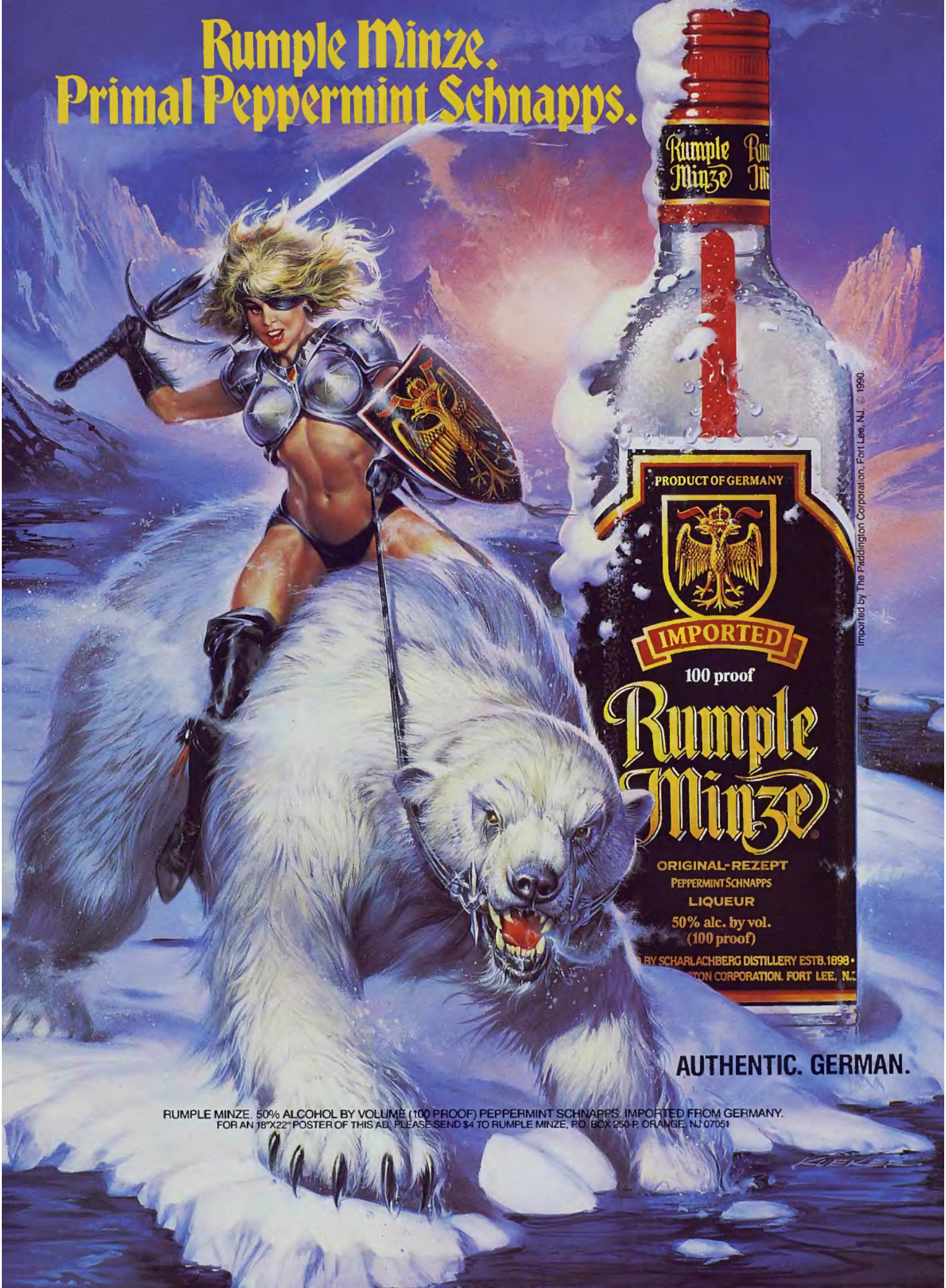
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CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL		5
DEAR PLAYBOY		11
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS		15
MANTRACK		37
MEN	ASA BABER	40
WOMEN	CYNTHIA HEIMEL	42
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR		47
REPORTER'S NOTEBOOK:		
SO LONG, POPPY—opinion	ROBERT SCHEER	51
THE PLAYBOY FORUM		53
JUST SAY NO	HUGH M. HEFNER	53
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: WILLIAM SAFIRE—candid conversation		63
OCTOBER SURPRISE—article	JOE QUEENAN	84
A SHORT HISTORY OF POLITICAL DIRTY TRICKS	TERRY CATCHPOLE	86
SPIN DOCTORS	KEN BODE	87
DIRECTOR'S CHOICE: JOAN SEVERANCE—pictorial	ZALMAN KING	90
VOICES FROM THE HOOD—article	LÉON BING	98
WHAT IF THE JAPANESE BAIL OUT?—article	ALLAN SLOAN	102
FOR CONTROL FREAKS ONLY—modern living		104
BOBBY^2—fiction	PAT JORDAN	110
IF THEY COULD SEE HER NOW—ployboy's playmate of the month		114
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor		126
THE DO-IT-YOURSELF INSTANT COUNTRY LYRIC KIT—humor	LARRY TRITTEN	128
1993: THE ELECTRIFYING NEWS—modern living	IVAN BERGER	130
GOOD INTENTIONS—fiction	JOHN VARLEY	136
20 QUESTIONS: PATRICK STEWART		138
SEX IN CINEMA—pictorial	text by BRUCE WILLIAMSON	142
PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE		189

Red-hot Joan P. 90

Election Stopper P. 84

Presidential Playmate P. 114

Remote Toys P. 104

COVER STORY

Having explored the wilder shores of romonce and erotic fontosy in Zalman King's *Red Shoe Diaries* on Showtime, screen siren Joon Severance returns for her second appearance in PLAYBOY. Thonks to Contributing Photographer Richord Izui ond stylist Violet Worzecho for our cover. We would also like to extend thanks to Cartier for the Vendôme pen and to Chorles Jourdan for the sexy shoes. This month, our Rabbit is more exclomatory than usual.

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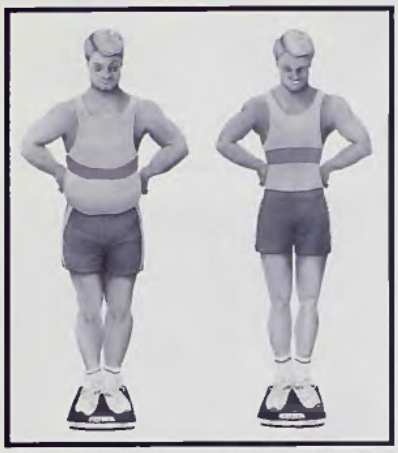

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NATURAL TIES

Many people think it would be hard to befriend someone who has a developmental disability. But some of the guys at Northwestern University don't think so. They are participants in Natural Ties, an "adoption" program that pairs developmentally disabled individuals with members of such campus organizations as fraternities, sororities and clubs.

At first, Charlie was shy and reclusive. His confidence grew gradually, and he ventured out to shoot a few hoops with the guys. Other friendships began to evolve. Now he comes by the house two days a week for meals or just to hang out.

The Natural Ties program is a unique experience. Getting to know Charlie was an education for Tom and Bob. Charlie now is making friends his own age and is enjoying activities most disabled people never get a chance to try. That's what Natural Ties is all about--making friends. And isn't that what "fraternity" is all about, too?

Natural Ties invites inquiries from civic, social and religious organizations, as well as from businesses, families and individuals.

Natural Ties
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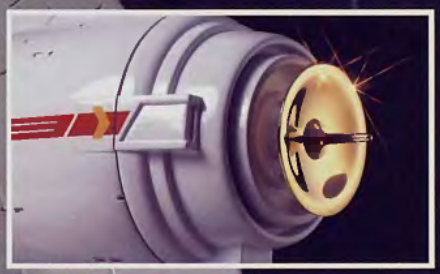

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SEE ROSS RUN

I enjoyed Roger Simon's article about erstwhile presidential candidate Ross Perot (*See Ross Run*, PLAYBOY, August). Simon does an excellent job of convincing your more astute readers that Perot is anything but the man we should elect to any position higher than county dogcatcher. Perot would have been an even worse choice than George Something Something Bush.

David Baron
El Paso, Texas

Thank you for shedding some light on "dark horse" candidate Ross Perot. After I read Simon's article, Perot scares me. Consequently, I'm writing in Jerry Brown's name on my ballot in November. If everyone who thinks Brown would be a good President but fears "wasting a vote" would do the same, we'd have a new President who's concerned with changing the way this country has been run under the decrepit, greedy, elitist Republicans.

Dana Lemoine
Warwick, Rhode Island

GIRL TALK

Thank you for sharing Lori Weiss's *Girl Talk* (PLAYBOY, August) with all of us curious men who've always wanted to know how women talk about us when we're not around. I'm a security officer in an administration building and I've often walked into rooms in which women were talking about something, only to have them go silent until my task in their area was completed. Can you persuade Weiss to write *Girl Talk* as a monthly column? I'd buy the magazine for that alone.

William E. Haynes
Fort Smith, Arkansas

I enjoyed the candidness with which the women in *Girl Talk* speak, but I suggest that Lori Weiss interview an older group next time. I'm 41, and women of my generation understand and appreciate great sex and friendship. The younger women sound angry and unable to communicate their sexual needs to their partners. Come on, PLAYBOY, we older ladies can tell you tales from start to finish. It would be the adult version of *Girl Talk: Women Talk*.

Sarah Pearl
Brewster, Massachusetts

I enjoyed *Girl Talk*, in which friends discuss sex from a woman's point of view. I believe it's healthy for men to be aware of what women say when they talk about sex. The article is also significant in what it says about the fact that having our pussies eaten well is, for most women, an important part of sexual satisfaction. I can't speak for every woman, but if I like a man well enough to let him go down on me, I won't hesitate to be frank in telling him how I like it done. Too often, men don't ask.

Cathy Rogers
New York, New York

GUY'S GUIDE TO OPERA

A lusty bravo to James Morgan for *A Regular Guy's Guide to Opera* (PLAYBOY, August). As a former fighter pilot and veteran of the corporate wars, I consider myself reasonably macho. However, my colleagues seem to doubt that image when I mention my fondness for opera.

I would add two titles—both short works, both filled with rich melodies, rampant emotion, illicit love and violence—to Morgan's list of operas for the beginning fan: *Pagliacci*, by Leoncavallo, and *Cavalleria Rusticana*, by Mascagni.

Ronald M. Wade
Rockwall, Texas

Having been an opera enthusiast since my teens, I was ecstatic to observe that

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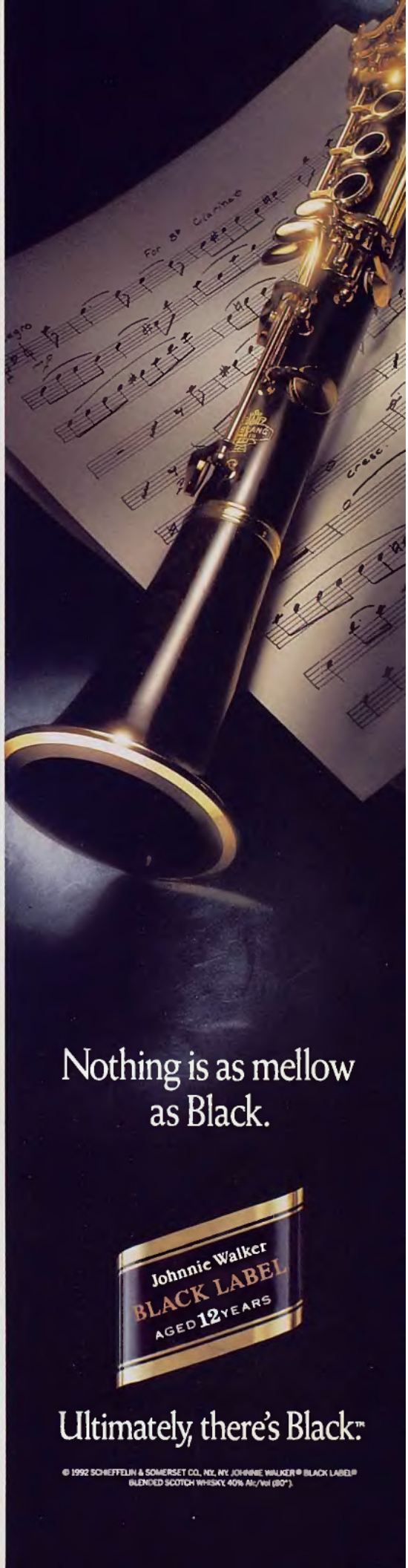
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PLAYBOY has conceded that this treasured art is worthy of discussion. Morgan's article is witty, incisive, knowledgeable and fascinating.

What frustrates me is the absence in your *Music* pages of reviews of current operatic and symphonic recordings. Why don't you add classical reviews to your pages?

Benjamin Jaffe
Far Rockaway, New York

DEREK HUMPHRY INTERVIEW

Your interview with Derek Humphry (PLAYBOY, August) is particularly gratifying because it continues to broaden the public discussion of dying and the choices we face concerning that process in this age of miraculous medical manipulation. As individuals and as a culture, we need to recognize that life, like a thrown ball, has a trajectory; to think through that trajectory to the end; and to decide, if given the opportunity, how we might prefer to go.

In 1990 and 1991, as a member of Washington Physicians for Initiative 119, I worked to promote the state initiative on death with dignity. We lost by a margin of less than four percent, but the state legislature has subsequently enacted all of the initiative's provisions, except the one authorizing physician aid in dying. In addition, the Washington Attorney General's office is in the process of prosecuting some of our opponents for false advertising, so our effort was not entirely lost.

J. B. Deisher, M.D.
Redmond, Washington

Derek Humphry and "Dr. Death," Jack Kevorkian, overlook the fact that God's greatest gift to man is life. Both men deserve to be imprisoned for aiding and abetting acts of suicide. Murder of self is still murder, a felonious crime, and suicide is the most serious form of murder, in that it is a crime that God may not be given the opportunity to forgive.

Jack Flesher
Naples, Florida

DOMESTIC BLISS

Thanks for bringing the all-American housewife to our attention (*Domestic Bliss*, PLAYBOY, August). When my housewife was my playmate, she did her housework in the nude, and the fantasies that that evoked drove me to marry her. She still likes to do housework in the nude and has even convinced me to be her helper. Our children are nine and 11, but my housewife and I manage to spend our lunch hours together during the school year and enjoy midnight skinny-dips during the summer months. It's time that we recognize the value of housewives and salute them for their expertise. Underneath it all, they are veteran playmates.

Gary Gene Friedly
Springfield, Missouri

Plaudits to your magazine for its salute to the all-American housewife. It's high time these ladies were given the recognition they deserve and that you showed that actresses and models do not have a monopoly on beauty. I've been married for 25 years to a gorgeous woman who is more beautiful now than the day we were married. With so many entries, it would be great to see more of these beautiful housewives.

L. K. Moore
Ennis, Texas

Let's see some more women worth going home to—I have one and would be glad to send you pictures. Please, let's also see more of Margie Murphy, who is surely domestic bliss epitomized.

Alan Egan
Miami, Florida

Here's Margie!

Congratulations on your August salute to housewives and the selection of Margie Murphy as your cover girl. I hope this is just a preview of another pictorial, or perhaps a centerfold, in her future.

Donald E. Blevins
Merritt Island, Florida

I normally read with disdain the *Dear Playboy* letters in which a reader describes one of your models as "the most exquisite creature ever to have walked the earth," or some such nonsense. So it is to my chagrin that I now feel that way about your August cover girl, Margie Murphy. Please, *please* show and tell us more of this dazzling lady.

David S. Presley
Duluth, Georgia

SMOKIN' OVER ASHLEY

Through my years of reading PLAYBOY, I've seen many beautiful women, but Ashley Allen (*Ashley's Smokin'*, PLAYBOY, August) is the best-looking in a long time. I admire her comment that she wouldn't use men for their money, just as she wouldn't want them to use her for her looks. Keep up the good work, Ashley, and you may be the next Playmate of the Year.

James D. Sheffield
Plant City, Florida

SPOOK CITY

Robert Silverberg's *The Way to Spook City* (PLAYBOY, August) is comparable to the works of other great science-fiction writers such as Isaac Asimov and Arthur C. Clarke. Bob Walters' poignant illustrations contribute immensely to the story's impact.

Noe E. Tabares
Shawnee Mission, Kansas

MALE CALL

Since Harry Stein's article *Presumed Guilty* appeared in your June issue, I have been overwhelmed with requests from men seeking help from our organization [mentioned as a resource for men wrongfully accused of child abuse]. I have received more than a thousand letters from men in prison and from their families—far more than I could possibly respond to. To those whose letters I cannot answer, I offer my apology. I'm also of the strong opinion that encouraging these men with false hopes is an extreme disservice. It has been our experience that fewer than one percent of the appeals filed in such cases succeed, and when they do succeed, the result is a new trial that leaves the man, now penniless, in worse shape than before.

The objective for these men should be to have a good defense in the first place. In these cases, erasers do a terrible job.

Kenneth R. Pangborn
President
Men International
Holiday, Florida

PLAYBOY welcomes correspondence from its readers. To be considered for publication, all letters (or faxes) must be signed and include a complete street address. Send them to Dear Playboy, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Or fax to 312-440-5454.

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ALAN J. PAKULA

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

STAYING A HEAD

During a recent Grateful Dead show at Chicago's Soldier Field, we stumbled across a group of clean and sober Deadheads. Taking their name from the title of a tune dedicated to Ron "Pig Pen" McKernan, the band's original keyboard player who drank himself to death, the Wharf Rats started to gather seven years ago. The clearheads now have a mailing list of 4000-plus names (though, we're told, they don't send much out), a national headquarters in New Jersey and regional offices nationwide, a newsletter and a mysterious patron named Mom, a.k.a. Caroline Thomas.

"We provide support in what would otherwise be a slippery environment," says Tom, a 37-year-old volunteer organizer who sells office equipment for a living. Their meeting, conducted during concert breaks, begins with a serenity prayer. Draped over the exit ramp railings, bystanders ogle the spectacle. At random, people step forward and shout to introduce themselves.

"Hi, I'm Jeff, a Wharf Rat from Wyoming."

"Hi, Jeff," the group yells back.

"I just wanted to say I'm so glad I'm no longer like the two drunks sitting in front of me in the second row. They were both jumping on their chairs, falling down and then one of them started pissing right there and the other guy was so chagrined, he left."

"Hi, I'm Art. I'm a Wharf Rat from Minnesota."

"Hi, Art."

"Tonight's my first time straight in a long time and I want to thank you all for making it possible."

After the show, we start leafing through the Wharf Rat newsletter lying beside the YOU DON'T NEED DOPE TO DANCE bumper stickers on the foldout table/Wharf Rat information center/bag check/fruit stand. A confessional letter on page two reads, "I started using drugs and alcohol casually. My ambition was to be a combination of Bob Marley, Abbie Hoffman and Mickey Mantle. The trouble was, the world was not looking for a Rastafarian center fielder who wanted to overthrow the government." But what's it like to be a sober Deadhead after years of getting high? "I can't dance as well," says Michael, a 31-year-old who sells earth flags at concerts. Ellen, a tanned contemporary, adds, "Nothing can replace the drugs. It's a different experience, but, hey, I'm still here."

LIFESTYLES OF THE LOST AND FOUND

John Hurst was escorted to a mental health center after he was found placing a ladder up to a second-story window of the Kennedy estate in Palm Beach. He told the caretaker, "I'm looking for my wife. I think she may be up there." Next time, perhaps he should try looking under bridges.

RIGHT TO A PEEL

The New York Court of Appeals has upheld the right of women to appear topless in public—so long as they don't do it for commercial purposes or exhibit "lewd" behavior while exposing their breasts. An 11-page concurring opinion written by the aptly named Justice Vito Titone criticized the court's failure to define lewd behavior or decide whether the current law discriminates against women. J. Leslie Sopko, writing for the Gannett News Service, reported the decision is "subject to broad interpretation."

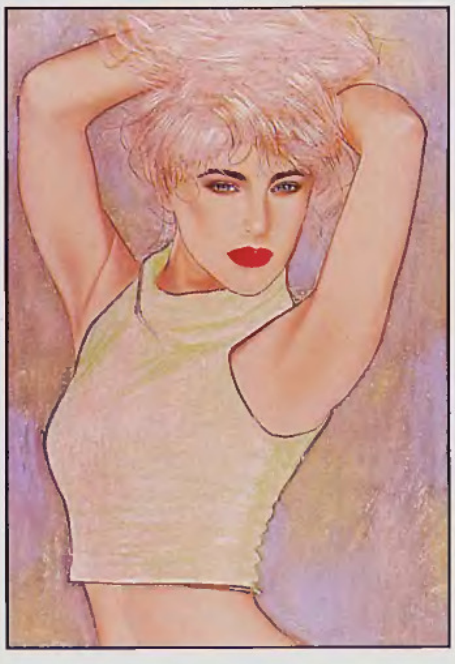

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

SUGGESTION BOX

Don Novello—whose Father Guido Sarducci is one of our favorite clerics—has a letter-writing alter ego he has dubbed Lazlo Toth. Disguised as a vaguely right-wing nut, he writes to public figures and, what's more, gets them to write back. In one exchange from *Citizen Lazlo*, a collection of his correspondence published by Workman Press, Toth advises the Coca-Cola company to ignore the pubic-hair-on-the-Coke-can thing from the Clarence Thomas hearings. Astonishingly, senior vice-president Earl T. Leonard, Jr., wrote back in perfect corporate-speak: "The approach you suggest relating to references to Coca-Cola in the recent confirmation hearings is the approach that we have taken. It was the obvious way to go."

CRIME AND PENMANSHIP

It's hard to be 17. Russian high school dropout Vitaly Klimakhin retired to a dacha near Moscow and emerged 107 days later with the latest Cyrillic magnum opus. The bad news is that the book, about the length of *War and Peace*, is written in longhand and consists of one word—Ford—repeated 400,000 times. The good news is that Vitaly doesn't think of himself as a performance artist. For his next masterpiece, he is contemplating the word Coca-Cola. "That one will be very interesting," he says.

MOUNTIES ALWAYS GET THEIR MAN OFF

The news agency Canadian Press, examining newly released secret files from the Sixties, discovered that Ottawa police once tried to identify every gay man in the province by testing men with a box called the "fruit machine." When erotic photos were shown to a suspect,

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

FACT OF THE MONTH

The sanitary landfill at Fresh Kills, Staten Island, is the largest man-made structure in the world. It's 150 feet tall, 150 feet deep and covers 3000 acres.

KEVIN POPE

U.S. VS. THEM

Value of foreign-owned real estate in the U.S.: $35 billion.

•

Total real estate in the U.S. that is foreign-owned: less than one percent.

TEEN SCENE

Percentage of American high school students who have had sex, 54; percentage of freshmen, 40; sophomores, 48; juniors, 57; seniors, 72.

•

Percentage of high school seniors who admitted using hallucinogens last year, 6.3. Percentage who said they used cocaine and crack, 4.4.

•

Percentage of American teenagers who pray in private: 75.

COUNTRY MOO-SIC

According to a study about the effect of music on cows, daily milk production in pounds per animal for a cow not exposed to music, 61. Pounds of milk from a cow exposed to classical music, 62; hard rock, 64; country, 65.

THEME PARKING

Attendance at Disneyland and Disney World in 1990, 41,400,000. Total attendance at the 12 most popular non-Disney theme parks in the U.S., 40,000,000.

•

Of the top 14 American theme parks, number in California, 6; in Florida, 4.

FROSH MEAT

Percentage of college freshmen in 1991 who frequently smoked cigarettes, 11.3; who drank beer, 57.3.

•

Percentage of first-year undergrads in 1991 who described themselves as politically conservative, 20.3; as liberal, 25.7.

TAX REFORM

Number of Americans who earned more than $200,000 and paid no income tax in 1986, 613; in 1989, 397.

STOP THE PRESS

According to the Committee to Protect Journalists, the number of attacks on journalists around the world in 1991, 1264; number of journalists killed, 66; number of publications and news outlets banned or raided by governments, 123.

FAT-CAT CENTRAL

According to *Money* magazine, the cost of operating the U.S. Congress and its 38,696-person support staff in 1992, $2.8 billion; cost in 1970, $343,000,000.

•

From 1970 to 1992, percentage increase of congressional budget, 705. Percentage increase of military budget, 311. Percentage of inflation, 280.

•

Breakdown of total cost per legislator: $5,200,000.

•

Average total yearly compensation for each member: $168,202.

PACE CARS

According to the Economic Strategy Institute, direct cost of producing a small car at Ford, $5415; at Chrysler, $5841; Toyota, $6216; Honda, $6618; Nissan, $6782; Mazda, $6826; General Motors, $7205.

—PAUL ENGLEMAN

his pupil size, palm sweat and blood flow were measured for signs of arousal. Files were opened on 8200 men suspected of homosexuality, and 395 who held government jobs lost them as a result.

MESSAGE TO GEORGE BUSH

Graffito, in English, spotted in Paris: IF YOU CAN KEEP YOUR HEAD WHEN ALL ABOUT YOU ARE LOSING THEIRS, PERHAPS YOU HAVE MISUNDERSTOOD THE SITUATION.

HANKY PANKY

Supervisors of the Kansas Bureau of Investigation—acting on complaints from other employees—forced their media spokesman, Scott Teeselink, to stop adorning his breast pocket with women's panties in place of the usual handkerchief. Teeselink defended the practice by contending that the underpants went better with his ties.

•

Even though Eastern Airlines declared bankruptcy in January 1991, it continued to make campaign contributions through its PAC, which as of May this year had a balance of $50,000.

BAIT AND SWITCH

Frederick Hinrichs filed a lawsuit seeking damages for the humiliation he suffered when a clerk at the Gateway Mazda dealership in Aurora, Colorado, put a derogatory name on his ownership records. Apparently he has received two mailings from Mazda Motors of America addressed to "Buttface Hinrichs."

AND ON THE EIGHTH DAY

Marlene Dietrich could outshine any woman in a room and—according to *Vogue* executive Leo Lerman—she dressed with "perfect simplicity. She always let her body speak for itself." He recalls an evening when a woman came up to her, admired her look and asked, "Who did it?" Dietrich replied, "God."

•

When Guns n' Roses played eastern Europe, Slash greeted fans in Hungary with a warm welcome: "I guess you guys don't know much English, so I'll just say fucking hi!"

JOINT PROJECT

In a new twist in the drug war, U.S. and Mexican police are developing a narcomobile to bust unsuspecting potheads burning up the highways. The cops have equipped a Chevy Blazer with pipes that suck in the emissions of the car it follows. Inside the truck, Marco, a drug-sniffing pooch, obediently sniffs the fumes for traces of weed. "On the first trial," says co-developer Kent Alexander, "I thought Marco was going to suck the paint off the collection box." Give that dog a bone.

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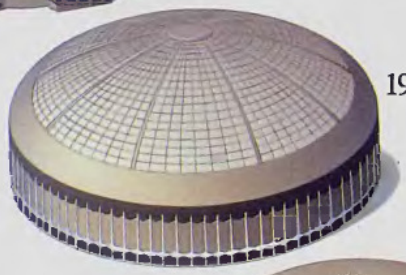
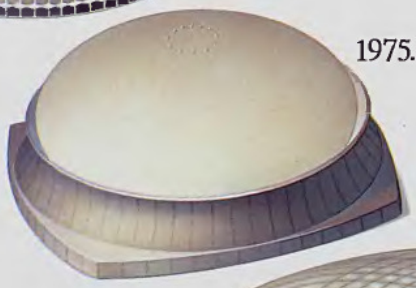
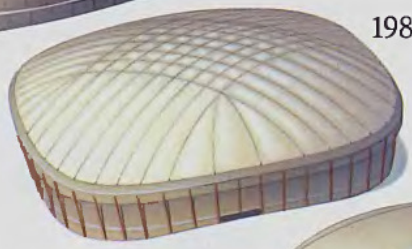


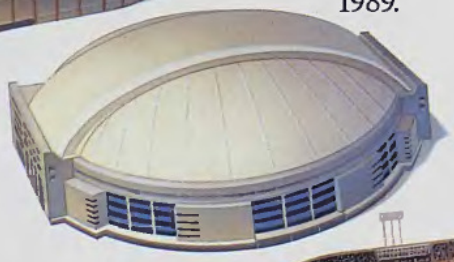
1965.



1975.



1982.



1989.

1992.

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MUSIC

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

DEEE-LITE IS a New York trio fronted by a ditzy idealist dubbed Lady Miss Kier. PJ Harvey is a Somersetshire trio fronted by an intense romantic dubbed PJ Harvey. Deee-Lite's ***Infinity Within*** (Elektra) follows the cheaply made, synth-and-sample-heavy *World Clique*, sales of which bankrolled the musicians on the new live album. PJ Harvey's ***Dry*** (Indigo) is an all-live effort that Harvey and her guitar-bass-and-drum cohorts cut for $5000.

I found *World Clique* light-headed, both musically and lyrically. Towa Tei's electro effects and D. J. Dmitry's beats are more an idea about dance music than the thing itself, and Kier's Utopianism is idle gossip from the global village. The Funkadelic alumni who underpin *Infinity Within* don't dominate or put their stamp on the music—they just provide a ground and the group does it proud. The synthetic hooks and beats are fun for your fundament. And from the Disposable Heroes guest rant to the kinky safe-sex ad *Rubber Lover*, there's a bite in their message as well.

Although they tell interviewers their songs are funny, nobody will complain that PJ Harvey sounds frivolous—expressionism rarely does. The audio gets a little screechy, but the band erects an impressive wall of rock noise anyway, and PJ's moody sexuality—sometimes slavishly obsessed, sometimes defiantly liberated—could definitely drag a fellow in beyond his depth. Still, I wonder what the group will settle into with the bigger bankroll that will no doubt ensue.

FAST CUTS: Christine Lavin, ***Compass*** (Philo): She sings folk, she tells jokes and she hates blind dates more than you do. Sonic Youth, ***Dirty*** (DGC): Dirty thoughts, dirty deals and dirty-ass rock and roll, including a song about why you should keep your dirty hands off Kim Gordon's breasts—she just works here.

CHARLES YOUNG

Most aspiring guitar heroes flog away on the upper reaches of the neck to demonstrate their virtuosity. Unfortunately, all that high-end noise during solos causes ear damage. Musicians just aren't going to win over an audience that's in pain, no matter how hard they play. So what's a smart metal band to do? Emphasize crunch—that is, low-end power-chording that delivers enough seismic rumble to rearrange your internal organs yet doesn't kill your ears. Helmet understands crunch; so will you if you invest in its major-label debut, ***Meantime*** (Atlantic). Led by Page Hamilton, who tunes down his guitar a whole step from normal in pursuit of ultimate crunch, Helmet sounds like Black Sabbath with a master's degree in tightness, as well as in jazz and noise influences. Hamilton's voice even resembles Ozzy Osbourne's when he gives himself the luxury of a melody to sing. But most of the time, he doesn't indulge himself that way, resorting instead to explosive howls and grunts of three or four syllables between riffs. With lyrics such as, to "die young is far too boring these days," Helmet doesn't quite qualify as death metal. Instead, call it I'm-depressed-and-the-world-sucks-so-you-might-as-well-crunch metal.

FAST CUTS: Kyuss, ***Blues for the Red Sun*** (Dali): Where Helmet opts for clarity of crunch, these guys throw in so much mud they could have been Republican campaign consultants. Terrific groove in that tasty sludge.

PAUL BICH

Deee-Liteful.

Deee-Lite is still in the groove; the Seattle scene reinvigorates rock.

VIC GARBARINI

Over the past year, the Seattle scene has erupted like a musical Mount St. Helens, reinvigorating rock with the melodic punk-metal hybrid called grunge. The sound track to Cameron Crowe's film of life and music among Seattle's twenty-somethings, ***Singles*** (Epic), showcases the city's top bands doing new material, making it an excellent primer for the novice and a must-have for the fan. Bittersweet melodies, thundering drums and alternative (usually lowered) guitar tunings that scrape the sonic depths mark the excellent contributions of grungemasters Soundgarden and Alice in Chains (imagine if Ozzy, U2 and King Crimson all got really weird), while Pearl Jam's two cuts are harder-edged than its usual fare. There are also lost gems from grunge band Mother Love Bone, whose members seeded many of the Seattle groups after the death of vocalist Andy Wood. And then there are the town cranks, Mudhoney, who give everybody the finger with *Overblown*. Nonresident ex-Replacement Paul Westerberg's two tracks are an unexpected highlight, especially the wry yet poignant *Dyslexic Heart*; Nirvana's presence would have capped this collection perfectly. There's a sense of musical community and discovery here that makes *Singles* not just the best sound track of the year but one of 1992's best albums.

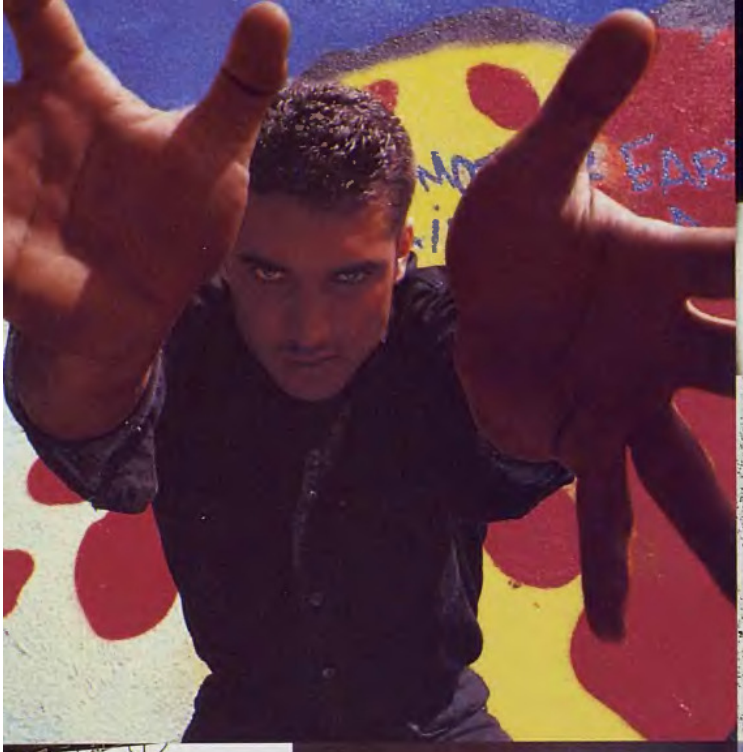
FAST CUTS: ***Temple of the Dog*** (A&M): Originally released last year as a tribute by members of Soundgarden and Pearl Jam to Mother Love Bone's Andy Wood, this crunch-and-glide hybrid has soared to the charts on the coattails of both bands' successes, which include their joint appearance as headliners on the Lollapalooza tour.

DAVE MARSH

Career longevity remains such a rare thing in popular music that the few groups that achieve it are assiduously ignored—as if no one knew quite what to make of them. The 30-year lifespan of the Rolling Stones is an obvious exception, but the Isley Brothers and the Dells have steadily made great music since the mid-Fifties—a full decade longer than the Stones.

The most important key to such longevity may be adaptability—not following every trend but seizing the main chance and, particularly, taking advantage of the right collaborators. On their 40th-anniversary album, ***I Salute You*** (Zoo), the Dells are teamed with songwriter-producers Kenny Gamble and Leon Huff. The pairing feels almost inevitable, for the bold baritone shouts of the Dells' Marvin Junior were the explicit model for Teddy Pendergrass, one of Gamble and Huff's greatest Seventies stars. Although there's not a single outstanding song here, the affair as a whole is rock solid.

The Isley's ***Tracks of Life*** (Warner) is another matter. Thirty years after *Shout* begat *Twist and Shout*, and almost a



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FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Various artists *Boomerang*	5	8	8	8	4
Deee-Lite *Infinity Within*	7	7	8	2	7
Helmet *Meantime*	7	6	6	4	8
The Isley Brothers *Trocks of Life*	6	7	7	9	8
Various artists *Singles*	8	9	8	7	6

EVERYTHING HAS ITS PRICE DEPARTMENT: **Madonna's** MTV Mega Artist Award went on sale in L.A. recently for $1600. Too high, you say? The sellers describe it as the trophy "she licked on national TV."

REELING AND ROCKING: **Roger Daltrey** says **Mel Gibson's** company may do the film bio of **Who** drummer **Keith Moon,** with Daltrey producing and playing himself. . . . **David Van Taylor,** director of the documentary film *Dream Deceivers* (about **Judas Priest** and the two boys who allegedly made a suicide pact after listening to the band), says he hopes the movie will shed light, not more heat. . . . Disney plans to team **Elton John** with **Tim Rice** (co-writer of *Jesus Christ Superstar* and *Evita*) to write the lyrics for an animated feature called *King of the Jungle*, due out next year. . . . It looks as if **Dave Stewart** and **George Harrison** are planning to team up on a movie Stewart wrote, *Max and the Monotrons*, with Harrison's film company producing. Stewart describes *Max* as an "allegory of the entertainment industry, set in the future." . . . *The Hours and Times*, a fictional exploration of a possible relationship between **Beatles** manager **Brian Epstein** and **John Lennon,** has been making the rounds of film festivals and won a special prize at Sundance.

NEWSBREAKS: **Joe Esposito, Elvis'** road manager and confidant for 17 years, has written *Elvis and the Memphis Mafia* to, as he said, "tell it like it is. Elvis, a few other guys and I were all married. Our wives would stay home while we would go out and have a good time, acting like we were single." Esposito also held a memorabilia auction last summer that included items such as Elvis' Army fatigue jacket and a pistol still registered in his name. . . . The music school **Paul McCartney** is building in Liverpool is scheduled for a 1995 opening and Paul hopes to lecture there. . . . **Ian Astbury** of the **Cult** will appear with other musicians as part of the three-day southern California *Red Dawn Festival* to benefit the American Indian College Fund. . . . Some market analysts predict a slower growth rate for compact discs as consumers finish replacing their record collections. . . . **Pete Townshend, J. J. Cale, Kurt Cobain, Ry Cooder** and **Elvis Costello** are some of the performers who have agreed to participate in a gift book/CD package with custom guitar maker **Danny Ferrington.** HarperCollins will publish a book of 150 color illustrations of his artistry, to be accompanied by a music-filled CD. The set is called *Ferrington Guitar*. What a Christmas gift! . . . Speaking of the upcoming holidays, the Super Bowl folks don't want to be upstaged by Fox TV again, so they're trying to get **Michael Jackson** to commit to a halftime show. . . . On yet another holiday front, look for *A Very Special Christmas II*, a follow-up to the 1988 all-star album benefiting the Special Olympics, with producer **Jimmy Iovine** again in charge. . . . The **Four Tops** are redoing the lyrics to *I Can't Help Myself* to plug the new *Murphy Brown* season; the video made from the session will go out to clubs and cable networks. . . . An all-star tribute to **Bob Dylan's** 30th anniversary in music is planned to include concerts, a live album and a film or pay-per-view TV special. . . . Look for **Ron Wood** to tour in support of his solo album. . . . Finally, to those critics who think **Hammer** is, well, kind of a stuffed shirt, the American Chiropractic Association has honored his agility by giving him one of its "notable posture awards." It's Hammer time—straighten up!

—BARBARA NELLIS

quarter-century after they departed Motown, they've made one of the finest records of their entire career. Produced by lead singer Ronald Isley and percussionist Angela Winbush (with assistance from master guitarist Ernie Isley), *Tracks of Life* quotes such old Isley hits as *Nobody but Me* (in *No Axe to Grind*), uses composer Leon Ware to build up *Bedroom Eyes* as a natural successor to Marvin Gaye's *Come Get to This* and pits the group's distinctive vocal and instrumental blend against beats straight out of the Prince songbook on *Get My Licks In* and *Koolin' Out*. It's virtually certain to be the finest new album released in 1992 by any act that's already a member of the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame.

FAST CUTS: Louis Jordan, ***Let the Good Times Roll: The Complete Decca Recordings, 1938–1954*** (Bear Family): A massive chunk of primordial funk, this eight-CD/one-LP collection establishes once and for all the genius of Jordan as jump-blues bandleader and comic vocalist. *Caledonia, Keep a Knockin'* and *Open the Door, Richard* effervesce with greasy joy. Accept no hokey Broadway imitations. (Bear Family Records, P.O. Box 1154, 2864 Vollersode, Germany).

NELSON GEORGE

Twenty years after the era of blaxploitation films such as *Shaft* and *Superfly*—and the great sound track albums that went with them—there is a new black film boom and new opportunities for black producers to create sound tracks. The on-screen stars of *Boomerang* and *Mo' Money* are Eddie Murphy and Damon Wayans. On the CDs, the black writer-producer teams are Baby Face and L.A., and Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis—large and in charge.

In **Mo' Money** (A&M), Jam and Lewis take a highly conceptual approach: Each song is introduced by dialog from the comedy. Despite contributions from Mint Condition, Sounds of Blackness and Big Daddy Kane, *Mo' Money* is ultimately an inconsistent collection, though *Mo' Money Groove* and *The Best Things in Life Are Free* are all-star jams and Public Enemy's *Get Off My Back* is funny funk.

Baby Face and L.A.'s **Boomerang** (LaFace) has more hits, excellent ballads (Johnny Gill's *There U Go* and Keith Washington's *Tonight Is Right*) and a historic duet, *It's Gonna Be Alright*, between Aaron Hall and his chief influence, Charlie Wilson. But the sound track's masterpiece is *End of the Road* by Boyz II Men. This vocal quartet gives its most emotional performance ever on a love song that is ready-made for wedding receptions.

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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

LOYAL, LOVING George and his sidekick, Lennie, a retarded brute with a fondness for squeezing soft, furry creatures to death, are the migratory farmhands in ***Of Mice and Men*** (MGM), the latest adaptation of John Steinbeck's Depression-era novel. In this thoughtful new version, Gary Sinise directs and co-stars as George, with John Malkovich playing the childlike Lennie as if he were a sexually precocious preschooler (a repetition of their roles at Chicago's Steppenwolf Theater). Lennie's encounters with a troubled waif known to the ranch crew only as Curly's wife (Sherilyn Fenn in a gently sympathetic portrayal) turn from innocent titillation to tragedy and become a dangerous liaison almost as familiar as the case of Othello and Desdemona. Fine color photography and good solid performances put new life into a modern classic. ¥¥¥

•

Defying prohibitions rooted in race, class and economics, ***The Lover*** (MGM) weighs in as a bookish but eloquent erotic memoir about a French schoolgirl's sexual coming-out in Saigon in the Twenties. Back then, Vietnam was French Indochina, and fraternizing between white women and aristocratic Asians was a no-no on both sides. British-born newcomer Jane March is excellent as the sly nymphet who is willingly lured to the one-room den of iniquity where her handsome 32-year-old admirer (Tony Leung) conducts his dalliances prior to settling down with an acceptable bride chosen by his father. Sex, not love, is supposed to be the tie that binds the illicit twosome, and director Jean-Jacques Annaud deftly captures the romantic mood that begins as lust—she even feigns crasser motives when she accepts his money—and ends up as something deeper than either of them dares to acknowledge. Jeanne Moreau's voice-over narration sets the tone of *The Lover*, adapted from a novel by French author Marguerite Duras, who recycled her own girlhood story. The movie may be a shade too talky, but the talk insistently sticks to Topic A, making it ideal fare for the young, restless and randy. ¥¥¥½

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Waterland (Fine Line), starring Jeremy Irons and his wife, Sinead Cusack, conveys a message that both pro-life and pro-choice forces might logically cheer. Irons and Cusack play Tom and Mary Crick; Grant Warnock and Lena Headley are at least their equals in flashbacks to the days when Tom and Mary were lusty teenagers. The somewhat diffuse story, directed by Stephen Gyllenhaal from Graham Swift's novel, is largely recalled by Irons as a teacher in the U.S. trying to impress his bored students (Ethan Hawke stands out as the feistiest skeptic) with the importance of learning all they can from history. The history, in this instance, turns out to be his own misspent youth in the bleak English fens, where Tom gets Mary pregnant. Legal, safe abortions not being available, they opt to have one performed by a filthy old woman who resembles one of the witches in *Macbeth*. The abortion leaves Mary barren and ultimately so deranged that she kidnaps another woman's baby. It's a poignant tale, but fine acting, evocative atmosphere and a first-class production add up to little more than nice work in a highly debatable cause. ¥¥½

Malkovich, Sinise in *Mice and Men*.

Novels arrive on screen, most of them to excellent effect.

•

Have you heard the riddle about the man with five penises? (How do his pants fit? Like a glove.) If you think that's funny, you'll have a ball watching Billy Crystal in ***Mr. Saturday Night*** (Columbia). Wearing four hats as co-author, producer, first-time director and star, Crystal joined forces with screenwriters Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel (whose previous credits include *Splash* and *City Slickers*) to pen a schmaltzy but generally hilarious tribute to show-biz comics of the old school. As a character named Buddy Young, Jr., Crystal goes for broke in a sentimental pseudobio covering half a century of ups, downs, insults, one-liners and rocky relationships. Julie Warner, as Buddy's wife, and David Paymer, as his much-abused brother and manager, make the most of key supporting roles. The star's make-up as a septuagenarian curmudgeon isn't quite as good as theirs; somehow Billy's boyishness shines through. But so does his warmth, wit and phenomenal talent for getting big laughs out of an old-fashioned film format. ¥¥¥

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The pursuit of perfection, brotherly love and the eternal verities—among them, the joys of fly-fishing—make ***A River Runs Through It*** (Columbia) a man's movie imbued with quiet poetry. Written by Norman Maclean when he was a retired English professor in his 70s, the autobiographical novella on which it's based begins with the observation: "In our family, there was no clear line between religion and fly-fishing." Directed by Robert Redford in what is obviously a labor of love—perhaps, at times, retaining more narration than necessary—the movie exudes companionable warmth and respect for nature while telling the story of the Maclean boys, Norman and Paul. In these key roles, Craig Sheffer is a rock-solid Norman, Brad Pitt is the sports-loving drinker and gambler, Paul. Pitt's winsome portrayal cinches the star potential he showed as the randy cowboy in *Thelma & Louise*. As the boys' upright preacher father, Tom Skerritt seems slightly glib, even lightweight, but at least plays down his limitations. While Brenda Blethyn is a traditionally folksy Mrs. Maclean, the women on the sidelines—Emily Lloyd as Norman's girl, Nicole Burdette as Paul's defiant Indian date and Susan Traylor as the local trollop, Rawhide—scintillate. Don't look for fireworks, though. This very special movie has the introspective intensity of a walk in the wilderness: It clears your head and cleanses your soul. ¥¥¥¥

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Whoopi Goldberg joins movie newcomer Leleti Khumalo in ***Sarafina!*** (Miramax), the exuberant movie version of the musical about black students raising their voices in the South African township of Soweto. Already a smash stage hit from Johannesburg to Broadway, director Darrell James Roodt's cinematic *Sarafina!* wisely retains Khumalo in the title role she has performed around the world for well over two years. She is a treasure as one of the militant students ordered to cancel a school concert because of the volatile political situation. Wherever you stand, Khumalo lights up the sky when she exults joyously: "Stars don't do nothing . . . stars just *be*!"

The movie, which also stars singer Miriam Makeba, is unabashedly polemical, anti-apartheid and pro-life in the truest sense. Still, Mbongeni Ngema's

music and lyrics make the message soar beyond preachments into a stirring, highly motivated epic. ¥¥¥½

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The title provides a clue: ***Rich in Love*** (MGM) is a warmhearted family comedy about relationships. A housewife (Jill Clayburgh) abruptly leaves her home and family because, after 27 years, she wants a new life. That's just the beginning, as her husband (Albert Finney) and her teenage daughter (Kathryn Erbe) start to pick up the pieces. Next, another daughter (Suzy Amis) comes home to have a baby her irresponsible husband (Kyle MacLachlan) doesn't really want. Piper Laurie, Alfre Woodard and ubiquitous Ethan Hawke (see *Waterland* review) also stir things up like characters from a novel, which they are. Alfred Uhry adapted the movie from a book by Josephine Humphreys, and Bruce Beresford directed with much of the easy Southern flavor he brought to *Driving Miss Daisy*. ¥¥½

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New York during World War Two is the place and time covered by ***The Public Eye*** (Universal), with another slam-bang performance by Oscar winner Joe Pesci. As Leon Bernstein, a sleazy but softhearted tabloid photographer known to chums as the Great Bernzini, Pesci follows the city's crime lords, victims and celebrities, making the low-life loom large. His main concern in this gritty, gutsy period melodrama is a lacquered, anxious lady named Kay (Barbara Hershey), who has inherited a popular night spot and unwittingly leads the photographer into the middle of a black-market scandal. Writer-director Howard Franklin's *Public Eye* develops as a sleeper—a vintage valentine to the pesky, much maligned paparazzi who rarely get a pat on the back. ¥¥¥

•

"I wish you were stark naked in the desert, singing under the moon," Marcello Mastroianni tells Julie Andrews. That's the kind of ardent nonsense that typifies ***A Fine Romance*** (Castle Hill). Julie's a proper English matron living abroad with a doctor husband who runs off with Mastroianni's wife. How the two cast-off spouses fall in love while pining, squabbling and plotting to mend their broken marriages is the whole show. ¥¥¥

•

Remaking a feisty film noir such as ***Night and the City*** (Fox) is not a bad idea when you have Robert De Niro to whip new energy into a role created by Richard Widmark in the 1950 original. Jules Dassin directed that version, which was set in London. As director of a revised screenplay by Richard (*The Color of Money*) Price, Irwin Winkler has lined up a smashing support group for De Niro's blistering stint as an ambulance-chasing, born-to-lose New York lawyer who tries to hustle his way to eminence promoting prizefights. Jessica Lange extends her range another notch as the easygoing barkeep who boffs De Niro while she plans to pull the plug on her husband (Cliff Gorman), the gin mill proprietor. Alan King and Jack Warden are warring brothers in the fight game, both swept along by De Niro's chicanery to a dynamic mean-streets finale that gives a Damon Runyon twist to disaster. ¥¥¥

Permut: producer on the go.

OFF CAMERA

What makes a movie producer run? Passion and "high energy," according to ***David Permut,*** 38, head of the independent Permut Presentations. "I have four movies coming out in the next few months, and my company has about forty properties in active development," says Permut in the rat-a-tat delivery of a guy on the go. His imminent films include *Consenting Adults*, a sexy thriller (see *Sex in Cinema*); *The Temp*; *Captain Ron*; and next year's *Three of Hearts*, a provocative love story starring William Baldwin, Sherilyn Fenn and Kelly Lynch.

Permut is a self-starter who moved to Los Angeles with his family at the age of 15. Soon he was publishing and peddling maps that guided tourists to movie-star homes: "Sunset and Ladera was my corner." At 18, after dropping out of UCLA, he became a movie gofer and production assistant. At 22, he joined forces with a promoter to make *Give 'Em Hell, Harry*, with James Whitmore. "It cost us $235,000, including the party. Whitmore was brilliant—he got an Oscar nomination." Several years later Permut helped produce *Richard Pryor—Live in Concert*, "which did thirty-two million dollars domestically. So I got lucky early in my career." Now Permut has plans afoot to make radio's volatile Howard Stern a movie star. "We want a story that takes him to the edge. You don't make a conventional movie with Howard Stern."

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

The Best Intentions (Reviewed 10/92) Ingmar Bergman's family tree fades and flowers. ¥¥¥¥

Bob Roberts (10/92) Tim Robbins has a go at politics. ¥¥¥½

A Brief History of Time (10/92) Don your thinking cap for this one. ¥¥¥

Brother's Keeper (9/92) Rustics rally around an accused murderer. ¥¥¥¥

Enchanted April (9/92) Vacation in Italy refuels four Englishwomen. ¥¥¥

A Fine Romance (See review) Julie and Marcello handle rejection. ¥¥¥

Glengarry Glen Ross (10/92) David Mamet's scathing look at cutthroat business-as-usual in Chicago. ¥¥¥

Howards End (4/92) Exquisite screen take on E. M. Forster's novel. ¥¥¥¥

Johnny Stecchino (10/92) Italy's Roberto Benigni meets the Mob. ¥¥½

The Lover (See review) Lust at first sight. ¥¥¥½

Mistress (10/92) Guys and their dolls making out in Tinseltown. ¥¥

Mr. Saturday Night (See review) Crystal has a ball, indeed. ¥¥¥

Night and the City (See review) Lange and De Niro do Noo Yawk. ¥¥¥

Of Mice and Men (See review) Vital remake of Steinbeck's classic. ¥¥¥

The Public Eye (See review) Behind the camera, Joe Pesci takes charge. ¥¥¥

Rampage (10/92) Blood and guts. ¥¥

Rich in Love (See review) Family matters featuring Albert Finney. ¥¥½

A River Runs Through It (See review) Fly-fishing as a metaphor. ¥¥¥¥

Sarafina! (See review) Whoopi and friends zero in on Soweto. ¥¥¥½

Singles (10/92) Seattle as seen by the young and the restless. ¥¥½

Swoon (9/92) Again, Leopold and Loeb—the murder case that won't die. ¥¥

Unforgiven (Listed only) Eastwood scores in a classic Western about a gunfighter's comeback. ¥¥¥½

Volere Volare (9/92) Another creator of comics begins to look drawn. ¥¥

Waterland (See review) Irons in the fire ignites a pro-choice or pro-life argument. Take your pick. ¥¥½

Where the Day Takes You (10/92) Homeless in Hollywood. ¥¥¥

Zebrahead (Listed only) Love lost in Detroit as racism runs amok. ¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥¥ Good show ¥¥ Worth a look ¥ Forget it

BEFORE OUR SPOKESMAN AGREED TO DO THIS AD, HE INSISTED ON TESTING THE PRODUCTS.

By hanging upside down for three hours, I proved to myself that this "ready-to-assemble" Magnavox Home Theater System with 52" Projection TV lets you view the brilliant picture from almost any angle. It features a Matrix Surround Sound System, Multiple Picture in Picture function, and a clever Universal Remote. This test was extremely interesting for me because I was watching a documentary on bats at the time.

I decided that the Magnavox Digital Hi-Fi Shelf System with five-disc carousel CD Changer, dual cassette decks, and remote control is the one I would buy over all the others. Now, if you'll excuse me, I must see those nice folks at Magnavox and pick up my paycheck.

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I wanted to see how the brilliant Magnavox Portable/Car CD Player with an anti-shock mechanism worked during fast turns and potholed roads. While cruising in this simulated car seat, the Bitstream conversion filled my ears with pure digital sound. Unfortunately, I was unable to stop the car seat for two days, and was issued a ticket for driving without a car.

After 1,501 movies, I can say, without a doubt, that this ingenious Magnavox 13" TV really does have a built-in VCR.

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GUEST SHOT

"I'm over-infatuated with *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*," says one of boxing's favorite elder statesmen, **George Foreman**. "I watch it at least twice a month. I can't get enough of it. The way that rabbit keeps getting himself in trouble, hitting the wall, tat-tat-tat. I love it." Other vids that knock out the champ are heavyweight Hollywood classics such as *Ben-Hur*, *Gone with the Wind* and *The Ten Commandments*. "I could watch them all the time," he says. But Foreman's all-time bell ringers are comedies, "especially *Ghostbusters* and Eddie Murphy's *Coming to America*. And what else? Oh, yeah. Did I mention *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*?"

—SUSAN KARLIN

VIDEO GRAB BAG

Waking Up from Dope: Down-and-out drug abuser and former rock drummer Jevon Thompson cleans up his act and takes it into the classroom. Inspirational (Athena Productions; $29.95).

Train Your Dog Before It Trains You: Professional pupmaster Larry Berg teaches Rover how to sit, stay, heel and come (American Pet Industries; $19.95).

On the Road in Baja!: Vid trip along 1060-mile stretch of highway south of Tijuana into Margaritaland. Useful for RVers, campers and lovers of cacti (On the Road Productions; $24.95).

How to Leave Your Job and Buy a Business of Your Own: Vid version of C. D. Peterson's book—a step-by-step guide for antsy future entrepreneurs (Self-Reliance Press; $29.95). —NANCY MILLS

(All tapes available from Video Learning Library, 800-383-8811.)

SPACEY VIDEO

Feeling trekked out? Beam up to:

Flash Gordon (four volumes): The classic Thirties movie serial stars Olympic swimmer Buster Crabbe as the brawny spaceman who, with best girl Dale Arden and brainy Dr. Zarkov, gallantly foils the evil Emperor Ming's efforts to conquer the universe. The acting and effects are wonderfully bad (the costumes look like *Ben-Hur* rejects and the rocket ships hang from wires), but the excitement's real and the very high camp inspired the young George Lucas.

Blakes 7 (12 volumes): Launched by the BBC in 1978, this low-budget series shows promise but never reaches warp speed. Blake and his quarrelsome crew flee a mind-controlling government in an alien spaceship, then zip about the galaxy just ahead of the bad guys. The reluctant rebels raid outposts and right wrongs, but their spunkiness can't save the show from cheap sets and not-so-special effects. *Blakes* lasted on British TV for 56 episodes. It's light-years from *Star Trek*—but still fun. —CHRIS BALL

("Flash Gordon" available from Questar, 800-633-5633; "Blakes 7" available from BFS, 800-268-3891.)

A&E VIDEO BIOS

Churchill slept with cats? DiMaggio wanted to be De Niro? This and more from A&E's Video Biography series, hosted by Peter Graves.

Joe DiMaggio: His 56-game hitting streak, his marriage to Marilyn, the Mr. Coffee ads—they're all here, as are scenes from Joltin' Joe's brief film career and his 1938 salary dispute. Best replay: the game-ending catch in the 1937 World Series that earned congrats from FDR.

Ronald Reagan: Oddly skimming over his presidency, program focuses on Ron's failed first marriage and tenure as Screen Actors Guild prez in Commie witch-hunt days—backed by the folksy oratory that won him the White House.

Jackie Onassis: America's most glamourous First Lady brings style to D.C. and manages to raise her kids away from the media crush that surrounded her husband. Program also looks back at Jackie's paparazzo days, chasing down celebs on her "Inquiring Camera Girl" beat for the *Washington Times-Herald*.

Winston Churchill: The best of the series, this four-parter portrays Churchill as an inspired thinker and tender patriarch who adored pets. But the man who stood up to the Nazis was also capable of spectacular blunders: On the eve of D-Day, he proposed a route for the invasion of Europe—through Portugal.

Jackie Robinson: Part civil rights tale, part sports story, tape chronicles 1947 entry into the majors of modern baseball's first black player. Also included: Jackie's post-diamond days as exec and 1960 Nixon campaigner. (JFK, he said, wouldn't look him in the eye.) —BRAD HAMILTON

(All available from A&E, 800-423-1212.)

LASER FARE

Paramount has remastered four Cecil B. De Mille Technicolor classics—***The Ten Commandments, The Buccaneer, Samson and Delilah*** and ***The Greatest Show on Earth***—with crystal-clear sound and bursting color. From $40 to $65 per disc. . . . Voyager's deluxe release of Britain's 1963 ***Jason and the Argonauts*** includes commentary by Ray Harryhausen, the legendary whiz who created its monster effects. . . . Anyone miss the Seventies? Pioneer Artists brings back the decade's sweet sounds with ***Earth, Wind & Fire: Live in Japan***, an EW&F reunion gig recorded in 1990. Best I-*loved*-that-song: *Shining Star*. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
DRAMA	***Mississippi Masala*** (Denzel Washington crosses cultures in Dixie with African-born Indian beauty); ***Mambo Kings*** (two brothers emigrate from Fifties Cuba with license to cha-cha); ***The Six Wives of Henry VIII*** (the BBC classic, now priced at $25 per wife—hey, it's cheaper than alimony).
ACTION	***Deep Cover*** (Larry Fishburne's narc loses sight of the law; intense); ***Split Second*** (cop-o'-the-future Rutger Hauer stalks subterranean demon to keep it from snacking on Kim Cattrall); ***The Deadliest Art: The Best of the Martial Arts Films*** (a chop-socky feast).
POLITICAL FOLLIES	***Dark Days at the White House: The Watergate Scandal and the Resignation of President Richard M. Nixon*** (vintage clips replay nation's greatest cliffhanger); ***Coverup: Behind the Iran-Contra Affair*** (featuring drug smugglers, assassins, arms dealers and . . . George Bush?).
WORTH A LOOK	***Beauty and the Beast*** (the animated musical that confirmed Disney's crown; smashing); ***John Candy on SCTV*** (the Candyman's TV best—now if only his movies were this funny); ***Beverly Hills, 90210*** (90-minute pilot episode from show that brought back sideburns—and obnoxious rich kids).

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STYLE

BOSS TWEED

Tweed is a fabric with tradition. It was originally handwoven near the river Tweed in Scotland and England (hence the name), and variations appeared in Donegal, Ireland, and in the Harris section of an island off the coast of Scotland. Today, the wool fabric is a versatile menswear staple. A good tweed sports coat can dress up a pair of jeans and dress down a pair of gray flannel trousers. Plus, tweed boasts a wide range of colors—from subtle earth tones to wild blends. Henry Cotton's hunter-green sports coat shown here ($385) comes with a thick lining so you can wear it on cooler days without a topcoat. Also lined is Nigel Cabourn's Harris tweed sports coat in charcoal, navy or heather gray. Wear one over a sweater ($225) and a pair of tweed pants ($130 to $150), both by Barry Bricken, for a more contemporary look. There's also a variety of tweed suits available. One of the best is the herringbone model from Grays by Gary Wasserman ($595). Top off it, or any of these rough and rugged looks, with a tweed cap by Schuman & Sullivan ($25 to $30) and you're ready for the weekend, squire.

SOFT TOUCH

For the best in cool-weather luxury, think cashmere. Expensive? Yes. But no other knit feels quite as sensuous, lasts as long or has such a unique source. Unlike wool fibers, which can be obtained from your average barnyard sheep, cashmere comes from mountain goats in Central Asia and the Middle East. The highest-quality goat hair—the finest and softest—is either combed by hand or gathered from the brush and shrubs where it's shed. It's then made into yarn and woven into garments. Your best bet is to choose sweaters, scarves, etc., in neutral colors such as cream, gray and black. Lyle and Scott's crewneck sweater ($345), for example, is a classic style, as is Cucinelli's turtleneck ($575). If you like V-necks, Ballantyne offers both a sweater ($515) and a vest ($335). And for the ultimate winter warmer, check out Malo's fisherman-type sweater ($1200).

HOT SHOPPING: LOS ANGELES

Just south of the Melrose Avenue shopping strip, L.A.'s Third Street has blossomed into a destination for all things funky, hand-crafted and downright different. Monopoly (8421 West Third Street): A unique mix of new and used clothing—including one-of-a-kind runway pieces from designers such as Gaultier and Armani. • Funkeesentials (8026 West Third): Cutting-edge street styles at cut-rate prices. • Who Makes Sense? (8363 West Third): Create your own custom fragrances at this unique bath and gift shop. • Who's on Third (8369 West Third): A Java hot spot with 50 types of coffee and an eye-catching crowd. • Taboo Hair Salon (8446 West Third): Local musicians and models line up here for the latest in trendy dos. • The Cook's Library (8373 West Third): Cookbook central and a clearinghouse for info on the local food scene. • Polka Dots and Moonbeams (8367 West Third): An upscale thrift shop, with everything from lingerie to wild Hawaiian shirts.

CLOTHES LINE

Movie mogul Samuel Goldwyn was famous for his Savile Row suits, but today's filmgoers are more likely to relate to grandson **Tony Goldwyn's** style. "My grandfather's era was very formal, so I've modified a classic look with J. Crew and Giorgio Armani," explains Goldwyn, an actor. Armani and Cerruti were perfect fits for his yuppie bad-boy character in *Ghost*, but for the detective Goldwyn plays in *Traces of Red*, the producers wanted a preppie look, while he wanted one with style. "I ended up with a blue Liz Claiborne suit that I liked enough to keep," he says. Offscreen, Goldwyn prefers "blue jeans, a T-shirt and a three-button olive blazer by Adolfo Dominguez." Very tony.

EAT, DRINK AND BE WARY

In this age of health and fitness, here's some holiday food for thought: During a typical Thanksgiving meal, the average guy spends about an hour consuming 1600 calories' worth of turkey, dressing, sweet potatoes, pumpkin pie—the works. Burning off the same amount requires about one hour of cross-country skiing; three hours of jogging, downhill skiing, tennis or aerobics dancing; four hours of swimming, Rollerblading, bicycling or stair climbing; five hours of golf (carrying the bag!) . . . or at least eight hours of marathon sex. Indulge!

MARTIN HOFFMAN

STYLE METER

WATCHES	IN	OUT
STYLES	Antique timepieces; pocket watches; chronographs; unusual art watches	Loud or showy watches; sports watches worn with suits; cheap knockoffs
DETAILING	Subtle but elegant detailing; mechanical movements; steel with gold accents	Large LED faces; thick, squarish faces; digital/analog combos
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Where & How to Buy on page 187.

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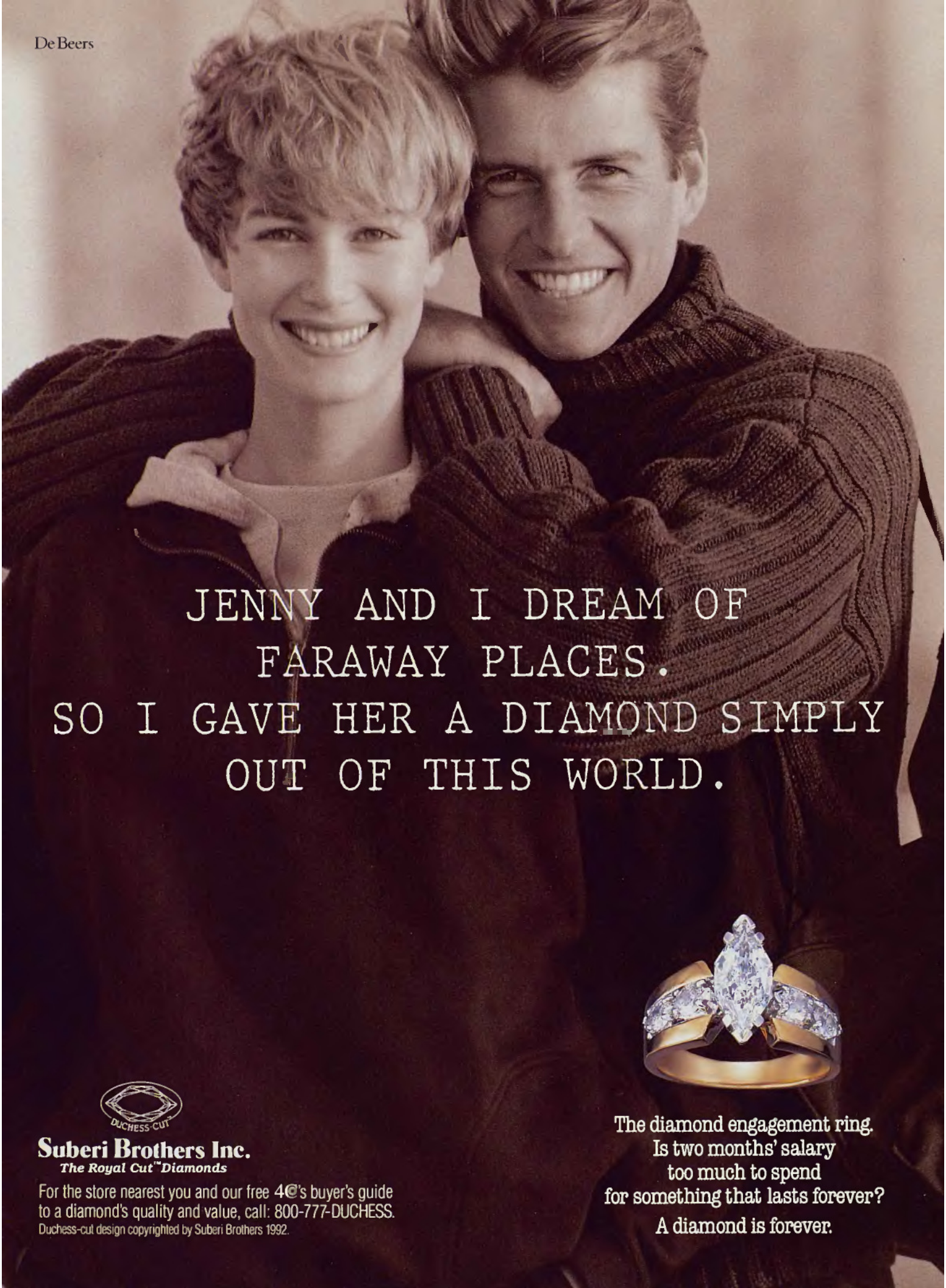

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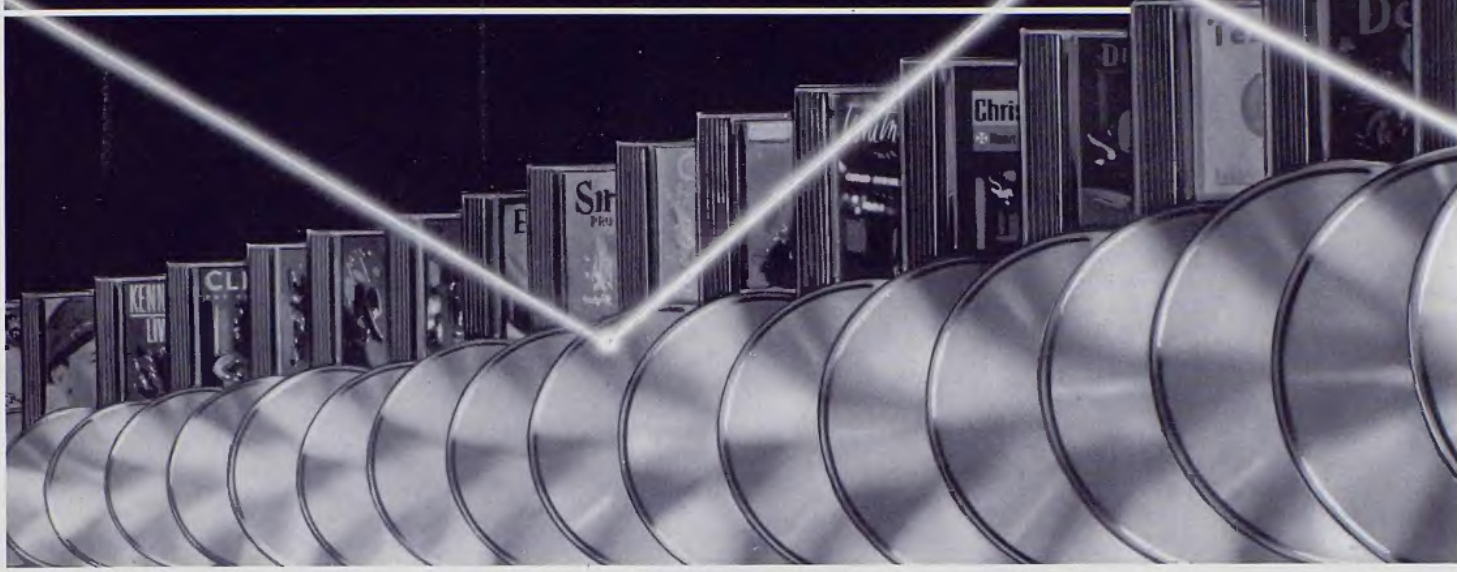

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BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

WRITING AT THE absolute top of his form—and from the bottom of his heart—Thomas McGuane has surpassed himself with his latest novel, ***Nothing but Blue Skies*** (Houghton Mifflin). This intimate portrait of a middle-aged man spinning out of control under the clear blue skies of Montana is deeply moving, funny, filled with zany philosophical wisdom and a riveting piece of storytelling.

Frank Copenhaver, hovering around 45 with a daughter in college, had built a modest business empire in Deadrock, Montana, before his wife, Gracie, left him for a guy who paid more attention to her. He tries to laugh it off by carrying a coffin down the main street of the town behind a loudspeaker truck blaring the Rolling Stones' *Paint It Black* and by holding a wake for his marriage. But he is seriously wounded and finds himself unable to get interested in doing much more than fishing, drinking and accommodating the local single women.

By ignoring his business transactions, Frank flirts with bankruptcy. Tenants desert his medical building, a cattle deal goes disastrously sour, he fires the manager of the family ranch and the bank is warning him that soon it will have to foreclose on his house, too. He responds by hiding from all of them, getting into barroom brawls and being chased by the local police. Worse yet, his not-quite-ex-wife moves back into town with her lover. The only moments of sanity Frank has left are at the trout stream, and the most touching scene in the book is an idyllic fishing trip he takes with his daughter, Holly.

Although much of the fascination in this novel lies with Copenhaver's comic struggle for financial and psychological survival, it is also a book about the love between Frank and Gracie. This is McGuane's eighth novel and his most mature and thoughtful exploration of how complex and powerful the ties of love can be.

If Sidney Kirkpatrick had tried to concoct a fantasy as bizarre as his new nonfiction thriller, ***Lords of Sipan*** (Morrow), he would have been in competition with Spielberg and Lucas. This real-life Indiana Jones tale concerns an archaeologist who, in 1987, discovers the royal burial tomb of a pre-Incan culture in Peru and is subsequently drawn into the cloak-and-dagger world of international art smuggling. There are jungle shootouts, treasures of gold and jewels, elaborate schemes to elude U.S. Customs, crooked art dealers manipulating shady museum administrators, clever black marketers romancing millionaire art collectors and another bungled prosecution by the U.S. Department of Justice.

WARREN GEBERT

Nothing but Blue Skies.

McGuane writes from the bottom of his heart; a real-life Indiana Jones in Peru.

In addition to the glamourous saga of high-stakes art crime is the spellbinding story of what has been called "the greatest archaeological discovery ever made in the New World." As Kirkpatrick documents in step-by-step detail, Dr. Walter Alva, director of the Bruning Museum in Lambayeque, Peru, uncovered a wealth of knowledge about the mysterious pre-Incan culture of the Moche in the wake of jungle tomb looting. Kirkpatrick skillfully narrates this combination of crime thriller and scholarly mystery with a vivid sense of immediacy.

Weirdos and misfits crawling out of the strangest corners of the South collide in Barry Gifford's recent book, ***Night People*** (Grove). This collection of four loosely connected novellas leaps from one bizarre scene of violence and craziness to the next—usually without warning. Gifford is best known as the author of *Wild at Heart*, which was made into an award-winning film by David Lynch. The adventures of Sailor and Lula pale, however, by comparison with those of *Night People*'s lesbian ex-convicts Big Betty and Cutie, whose forceful efforts to cleanse the earth of men in order to please Miss Jesus are monitored by Easy Earl Blakey on station WWOZ while driving to work in New Orleans.

Night People is like one of those amusement-park rides that roars over roller-coaster tracks in the dark, whips you around, turns you upside down and leaves you terrified. Just try reading it; you'll be standing in line for Gifford's next escapade.

A year ago, Bill Graham, the concert promoter and creator of the Fillmore East and West ballrooms, was killed in a helicopter accident. Ironically, he had been working on his autobiography with Robert Greenfield for the previous five years. ***Bill Graham Presents: My Life Inside Rock and Out*** (Doubleday) is a rich portrait of the complex man who shaped the world of rock music more than anyone other than the musicians themselves. This book is also an enthralling history of the past three decades in rock.

The story of Graham's life is told chronologically by alternating voices playing various roles—friends, employees, relatives, musicians, managers, agents, record company executives, Pranksters, Deadheads and hangers-on. But the authoritative voice—the voice with precise memories of the events and the players and analyses of scenes such as Altamont and the Live Aid concert—is supplied by the Bronx-accented Graham. If you were there (and we were), this book is a glorious insider's nostalgia trip; even if you weren't, it is a solid, personal piece of pop history.

As if Oliver Stone's *JFK* had touched some artistic nerve, two major novelists reach back to Camelot this month. D. M. Thomas' ***Flying into Love*** (Scribner's) reconstructs the assassination in a strange, lyric style while toying with conspiracy theories. With the documentary flair of *Inside Edition*, Michael Korda's ***The Immortals*** (Poseidon) goes straight for the glitz and gives us every shocking, outrageous or intimate scene imaginable from inside the JFK–Marilyn Monroe love affair.

BOOK BAG

Throw the Rascals Out! (General), by Otis Carney: This satirical novel about a Wyoming cowboy who challenges the Washington establishment owes more to Mark Twain than to Ross Perot.

Death Penalty (HarperCollins), by William J. Coughlin: An alcoholic lawyer fights for justice and his own self-esteem in this breakthrough crime novel.

The Twentieth Century Treasury of Sports (Viking), edited by Al Silverman and Brian Silverman: Encompassing 80 pieces by the most eloquent observers of sports, this anthology is the armchair athlete's dream book.

Baseball—The Writers' Game (Diamond Communications), by Mike Shannon: An all-star lineup of baseball's best-selling authors—Pat Jordan, Roger Kahn and Jim Brosnan, to name a few—proves that the pen is as mighty as the bat.

Mother Gert Boyle
Chairman, Columbia Sportswear

"IN OREGON THIS IS SEXY."

–By Tim Boyle, President, Columbia Sportswear

There's a reason that what you see on this page is incredibly appealing to you. The, uh, shirt that is.

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MANTRACK

a guy's guide to changing times

FOES AND FRIENDS

For a class of people who supposedly have all the power, men have few friends in high office who take male interests seriously—and far too many who are hostile. Some politicians let us down and others surprise us:

FOES

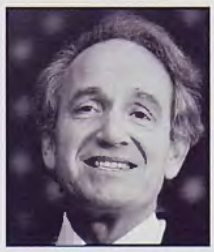
Senator Joseph Biden: Imagine a law that punished crimes against whites more severely than it did crimes against African Americans. Sound farfetched? It's similar to what Biden proposed last year with his Violence Against Women Act. Although men are almost twice as likely to be victims of violence as women, Biden sought to curry favor with feminist groups by turning crimes against women into a special—and more serious—category.

Senator Bill Bradley: He authored legislation that, starting in 1994, will require child-support payments be withheld from a noncustodial parent's paycheck, even if the parent has a spotless record of making his own payments. Bradley also staunchly opposed the Children's Rights Council proposal to establish an interstate commission to enforce visitation and access rights. Apparently, it's OK for the federal government to intervene and force a parent to pay child support, but it's not OK for Washington to ensure that that same parent has a relationship with the child.

Representative Henry Hyde: Hyde has proposed legislation that presumes anybody seriously behind in child-support payments—who moves to another state—to be in violation of federal law, even if he (or she) moves in order to get a job or to be closer to the child.

FRIENDS

Senator Bob Dole: Overcoming his own embarrassment, Senator Dole turned his personal experience with prostate cancer into a selfless quest. Although the malady strikes one in 11 men—roughly the same rate as breast cancer in women—funding for federal research was woefully inadequate. Thanks to Dole, funding has risen from $28,000,000 per year to $120,000,000—much more in line with the amount of money the government spends on breast-cancer research.



Senator Tom Harkin: While everyone hates deadbeat dads, Harkin was smart enough to see that other domestic issues, such as visitation and custody, are intertwined with child support. He secured over $4,000,000 in federal funding to demonstrate that noncustodial parents who are allowed to see their children are far more likely to support them. Take note, Senator Bradley.

Vice President Dan Quayle: We know. We wish it had been somebody else, too, and we wish he hadn't picked on our quirky friend Murphy Brown. But Quayle did us a big favor when he blasted pop culture for diminishing our value as fathers. Of course, he served up a typically unenlightened bashing of deadbeat dads a few days after his Murphy Brown speech.

ANGELLA DASHALAKIS

MAKE ROOM FOR DADDY

The number of families headed by a single father has quadrupled over the past few decades. In 1959, just one percent of all families were headed by single fathers, compared with four percent in 1989, according to the census data. Today, almost one in six single parents is a man, and 20 percent of these men have never married. Says Iowa State professor Steven Garasky: "The myth has been that single fathers have no interest in raising their children. But there are 1,400,000 men doing just that." It's no longer assumed by the courts that the child automatically goes to the mother.

YOU ARE WHAT YOU READ

Has your significant other been treating you like an animal lately? Does she find your every move suspicious? Take heart—it's not you, it's more likely women's magazine syndrome, a condition that affects those who read too many men-bashing articles in too many women's magazines. Here's a list of headlines gathered on one trip to a local newsstand:

WHY MEN LIE—AND WHY WE BELIEVE THEM

•

TURN A BAD BOY INTO A GOOD MAN—WITHOUT REALLY NAGGING

•

MY HUSBAND IS WORTH KEEPING

•

WHAT TO DO WHEN HE HAS A HEADACHE

•

WHAT MEN DON'T KNOW ABOUT THEIR OWN SEXUALITY

•

THE OLDER GUY—DO YOU DARE DATE HIM?

•

LIES GUYS TELL FOR SEX

THE KINDER CUT

Researchers at the American Urological Association said that vasectomies show promise as a method of controlling AIDS. So far, scientists have been unable to grow the AIDS virus in the semen of three HIV-positive men who had vasectomies. That gives researchers hope that the simple surgical procedure somehow blocks the virus from entering the semen.

THE INVISIBLE MAN

A researcher at Florida State University wanted to determine what role, if any, physical appearance played in social interaction. She came up with an interesting test: Send a well-groomed, attractive couple to the school's computer laboratory, where each would ask other students to relinquish their computer time. Then the researcher would repeat the process with the same man and woman—only redressed to look scruffy and unkempt—assuming that the slobs would naturally lose out to their better-looking counterparts. But it turns out that attractiveness was not the key issue. Gender was. The man, no matter what he looked like, was soundly rebuffed. "I thought that an attractive female would influence the action and she did," said the researcher, "but I had no idea that an attractive male would have so little influence. It was like he was invisible."

YEAR OF THE WOMAN

On the subject of men's issues, it appears that the political year of the woman has, in some cases, seriously deranged the media. Now, don't get us wrong. We're all for women candidates interested in civil liberties. We support more women in the House and Senate. But we heard a reporter on National Public Radio describe education, health care and the economy as "women's issues." Hello? If those are women's issues, what's left for men? Lawn care? Fishing lures? Aluminum versus vinyl siding? Perhaps NPR wants us to stick to football and leave the big decisions to those who are more qualified.

LIP SERVICE

"Catwoman is somehow a positive role for women. I don't think women are going to go out and start whipping people, but it's an empowering character, and women need to be empowered." —MICHELLE PFEIFFER

"Heroes in every culture—Homer's heroes, King Arthur's knights, the samurai, Native American braves, mountain men—all had times when it was OK to cry. The only two cultures I have been able to find where men are almost never allowed to cry are the Viking culture and our own." —MEN'S MOVEMENT LEADER DAN JONES

STEVE DIMINO

"The argument that a man who commits adultery reveals 'contempt for women' is blatantly sexist, since women who cheat on their husbands are never accused of having 'contempt for men.'" —DENNIS PRAGER, *National Review*

"Men are becoming what women used to be—vain and shallow and self-conscious." —BARBARA EHRENREICH

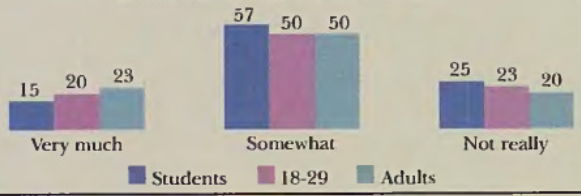
"If all the women who wrote to complain about their marital sleeping arrangements were laid end to end, they would be much more comfortable." —ANN LANDERS

"Look at Wilt Chamberlain. He slept with twenty thousand women and everyone thinks it's funny. Why didn't someone just say to him, 'You're a disgusting pig'?" —ROBIN GIVENS

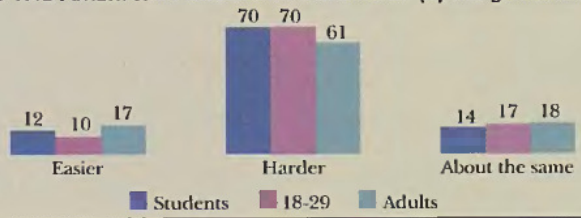
THE AMERICAN DREAM GOES TO COLLEGE—AND FLUNKS

Pessimism is sweeping the campuses. That's the word from the latest Playboy/Roper study, which asked college students if the American dream was still alive—then compared their responses with those of the rest of the population.

IS THE AMERICAN DREAM ALIVE?



IS THE AMERICAN DREAM ATTAINABLE? (By this generation)

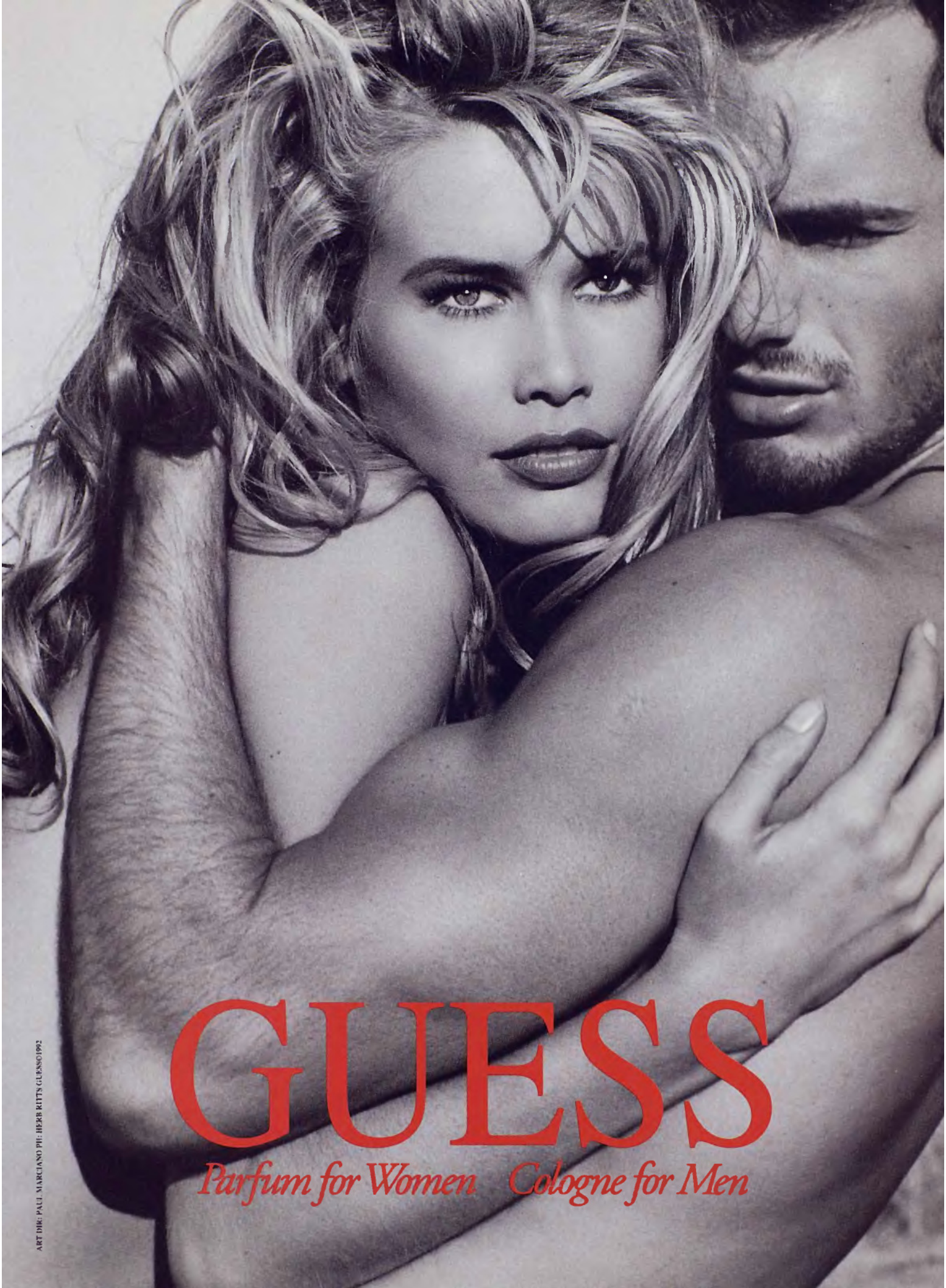


	Optimistic	Pessimistic
Quality of environment	25%	53%
Moral standards	25	48
Education system	32	48
Health-care system	27	45
Economic outlook	27	39

Fortunately, there's an upside to the general malaise. With 70 percent of college students telling Roper that the country is on the wrong track (only 21 percent like the direction we're headed), political activism on campus has reached levels reminiscent of the Sixties. In fact, college students are twice as active politically as their adult counterparts and over a third of incoming freshmen participated in some form of demonstrations during their senior year in high school. Forty-four percent of male college students say they've become more liberal since entering college, 30 percent have drifted to the right and 21 percent claim they haven't changed. While political activism is increasingly popular, it still takes a back seat to some more traditional college pursuits.

WHAT'S IN ON CAMPUS

Drinking beer	85%
Working out	82
Listening to bands	78
Late-night TV	75
Going to movies	70
Sports cars	69
Going away for weekend (not home)	61
Volunteer work	53
Political activism	48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MEN

By ASA BABER

NICE BOYS, INC.

They have us surrounded. You know who I'm talking about. They are the adult version of the teacher's pet, charter members of Nice Boys, Inc.

Nice Boys, Inc., is America's largest unlisted corporation and it is composed exclusively of nice boys. Here in the fall of 1992, its stock has never been higher.

Remember grade school? Remember the kid who had more money than you did and always handed in his homework on time and played with the girls at recess and could make the teacher beam with matronly pride when he answered her toughest questions?

Remember how he always kept his hair neatly combed and had a loose-leaf notebook that looked as if it had been ironed and how he finished every test long before you did—and then sighed with boredom as he sat waiting for the rest of the class to finish?

Remember the contempt he showed when you tried to peek over his shoulder to copy his answers during exams? He would twist his body and hunch over his desk so your view was blocked. You weren't cheating, exactly. All you wanted was some information, right?

The teacher's pet. Didn't you hate that weenie? Admit it: Grade school was a world of women—teachers, administrators and students—and the teacher's pet knew how to please them. He was Woody Allen and Alan Alda wrapped into one elementary school star.

We may have been testosterone's hoodlums, falling into petty crimes and misdemeanors that were quickly discovered and quickly punished. But the teacher's pet remained angelic while he cornered the grades and the glory.

He knew the golden rule: *Nice boys never piss off nice girls.* Nice boys don't chew gum in class or laugh at dirty jokes or loosen all the pepper-shaker tops in the lunchroom. Nice boys don't cut school to go to a ball game or sneak into a strip show or catch a movie. No, nice boys do exactly what they are told to do.

Our worst nightmare is still with us. Nice Boys, Inc., is a growing concern, and the nice boys are winning the day. They define the culture and control the political discussions and stay on the right side of the female species. They are squeaky clean and politically correct.

Yes, you may be muddling around in sloppiness and confusion. You may have some questions rattling in your horny brain about the roles of men and women. You may even give voice to some of those questions. But you and I know that we are the losers today. This culture does not want to listen to us. It is into niceness.

Darwin's theory of survival may be operational here. The fittest boys cause no fuss. They seem sexually neutered, they fit into a corporate mold without protest and accept every element of feminist rhetoric. And they make great consumers. What more could the 21st Century want in its men and its eunuchs?

You think I'm kidding?

Listen to a nice boy and a nice girl talk about shopping. These folks were born with an imprint of America's shopping malls on their brains. They are hyperalert to changes in spending habits and personal style. More than anything, they want to fit in and please our marketing society. They shop and they buy. A lot.

They have us surrounded. If you doubt it, here are some recent examples of nice boys in my life. These guys aren't from Mars anymore. They are here. And they are part of the new majority.

• A nice boy writes to a friend of mine about my book, *Naked at Gender Gap*. He says that he is relieved that my *Men* columns have finally been collected in book form. Now, he writes, he can read them, whereas before, it was against his principles. "I won't buy PLAYBOY," he says, "and I won't borrow it. I won't read through those pages and pages of nubile curves." Such morality. Such unsexed propriety. Such a nice boy.

• A standing member of Nice Boys, Inc., calls me when the Supreme Court renders its decision on Pennsylvania's abortion law. He is not pleased at the decision and plans to march in protest of any restrictions on abortion. "But at least they got rid of spousal notification," he says. "I mean, what is a man doing in the middle of a woman's right to choose?" I chuckle at his statement. "Yeah," I say without meaning it, "since when should fathers be involved in anything?"

• A nice boy (and a leader of the so-called men's movement) has booked me for a breakfast. Having no idea of what my *Men* column is about, he thinks he can get me to review Alice Walker's *Possessing the Secret of Joy*. He wants my readers to take responsibility for one of the world's evils. "You know," he says, "there are a hundred million women who are forced to have clitoridectomies, and it is men who make them do it." I sit there and listen to him try to heap guilt and shame all over my ham and eggs. "Sorry," I finally say. "I haven't forced a woman to have a clitoridectomy in years."

As I watch Nice Boys, Inc., take over the culture in alliance with other major forces, I know that America is moving into a strange place where the raunchier and randier of us may not survive. There is an unconscious but powerful momentum at work here, and male sexuality may be headed for a certain kind of extinction. I know that this may simply be the law of survival. Perhaps, in a contentious world, there is room only for nice boys.

Still, although I may be a symbol of the old breed, I will not go away silently and without protest. I may be surrounded, but I will not surrender.

That reminds me of a true story from the Korean War. A Marine general was studying his maps with his staff when an aide rushed in with a status report on the North Korean forces.

"General," the aide said, "it's not looking good. They have us surrounded!"

"Really?" the general said, smiling. "Those poor bastards!"

I know exactly what he meant.

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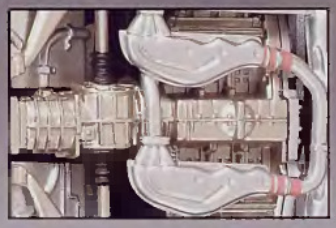

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WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

JOE CARBELLO

SHUTTING UP SHOP

For the past year I have been completely shut down. You couldn't pry me open with a chisel. I've stopped wearing make-up, even the concealer stuff you paint under your eyes to take away those dark circles that make people run screaming from the room. When I get up in the morning, I get dressed in clothes that are clean. I don't care if they're cute or not. In fact, for eleven dollars at the Price Club I bought a pair of multicolored cotton trousers with elastic waist and ankles, the sort of pants you wear if you're a housewife from a tacky suburb who has too many kids and hates her husband. I wear these pants all the fucking time.

Sit down and grab a drink—here's the clincher: *I don't care about my weight.* I never get on a scale. I eat cookies. I know, it's like a science-fiction movie, but there you are. I'm shut down.

Because I've been heartbroken too many times, that's why! First I spent two whole years breaking up with some jerk I was in love with. Then there was the guy who turned out to be a manic-depressive, and eventually I had to call the cops. Then there was the guy who met someone not only from a better family but with bigger tits. Then the guy who went off with a teenaged Asian girl. I think that's when I started eating the Mallomars.

Don't tell me it's my fault. I already know that. I pick the wrong guys. I pick guys who are unfaithful, guys who have commitment problems, guys who withhold, guys who are gay. I have intimacy problems. I have boundary problems. And I castigate myself every day for being such a colossal dweeb. Or I used to, before I shut down.

Those goddamned breakups! Most traumas occur during childhood, but breakups are adult traumas. Every time someone doesn't love us enough, we become wounded, damaged. If we keep getting stomped on, we expect it. If we expect it, it's bound to happen.

Too many breakups have pushed me to the point of no return. But it's not too late for you. I'll tell you some things I've learned that might help you to have decent relationships. Good luck, sucker.

The first thing you must do is to examine your childhood. If you don't, you'll make the same mistakes over and over again.

All of us grow up strange. I grew up with a mother who said she loved me but who didn't even like me. She'd go right for my throat if I ever threatened to have a personality. She knew I loved my hair long and she incessantly cut it off. She threw away the clothes I adored and bought me outfits that made me look like a moving van with legs. I learned to hide my personality completely.

I also had a seductive, controlling father who disappeared whenever the going got tough.

Are we surprised that I've always found myself attracted to seductive, narcissistic men who can never love anybody and who always disappear? And that every time I fall in love I lose my personality and turn into a doormat?

We pick partners who mirror our family weirdness. If mom didn't love us, we pick someone like mom, and try our damnedest to make it come out better. It never will. You can't go home again.

Before you get involved with someone, study your family history. Remember how your parents made you feel. Even the worst family has a few good days. Try to find someone who reminds you of those good days, who makes you feel loved and happy and full of infinite possibilities—not small and stupid and powerless.

And especially stay away from someone who makes you feel that if only you could lose ten pounds and drive a nicer car everything would be fine. The demands will keep escalating and you'll never succeed. Don't get me wrong. If your lover tells you to stop spacing out when she's telling you something important and to please pick up your goddamned socks every once in a while, she's not a demanding bitch, she's right. Which brings me to my next point.

To keep a relationship going, you have to be brave enough to admit when something's your fault. Being defensive will only keep you cold and alone.

To find out if it's your fault, take my simple test:

If you think everything is always your fault, it usually isn't. If you think everything is somebody's else's fault, it's usually yours.

My friend Cleo thinks everything's her fault. She lent me her car for a week. I promptly broke a headlight.

"I'm sorry," said Cleo, "I kept telling you not to smash it up and just got you incredibly paranoid."

We all loved Cleo's last boyfriend, such a sweet guy. You could have knocked us down with a feather when we found out he had two other women. He bought all three the exact same necklace and ran up their telephone bills calling yet another woman in Australia.

Cleo blames herself.

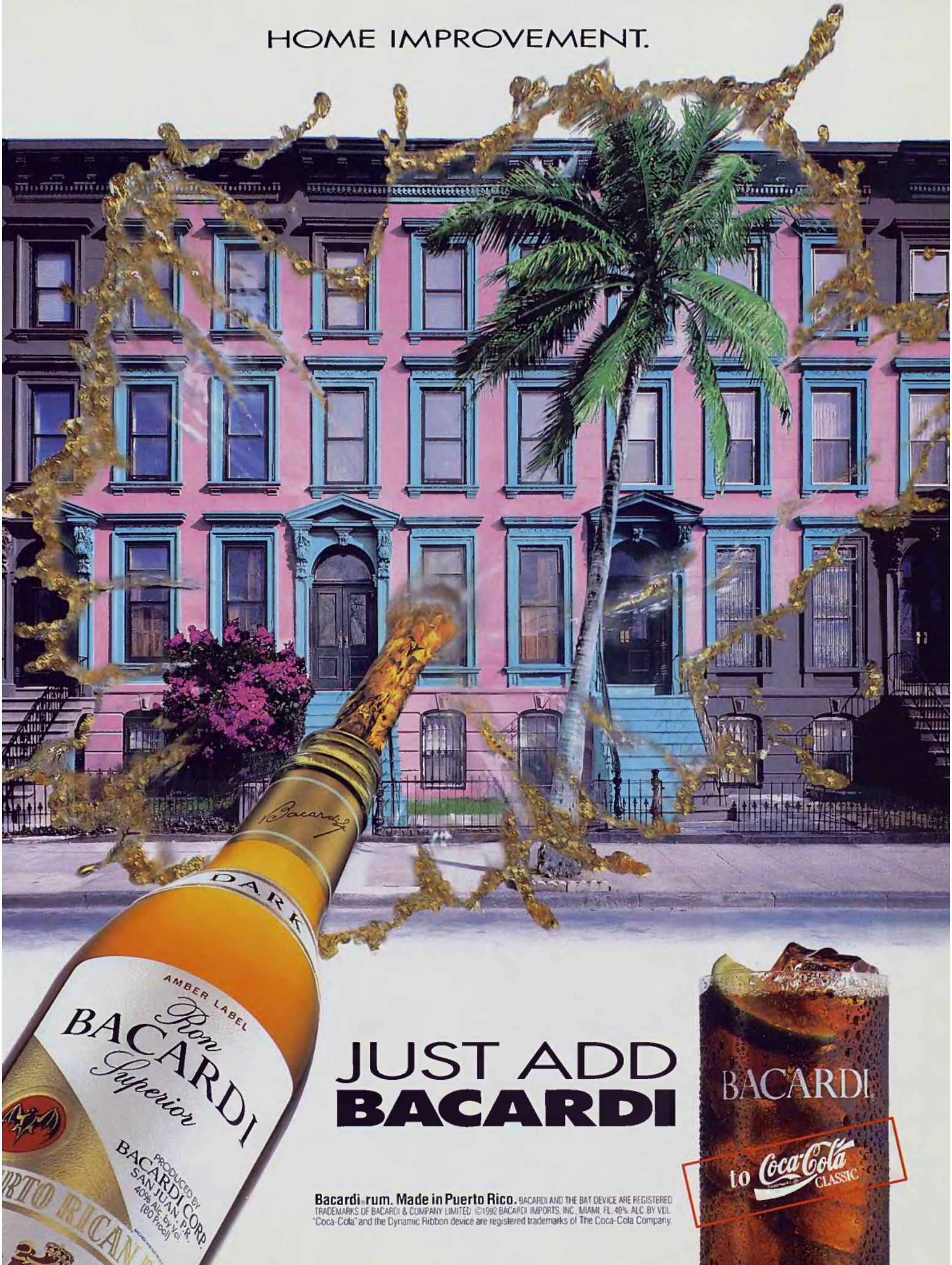
"If only I was younger and prettier and nicer to him, he would have loved me," she says all the goddamned time.

Cleo's ex-boyfriend feels lonely and depressed because everyone is so mean to him all the time. He feels his women fucked him over when they left him. Jeffrey Dahmer, that serial killer from Milwaukee, thought nobody loved him enough, so he killed his lovers and boiled up their body parts.

Wait a minute. Maybe those breakups in my past weren't all my fault. Maybe there are just a lot of men out there who are afraid of commitment, unfaithful, withholding or gay.

Maybe I should cut my ugly trousers to ribbons, stop eating cookies, slap on a little concealer and try again. Maybe the point of life is to keep going, keep getting smashed in the face until you get it right. OK, I'll try.

But next time, I'm taking a weapon.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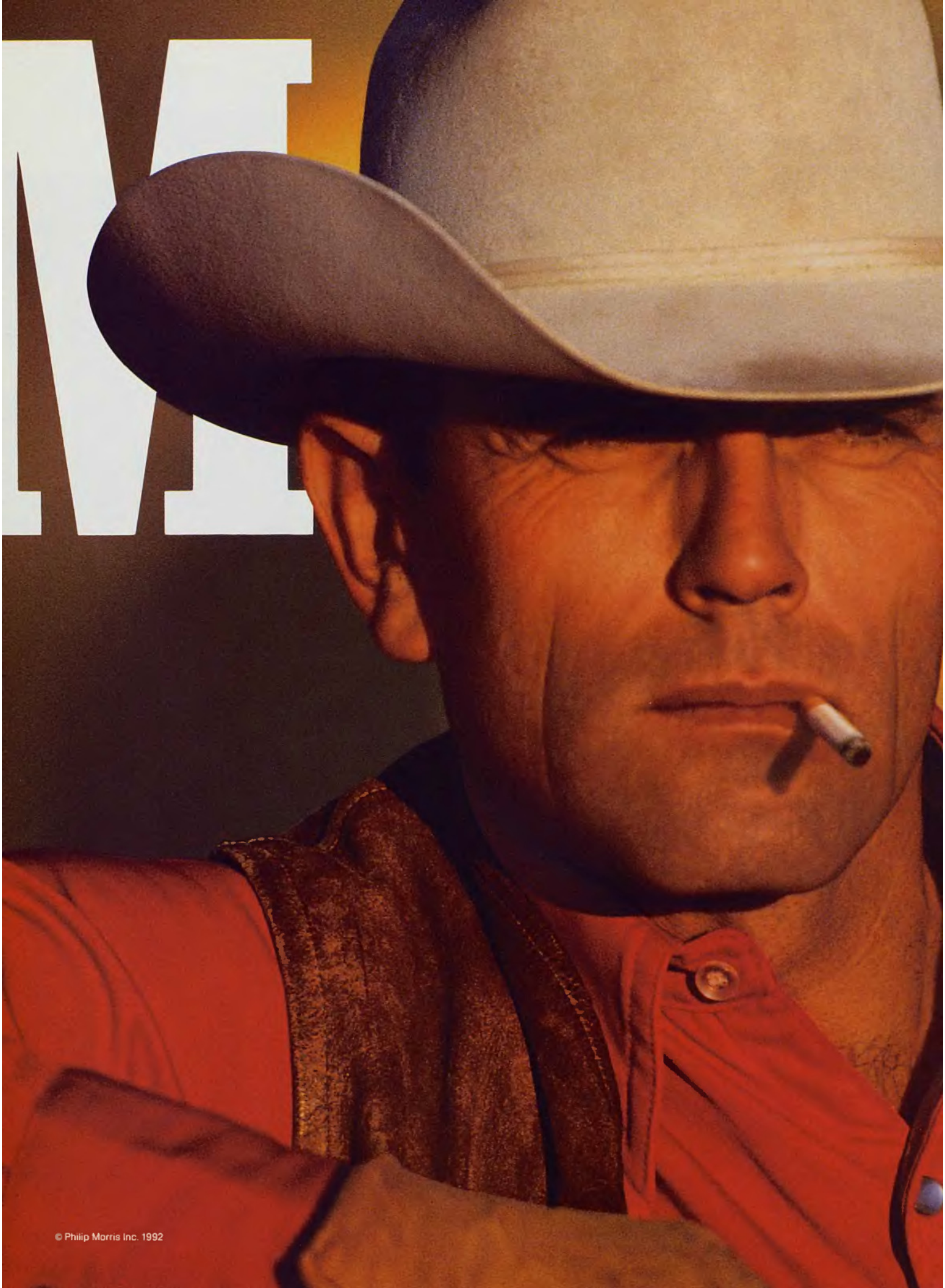

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I've seen ads for a new sex book advocating "The Perfect Fit—how to achieve mutual fulfillment and monogamous passion through the new intercourse." What is the new intercourse?—R. H., Los Angeles, California.

Same as the old intercourse, only this time you use Superglue as a lubricant. Just kidding. We first reported on coital alignment technique more than a decade ago. A New York sex guru named Edward Eichel sent us a study that claimed that a version of the missionary position—in which the male "rides 'em high" and substitutes a bump and grind, or roller-coaster ride, on the clitoris for the old in and out—would change sex as we know it. The position has some drawbacks—riding high forces the penis into a downward angle. In addition, you are supposed to rest your full weight on your partner. The dead weight of a 200-pound man on a 110-pound woman sounds like a tortilla press, not sex. We were always told that a gentleman supports his own weight. Still interested? You can shell out $20 for the book—or spring for lunch.

I have a question regarding valet parking. Do you tip the person who takes your car upon arrival or the person who brings it to you? What is the appropriate amount for this service?—L. C., Largo, Florida.

This is complicated. If you use a parking lot every day, tip the car jockey who brings you the car, after checking to make sure all is in order. The standard tip ranges from one dollar to two dollars. Elsewhere, the tip depends on the quality or prestige of the establishment, the value of the car you drive and whether you want to see it again. The logic behind this kind of pretense is that the driver of a Mercedes pulling up to L.A.'s trendy Morton's should tip more than the dude in the Geo pulling up to a Burger King.

Why is it that I can perform well with one woman and barely be aroused by another? Or for that matter, why is it that on some weekends with my girlfriend the sex is great, while on others it seems like a chore? What gives? I know it sounds like I'm looking for a secret recipe for great sex, but I just want to be consistent.—F. E., Chicago, Illinois.

Bernie Zilbergeld, author of "Male Sexuality," says that men have basic requirements or conditions that precede good sex: "In their attempt to function like the fabled 'well-oiled machine,' men overlook what they already know, that machines themselves have conditions, including being well oiled. When we're made aware of these needs, we don't get upset, we just fulfill them." Review your past. What distinguished great episodes from fiascoes? According to Zilbergeld, a condition can be anything—time of day, how tired or energetic you

are, how sick or well you are, how you feel about yourself, how you feel about your partner, what you do, what she does, how much privacy there is, or anything else that makes a difference to you. Think about it. We've heard of women who've reduced the conditions to an anagram: CERTS—for consent, equality, respect, trust and safety. Sounds like the recipe for a stockbroker or a doctor. Our requirements for great sex might go like this: a shared sense of enthusiasm, fascination, energy, curiosity and/or willingness, playfulness, anticipation (if you aren't looking forward to it, don't do it), a hotel with room service and so forth. Sprinkle with chuckles, sweat and saliva. If you attend to the foundation, what follows is frolic.

Rummaging through my parents' attic recently, I found my gold Phi Beta Kappa key, awarded 15 years ago. How does one wear/display such a thing?—W. J., Raleigh, North Carolina.

Sorry, we can't resist: You're a Phi Beta Kappa but can't figure out how to display your key? Find someone who belongs to Mensa and ask him or her. You can wear the key with a tie tack or place it on a key ring as a mark of distinction.

In the movie *Black Robe*, there are two scenes in which Native Americans have sex. Both times, it's rear-entry sex—what everyone calls doggie style. In another scene, a European has sex with one of the Indian women and they do it facing each other in the missionary position. I think that the film maker wants us to believe that the Indians fucked like forest creatures. After all, they wore animal skins, they hunted animals all day and they believed in animal spirits. Why wouldn't they have danced like wolves? But is this an accurate representation? Were Native Americans into fancy fucking? Please don't tell me to stop trying to get my education in sexual anthropology from Hollywood movies.—A. K., Chicago, Illinois.

According to Bradley Smith's "The American Way of Sex," early explorers of the Americas described the sexual customs of the natives with some awe and no little bias: Columbus wrote about the nudity and beauty of the locals. Michele de Cuneo, one of his crew, wrote: "These people eat when they are hungry and have sex openly when they feel like it. . . . Both the Indians and the Caribes are mostly Sodomites, not knowing (I believe) whether they are acting right or wrong." Pedro de Castañeda, a member of Coronado's expedition in 1540, described natives coupling like animals, with the female getting down on all fours and the male entering from the rear. Smith warns about these accounts: "[The conquistadors] could hardly have been aware of the nuances of the natives' sexual relationships. To the Indian, the sex act could be an obligation, a sign of hospitality or a part-time marriage act in which a man might father a child but not live with the child's mother. Learning what full marriage meant to the Indian, or how difficult it was for a man to earn the price of a wife, was of no interest to the newcomers." Hollywood can show you what Native American sex looked like, but if you are curious about what it felt like, you'll have to study further. Recently, a movement has begun to explore Native American sexuality. You can attend seminars on Quodoshki, the sacred Cherokee sex rituals. Certain Native American tribes had an approach to sex that was as spiritual and complicated as Asian traditions. They used sex to connect not just with one another but with the world. They had whimsical names (drawn from nature) for variously shaped genitalia. They could experience a healing process called the fire-breath orgasm (they apparently identified four kinds of orgasm). They used sex as a means of honoring nature and could recruit allies from the spiritual world—making love like a bear or a deer or a wolf. Will it work for you? We don't know. Cross-cultural sex experiences are a challenge. How do you feel about inviting Bambi into bed?

Tailgaters drive me crazy, and even I follow too closely sometimes. How can I tell if I'm following the car in front at a safe distance?—L. S., Atlanta, Georgia.

Expert drivers swear by the two-second rule. Here's how to tell if you're following someone too closely: Pick a stationary object that the vehicle in front of you has just passed—a telephone pole or a billboard will do. Begin counting: one thousand one, one

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

thousand two (that will take you approximately two seconds). If you pass the stationary object before you've finished counting, you're following too closely. If the road is slippery, or if there's bad weather or fog, a safe bet is to double the two-second rule. Even if someone's crawling up your tailpipe, resist the temptation to slam on the brakes. You could cause an accident or, just as bad, you might provoke the tailgater into a violent act. Instead, move over, let him pass and refrain from exercising your middle digit. If he's in a hurry, he'll probably flush out any cops lurking in your path before you reach them: That's a better (and much safer) means of revenge.

Recently, I returned home unexpectedly—and walked in on my girlfriend masturbating in the bathtub with our shower massage. Of course, we each know that the other masturbates, and we've tried to act like this incident was no big deal. But it's introduced an awkwardness into our relationship. I don't know what's going on. Do you?—V. M., Sparks, Nevada.

Try to look at it a little differently. Your girlfriend needed to do something for herself. Maybe she was caught in a moment of erotic fever that had to be cooled. You weren't home and the shower massage was. Maybe she was just being nice to number one. Most of us learn how to masturbate early, often and well. Maybe she was indulging in a refresher course. One way past your awkwardness: Address it. Talk about masturbation next time you hop into bed. Show each other your basic strokes, your fancy strokes and the ones too weird for words. You might learn something. On the other hand, the awkwardness may be about privacy rather than pleasure. Each individual in a relationship needs room of his or her own—be it in the shower or in the shop.

Each of the suits and sports coats in my closet is covered with a clear plastic garment bag from the cleaners. I feel this is an excellent way to protect the clothing from dust. My friend believes I'm doing more harm than good because the fabric doesn't have the opportunity to breathe. Is he right?—J. V., Dallas, Texas.

The plastic bags provided by dry cleaners are for temporary use. Your friend is right. The plastic covers prevent air circulation. Moisture trapped underneath the plastic can encourage mold or mildew. If you are overwhelmed by dust, you can substitute cloth garment bags designed for long-term storage. Or improvise with pillowcases and sheets.

I'm a 26-year-old heterosexual female who has never had an orgasm with a male. However, I can have an orgasm through what is probably the most unusual way a woman can masturbate. I ball up a piece of sheet or cloth until it is a hard knot the size of a baseball. While on my stomach, I put the hard knot under my vagina and rub on it. I have been masturbating like this for approximately 13 years. I've tried using my fingers, but I can't achieve orgasm that way. I believe because of my unusual way of masturbating, I cannot have an orgasm during intercourse in any position. Any suggestions?—D. S., Kansas City, Kansas.

Why not tie the bedclothes into a knot, assume the position and have your partner enter you from the rear? We suspect you need to control your movement (perhaps with you on top) in order to trigger orgasm. Give it a try.

Some of my wine-drinking friends claim that the Eighties were the decade of the cabernet sauvignon in Napa Valley, California. These exemplary reds are on the market and I'd like to lay down some, but a lot of wine was made in the Eighties. Could you pinpoint the most highly rated vintages and how they stack up against one another?—E. G., Washington, D.C.

We went to Tim Mondavi, winemaker at Robert Mondavi Winery, Napa Valley, for the insider's evaluation of these distinguished red wines. According to Mondavi, there were four great years in that decade, which he puts in this order: 1987, 1985, 1988 and 1986. These are followed by two very good years: 1989 and 1984. Finally, 1983, 1981, 1982 and 1980 were all good years, but not up to the others.

I use plastic sheets to save my favorite photographs (I'm compiling a pose reference book). It didn't occur to me until recently that the plastic might contain chemicals hazardous to the prints. Are my pictures safe?—J. C., Red Hook, New York.

The vinyl commonly used for photo albums contains polyvinyl chlorides—PVCs—that will gradually leech the color from photographs. Use archival-quality mounting sheets, which have no PVCs, to preserve photos. Most photo supply houses sell archival albums as well as individual sheets.

About two months ago I broke off my relationship with my girlfriend. Last week, I went to a night club with a few friends. I met the most incredible woman. Not only was she pretty but we had many things in common. We liked each other, so we exchanged phone numbers. Unfortunately, at the end of the evening I found out that she was (and still is) my ex-girlfriend's best friend. Can you believe it? Help, what should I do?—E. I., Winter Park, Florida.

Go for it. Since she is your ex's best friend, chances are she knows a lot about you already. Maybe the meeting was no accident. If the impression you made on her at the bar was as strong as it seems, she and you have nothing to lose. Of course, there's always the chance that this is some baroque revenge fantasy—was the parting with your ex amicable? If not, learn from your mistake.

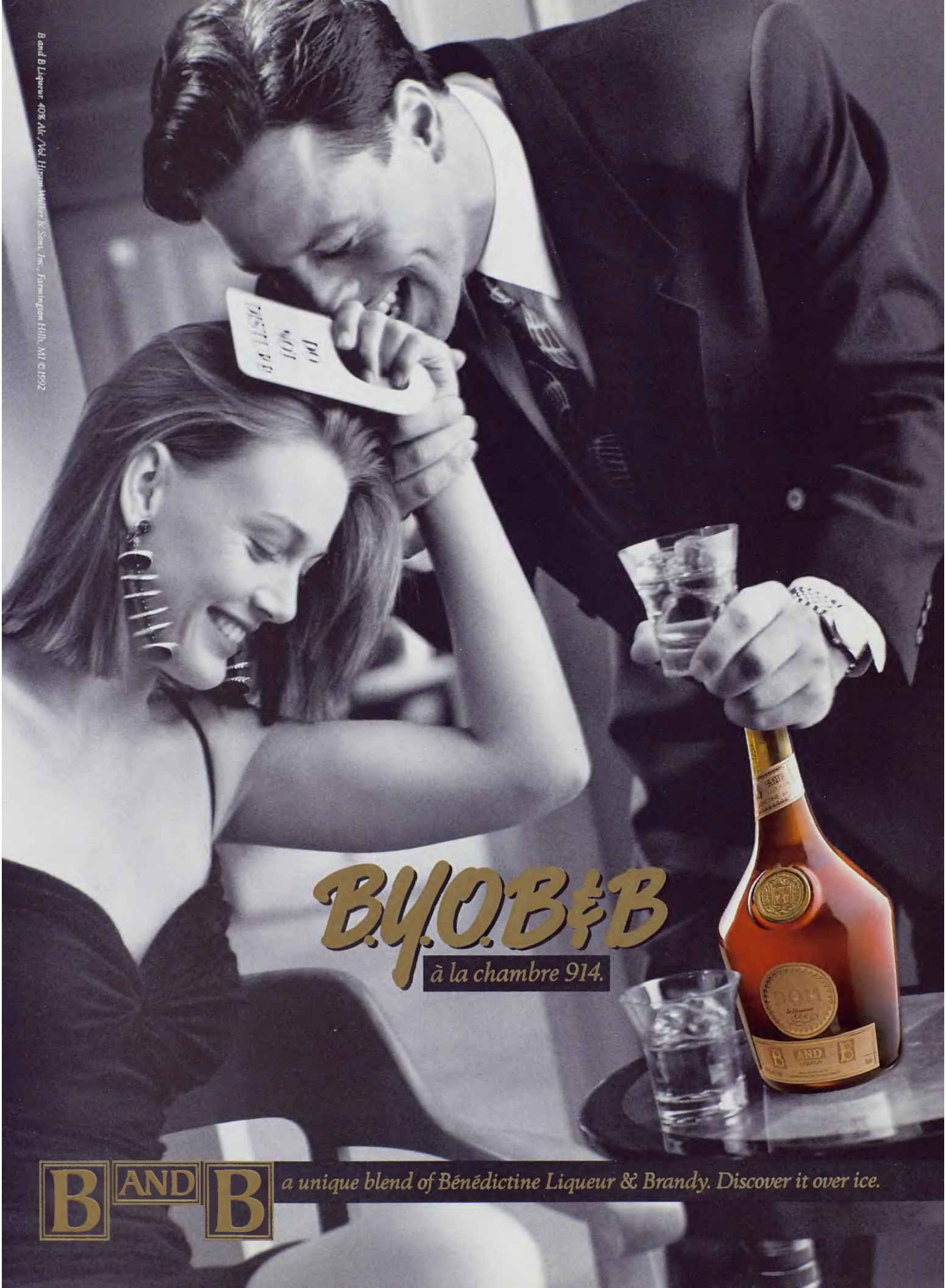
Can you help me sort out a fashion problem? My lifestyle now requires that I attend many formal functions, so I wear a tuxedo two or three times a month. The affairs range from conservative gatherings (political) to liberal gatherings (art and opera). How do I spice up my attire to cover the entire spectrum? I believe that two sets of accessories will do the trick—matching tie, cummerbund and pocket square in one color for the conservatives, and in a pattern for the liberals. What do you think?—T. P., Boston, Massachusetts.

Two outfits may be in order. The fashion question of the Eighties was whether or not your tie, cummerbund and pocket square should match. (Our advice—tie your own tie and make sure it doesn't match.) In today's fin de siècle soirees the question is, should your shirt studs, cuff links and earring match? We think you should focus your efforts above the shoulders. A roomful of men in tuxedos looks like a field of talking heads (or maybe the U.S. Olympic volleyball team). All of the attention is drawn to that space about six feet off the ground. Haircuts and designer glasses, the presence or absence of facial hair and the degree of tan are the details that allow you to express individual style or, for those conservative functions, the lack of it.

I like to fall asleep in my lover's arms, which has never been a problem until I became involved with my present girlfriend. She keeps pushing me away. Even after we've had great sex, she doesn't want to sleep together the way I like. She says it's nothing personal—that it's just the way she is. But this bothers me. What can I do?—G. W., Chevy Chase, Maryland.

We advise you to rent the movie "The Sheltering Sky," in which Debra Winger explains why she and John Malkovich book separate hotel rooms: "Never confuse sex with sleep." Your girlfriend's preference has no symbolic implications about her love for or commitment to you. That said, we suggest that before the two of you say good night, you and your lady wrap your arms tightly around each other and share some physical closeness. Then separate to keep your individual dates with the sandman. If you really need something to hold all night, you could try one of those lifesize blow-up dolls, but they squeak and they're prone to deflation. You'd probably feel happier with an extra-large pillow.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.*



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SO LONG, POPPY

another four years of george bush, with his stressed-out temper and privileged politics, and this country will come unglued

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

For the first time in several decades I didn't go to the Democratic Convention. I went, instead, to the All-Star baseball game. Not a small decision for a guy who makes his living writing about politics rather than sports.

But I thought a lot about the election at the game. Actually, it was before the game, on Stadium Way, which wraps around Jack Murphy Stadium. Picture this: a steamy, hot day in mid-July, more than a mile of cars, their drivers walking around grumbling, listening to the game on radios, while the word spread down the line that we were halted because the Secret Service decreed all traffic would freeze until the President was inside the stadium.

Have you ever had a political discussion with hundreds of baseball fans? It's quite stimulating. Let's put it this way: My fellow stranded motorists were of the opinion that the President was not only out of touch with reality that day in fouling up traffic, but that he has never been in touch. As one fan said through my open window: "This is all because of Bush. You'd have to be an idiot to vote for that guy again."

San Diego is rock-solid Republican territory, but I knew that day, even though Clinton was still lagging in the polls, that the President would not be reelected. I was sure of it when I finally slipped into my seat in the top of the third and my brother-in-law Pete, who had the good sense to arrive three hours early to see batting practice, told me that the stadium had booed Bush.

Hey, it's the President of the United States, and it's baseball, and they played the national anthem. And he gave us Desert Storm, and they said he was a good friend of Ted Williams, who is from San Diego, which is a big military town, and the crowd cheered lustily for Ted, and then they booed the Commander in Chief. People are angry, and it's not just about tying up traffic—even in golden California, we have the highest unemployment rate (almost ten percent) since the Great Depression.

So what to do? Once again they tell us that it is our duty to go to the polls and choose a leader. Not a bad idea, but is one running?

I thought Perot was going to do something, but he wimped out, and a write-in for him only makes sense if you can't bring yourself to vote for Clinton. Not that the Clinton campaign has made it easy to vote for its man, trimming on every cause in sight, but there is a live brain there. I think.

As for the Republicans, how long can they sell the idea that they are the outsiders and that the Democrats run the federal government? Anyone with a high school education should understand the awesome powers of the Presidency. While George Bush and the Republicans may want to hide it, they have controlled the White House for the past 12 years.

We were also taught in high school that with power comes responsibility. It is ridiculous to tell those who don't like what's happening in this country to give George another chance. It is absurd to suggest that Bush, who has sat in just about every power seat in Washington, could be an agent of change. How many chances should a man get?

Vote your conscience, I say, ever the objective journalist, but I am here to tell you that George Bush is incapable of running this country for another four years. If his man Baker were the candidate or even the Vice President, then I might think differently. But Bush can no longer cut the mustard. He hasn't been our worst President. But I do believe that if he is reelected, both Bush and the country would come unglued.

I have had my run-ins with George Bush, but I still don't think of him as a terrible fellow. True, he tried to get me fired from my job at the *Los Angeles Times* because he thought I was being too tough during an interview back in the 1980 campaign. When the interview ran, he got really angry because I quoted him saying we could survive a nuclear war. At first he said that was a sensible view, then he attributed it to the Russians, then he denied saying it. Reporters kept bugging me for a response, and finally I told his press people that I might have to release the entire tape—including off-the-record comments he had made—and the matter ended, for the moment.

Weeks after the brouhaha, I was in a holding room at a private hanger at Chicago's Midway Airport, waiting to rejoin the Bush campaign. Suddenly Bush himself came in and was discombobulated by my presence. With his finger pointing at me, his voice tight and rising, he demanded to have a copy of my tapes of our interview. When I indicated that his campaign had also recorded the conversations, he marched off muttering incoherently, threatening that I hadn't heard the last of this. It was a side of the man few people get to see, and I thought about it when he exploded this summer at hecklers at the MIA-POW-families convention.

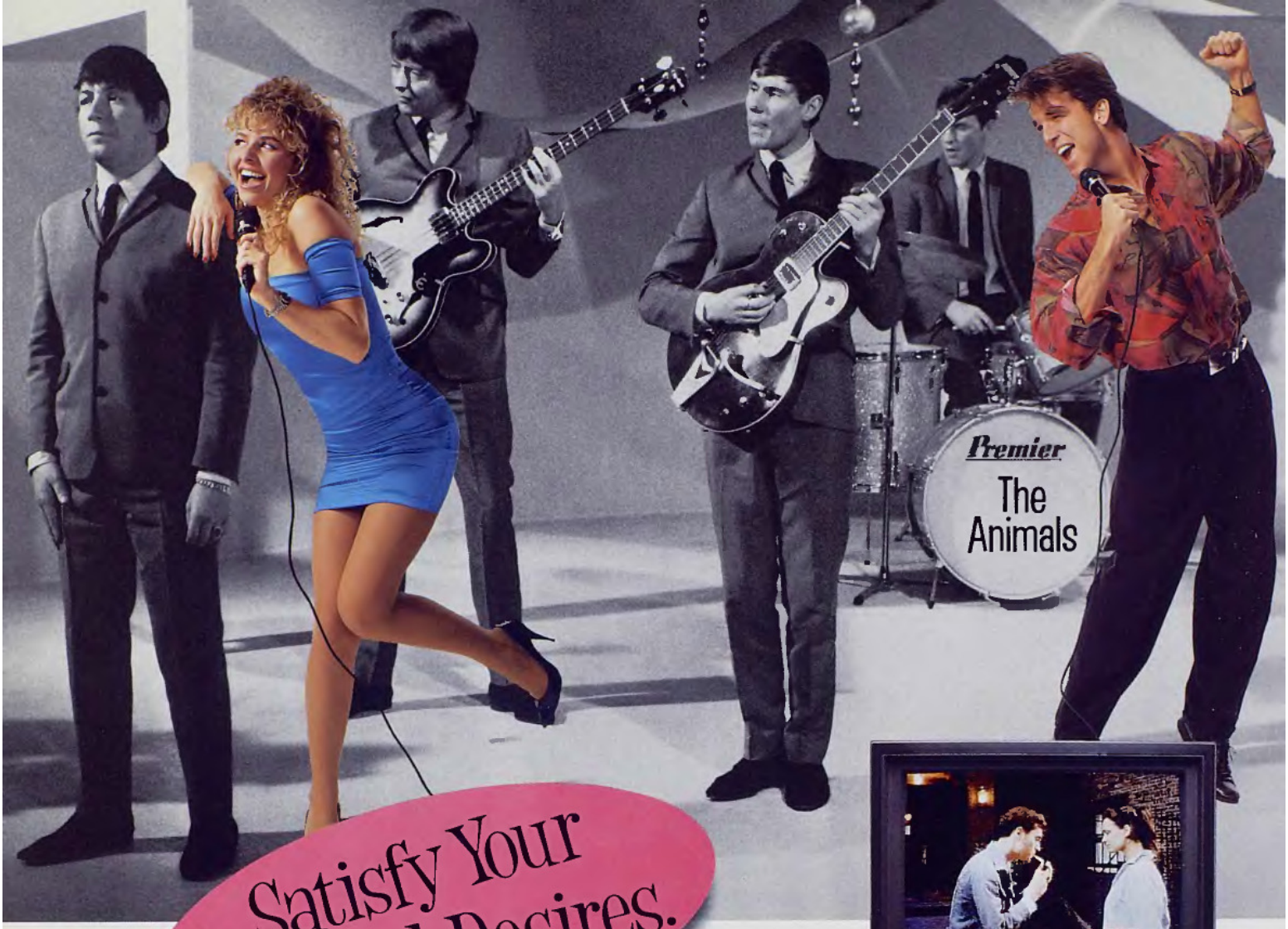
This country is headed for rough times, and Bush can't figure out what to do about the problems. At best, he will collapse, and then Dan Quayle will take over. If that doesn't scare you, there is no need to read on.

The problem with George Bush is that there is no George Bush. There was a Poppy who went to Yale and did some dashing things in the big war. And young George, who let his father and uncle set him up in the oil business in Texas. There was good old George, who, as chairman of the Republican National Committee, blatantly covered for Richard Nixon in Watergate. Then UN Representative Bush who blasted Red China, then later, as the chief U.S. liaison officer there, embraced it, and CIA Director Bush, who covered up dirty tricks. Then there was candidate Bush, who accused Ronald Reagan of preaching voodoo economics. And finally Vice President and President Bush, who did his darnedest to implement voodoo economics and bankrupt the country.

We all make mistakes. But the problem with George is that his are not born out of conviction. The mistakes, like the man, are merely supercilious. He has never believed in or stood for anything other than climbing the ladder he thought was set up for him at birth.

Take abortion. Everybody who has ever known George Bush up close knows that he is pro-choice. He started running with the other crowd during the Republican primaries, when he saw that's where the votes were.

And like most of the pro-lifers, he couldn't care less about what happens to those kids after they come into this world. During the Reagan–Bush years, the rich got *(concluded on page 178)*



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JUST SAY NO

twenty years of madness is too much

By HUGH M. HEFNER

I've always been pro-sex and antiviolence. I think a civilized society is, by definition, pro-sex and antiviolence. What, after all, can you say about a country that fears sex and embraces violence?

Yet, for more than 20 years our government has pursued a conservative agenda based on repression, prohibition and retribution. On the one hand, three administrations—Nixon, Reagan and Bush—have been opposed to sexual freedom in both the bedroom and the bookstore. On the other hand, they began an antidrug campaign that, like Prohibition, corrupted law enforcement, imprisoned innocent citizens, confiscated property and created a climate that is responsible for most of the major crime and violence throughout America.

Richard Nixon was our first antisex, pro-violence President. He campaigned as an antismut politician. Upon election, he inherited Lyndon Johnson's highly respected President's Commission on Obscenity and Pornography. Nixon promptly appointed Charles Keating, the founder of Citizens for Decent Literature, to the otherwise competent research staff. Yes, *that* Charles Keating.

The commission found no causal connection between obscenity and crime and urged an end to antiquated obscenity laws. Nixon and his attack dog Keating savaged this report, with Nixon calling the findings "morally bankrupt." It was an interesting turn of phrase for the Nixon White House.

Nixon then launched a war on drugs that made Prohibition seem like a romp in the park. Prohibition gave us civic corruption and organized crime, all in the name of a good cause, of course. But Nixon's war on drugs did much more. It turned the criminal justice system into exactly that—a *criminal* justice system. It corrupted the entire country and made violence and crime a way of life in America.

Then President Reagan took up the banner of conservative repression. Upon taking office in his second term, one of his first acts was to launch the witch-hunt known as the Meese Commission. The panel was a political sideshow with no real interest in studying the subject of sex. Reagan pandered to the right-wing fundamentalists and radical feminists; he turned over the tools of repression to zealots who were opposed to all forms of sexual expression. The Meese Commission created a blueprint for right-wing activism—the result was an epidemic of prosecutions, textbook censorship, boycotts and bombings. Anything sexual, from controversial art shown in a Cincinnati museum to explicit lyrics of a rap song, was now fair game.

> *"Many of the people serving time in America for sex and drug crimes are actually political prisoners."*

When Attorney General Meese left office under a cloud of scandal, his replacement, Dick Thornburgh, set loose 33 attorneys on a series of pornography prosecutions. He cut staff that could have investigated white-collar crime. Charles Keating and his ilk celebrated the shift in priority by looting the S&Ls, at a cost to taxpayers of more than $500 billion.

Reagan appointed a drug czar to continue the war against American citizens. Mandatory-sentencing guidelines have increased the prison population by a third. America now has a larger percentage of its population in prison than any other country in the world. Is that cause to celebrate? Many of the people serving time in America for sex and drug crimes are actually political prisoners.

If we had a more rational approach to drug abuse, dealing with it as a social and medical problem, we could take the profit out of it, and the violence as well. By ignoring the lessons of Prohibition, Nixon, Reagan and Bush have given us a country that is coming apart at the seams.

Reagan and Bush compounded the corruption with their "Just Say No" approach to both sex and drugs. The government responds to escalating crime and violence with empty slogans. Our government thinks our social problems are the result of sex, drugs and rock and roll.

The simple fact is that the Reagan and Bush opposition to sex education, birth control, abortion and rational drug laws is killing people here and around the world. Reagan and Bush really don't seem to care. Theirs is a puritan moral hypocrisy that murders millions.

I think it's time to "Just Say No" to a government that treats its people as if they were the enemy.

READER

MACKINNON

Is Catharine MacKinnon's sex life so dim and empty that it is completely inconceivable to her that sex can be a mutual endeavor of communication, love and pleasure, and that erotica can show this, too ("Catharine MacKinnon: Again," *The Playboy Forum*, August)? MacKinnon is more openly sexist than David Duke is racist. The complete irrationality of her position is exposed in her dismissal of Betty Friedan, Nora Ephron and Erica Jong as "house niggers who sided with the masters." Her metaphor shows how completely wrong she is. Just as blacks and whites can live together peacefully, so can men and women. Those "house niggers" and "masters" are gone, Catharine, and your ideas are more than a hundred years out of date.

Tony Powell
New York, New York

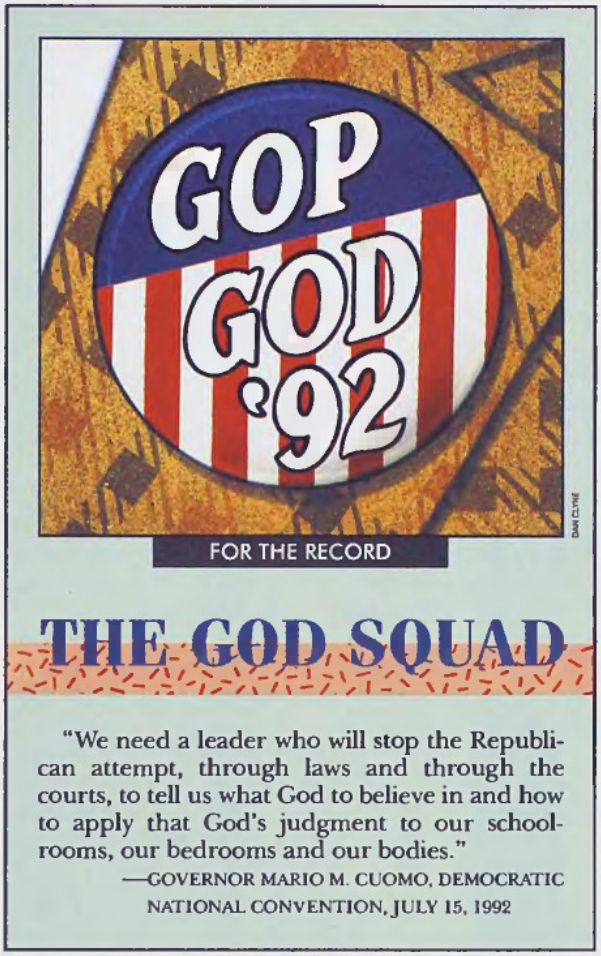
Terrific piece on MacKinnon—I just love those quotes. Too bad more people don't actually read her. I believe that's what's meant by hoisted by her own petard. I also want to bitch: Betty Friedan, Erica Jong et al. did not found Feminists for Free Expression, though they did sign the letter to the Senate Judiciary Committee, which was our first project. The founders of FFE are Patti Britton (SIECUS), Marjorie Heins (ACLU), Jennifer Maguire (Playboy), Joan Kennedy Taylor, erotic film maker Candida Royalle, Catherine Siemann (New York Law School), Nadine Strossen (president, ACLU), Marilyn Fitterman (NOW, New York State), Sandy Rapp (NOW, New York State) and me. I know the women you mentioned are press-appropriate because they are famous, but they got to be famous because someone gave them credit for their work. So, hey.

Marcia Pally
New York, New York

Pally is the author of "Sense & Censorship: The Vanity of Bonfires."

Where does Catharine MacKinnon find women like Pat Haas, who testified to enduring years of abuse from her boyfriend, inspired, she claims, by his consumption of pornography? Haas is hardly representative of the average female experience. To the contrary, Haas seems prepared to take full credit for putting the V in victim. No matter what the porn issue, Haas seems to have a story to highlight the radical feminist political agenda. Earlier this year, *The Boston Globe* ran an article on the amateur-porn-video craze, including the negative experiences of several women. Guess who showed up? In the story, the ever-present Haas described being coerced by her boyfriend (the same one?) into having other sex partners, wearing nipple rings and participating in pornographic home movies, which, she suspected, he later sold to an adult-video distributor. Was there coercion? Who knows. This sounds like the Linda Lovelace story—willing participant has morning-after regrets and subsequently edits the scenario.

Theodore Walters
Chicago, Illinois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"We need a leader who will stop the Republican attempt, through laws and through the courts, to tell us what God to believe in and how to apply that God's judgment to our schoolrooms, our bedrooms and our bodies."
—GOVERNOR MARIO M. CUOMO, DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION, JULY 15, 1992

LABORATORY LOVE

The Tennessee Supreme Court recently ruled that a divorced man had the right to prevent his former wife from using their embryos fertilized in a laboratory. Citing privacy rights, the court decided that a man cannot be compelled to become a parent against his will. Apparently, privacy and freedom of choice are solely the province of men, not their partners. If a man can choose whether or not to become a parent, women should be accorded the same right.

Lacey Stengle
Topeka, Kansas

SCREENED IN THE USA

Here's the latest update on the case of *Damned in the U.S.A.*, Paul Yule's documentary on censorship in the United States ("Damned in the U.S.A.," *The Playboy Forum*, May). With the help of the ACLU Arts Censorship Project and the nonprofit organization Human Rights Watch, Yule and his sponsors recently emerged victorious when Reverend Donald Wildmon's American Family Association declared that it would not make any attempt to sue exhibitors of the film. Wildmon previously contended that under the stipulations of his contract with Yule, he was entitled to $500,000 for each "unauthorized" (i.e., not approved by Wildmon) screening. Subsequently, Human Rights Watch showed the film at its annual film festival.

Jon Cummings
ACLU Arts Censorship Project
New York, New York

SENTENCING

Reg Potterton's piece "A Criminal System of Justice" (*The Playboy Forum*, September) rightfully questions the social impact of mandatory sentencing. Our government's ineffectual attempts to stop drug trafficking only make the criminal justice system more fraudulent and less of an option for reasonable recourse. Any way you look at it, mandatory sentencing is cruel and unusual punishment of the first degree.

Vince Taylor
New Haven, Connecticut

FORUM RESPONSE

Mandatory sentencing laws rob judges of their authority to mete out punishment according to the severity of the crime. Consequently, defendants facing a first-time offense are likely to receive the same sentence as a gun-toting foot soldier of a drug cartel. Many justices are frustrated by the stringent regulations, claiming the mandatory configuration reduces them to nothing more than traffic cops. Michigan's Supreme Court recently overturned that state's mandatory life sentence for cocaine possession (of 23 ounces or more), ruling it unconstitutional and unduly disproportionate—it was a sentence equal only to the state's first-degree murder penalty.

NORML

One of the organizations that Hugh Hefner and the Playboy Foundation brought to national significance is the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws. Most of your readers will no doubt be pleased to know that several of the wars waged on the current laws have been victorious. The California Medical Association passed a resolution indicating that its 36,000-plus membership demands the right to prescribe marijuana as a legal medicine. Earlier this year, the Maine legislature voted to re-legalize medical cannabis. In San Francisco, Proposition P, allowing for the use of cannabis as medicine, passed, with 80 percent of the people choosing compassion over the drug war's lack of logic. In November, a similar resolution will be on ballots in counties surrounding San Francisco. NORML has made the re-legalization of marijuana as medicine its primary objective. The population of this country in areas where the members of NORML have been able to educate the voters has clearly shown a desire to see marijuana used again as medicine.

Al Byrne
NORML Executive Committee
Washington, D.C.

RAIDS

Your article "X-Rated Raids" (*The Playboy Forum*, June) is superb. It shows how devious the federal censors have been and how small-minded and dangerous they are. You'll be happy to learn that Phil Harvey and his lawyers have won an important victory and put a serious crimp in the God Squad strategy of multiple prosecutions designed to bleed adult-entertainment companies to death. The judge who wrote the appeals decision went so far as to underline the fact that while the government claimed its indictment of Harvey was clean, prosecutor Richard Lambert was involved in at least seven previous, documented instances of bad-faith efforts to nail Harvey.

Walter E. Duka
Vienna, Virginia

THEY SHALL REMAIN BLAMELESS

I was featured in the August *Playboy Forum* ("The Blameless Society II") for mistakenly razing the home of a widow during a drug bust. There are a few things I would like to clarify: The home of the woman mentioned was, in fact, an active heroin-shooting parlor under police surveillance. There was no indication that the woman maintained residency in the home, located in the worst drug-impacted neighborhood of the city. Further, the home was not demolished because of the drug activity but rather because of its lack of structural integrity. Finally, I would be glad to provide your staff with a tour of some of the more impacted areas of the city and to discuss Philadelphia's programs that deal with the interrelated problems of urban blight and drug abuse.

Bennett Levin
Commissioner, Department of Licenses and Inspections
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

SMELLS LIKE CONFUSION

Given the current attitude toward date rape on college campuses, academics should be more concerned with sexual clarity than sex education. The most outrageous case I've heard involves Katie Koestner, a William and Mary College coed who, two years ago, accused a classmate of rape. Since then, Koestner has done the talk-show circuit about the incident and sold the story to HBO. The guy was never charged with a criminal offense. The real gem of the situation is her defense that she refused his advances several times in the course of that evening but not at the actual moment of intercourse because she was "just too tired."

Casey Davis
Butte, Montana

CAMPUS WATCH

Illustrator Roger DeMuth managed to find humor in a somber subject. DeMuth designed "safe sex" art for an annual comic published by his illustration students at Syracuse University. Entitled *Safe Sex*, it's indicative of what's on the minds of America's youth.

INFIDELITY CHIC

a new feminist manifesto that celebrates fooling around takes a big step backward

By James R. Petersen

The Erotic Silence of the American Wife, a breezy discussion of female infidelity, made quite a stir this past summer. Dalma Heyn, the author, was the guest *du jour* on the talk-show circuit. When the cover blurbs by some noted feminists call a book "revolutionary" or "provocative, even subversive," we figure it's time to take a look.

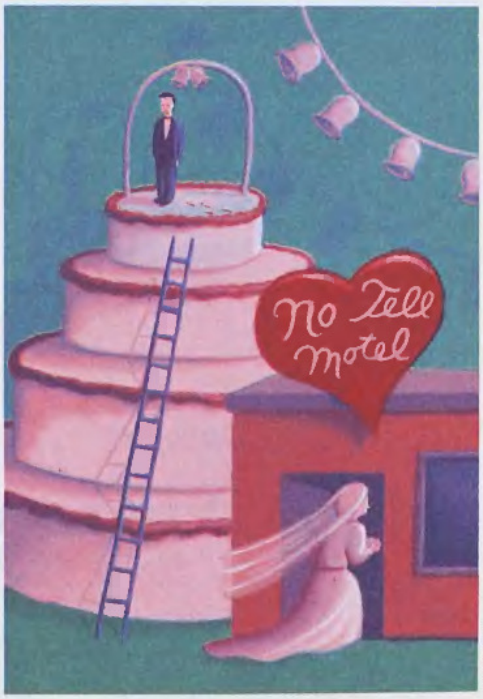
Gloria Steinem tried to wrap her intellect around this tome, which celebrates women who become sexual outlaws and rediscover themselves through affairs. "Because patriarchy has restricted women's bodies as the means of reproduction—and then assumed these restrictions to be 'natural,'" said Steinem, "we have little idea what female sexuality might really be. Dalma Heyn shows us a new reality and a tantalizing hint of the future—and neither women nor marriage will ever be the same."

Barbara Ehrenreich, usually a smart feminist writer, called the book revolutionary: "Heyn . . . remind[s] us, in intelligent, reflective tones, that women are sexual beings and that, for women as well as men, sex is a fundamentally lawless creature, not easily confined to a cage."

Bring out the tranquilizer darts.

Several studies have shown that the sexes fool around in equal numbers but for different reasons. For her book, which she emphasizes is not a study, Heyn quotes a handful of women about their affairs. Based on their experiences, she concludes that marriage forces women to leave their sexuality at the altar. Marriage imposes the cultural stereotype of the Perfect Wife (as epitomized by Donna Reed) that is a "cumbersome purity," not unlike virginity, that wives must destroy to discover their "authentic voice."

Here are some of the authentic voices she uncovered: One woman said her affair was as good as a week at a spa. Another said that fucking around was as big a rush as an $8000 shopping binge at Bergdorf Goodman. Another found heroines in fashion models: "Patti Hansen married Keith Richards; Jerry Hall married Mick Jagger. . . . They were our heroines. They had tons of sex and they got everything else." We don't mean to quibble, but wouldn't a feminist want to be the rock star, not the model? By and large, these women seem to have missed the first feminist revolution completely. They married to gain money, social standing and power through their husbands rather than as themselves. They have cruised through life on automatic pilot. For many, the decision to become a "sexual outlaw" is the first act of self-assertion in their lives.



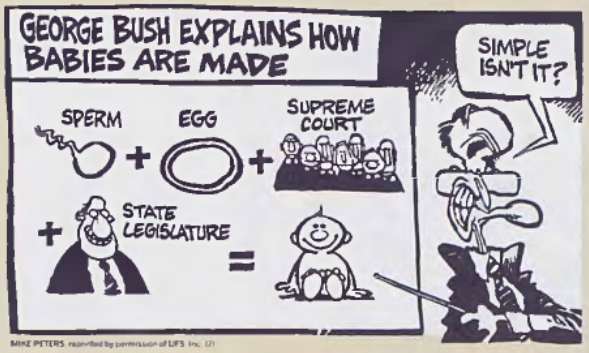
DAN HAZARING

Heyn would like us to view the women in this book as black-turtleneck-clad revolutionaries, climbing down the sides of the patriarchal wedding cake to check into the no-tell motel. Sorry, we don't buy it. The sexual revolution attacked the monopoly that marriage had on sex. It freed people to explore premarital sex. (Maybe you need reminding, Barbara, but we've viewed women as sexual beings for almost 40 years.) And contrary to Heyn's wild assertion that marriage requires that a bride leave her sexuality at the altar, we need only point out the volumes of sexual self-actualization books. From Alex Comfort's *The Joy of Sex* to Nancy Friday's *My Secret Garden*, these books celebrate a woman's sexuality.

As Barbara Probst Solomon pointed out in *The New York Times*, it's ironic that these women can, by "servicing" two men, rebel and strike a blow against patriarchy. We, too, find an odd double standard at work. Not so long ago, feminists criticized Gary Hart, charging that infidelity was a character flaw, indicative of a tendency to reduce women to sex objects. Listen to how Heyn finesses this point: "In a dramatic departure from the way they had previously chosen men, the women selected extramarital partners without their usual careful consideration to age, employment position, social, financial and marital status—for while these were important criteria for choosing a husband, they felt, they were irrelevant when picking a man for pleasure. . . . By choosing a younger man, or one who makes less money, or one who is single—as many women do—she finds herself in a relationship in which she has even more power than her lover."

Gee, we thought that equal pay for equal work would give a woman all the power she needed—if she were willing to work. Now it seems that she can marry a man for money and still grab a boy toy for sexual and emotional fulfillment. Success objects and sex objects in the same life? You've come a long way, baby.

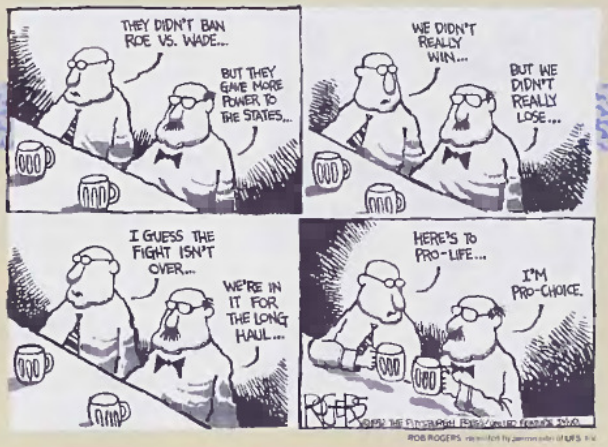
BACK-ALLEY VASECTOMIES
SORRY, CHIEF, FIRST YOU'VE GOT TO GET YOUR WIFE'S PERMISSION, THEN YOUR DOCTOR'S PERMISSION, THEN YOUR PARENTS PERMISSION, THEN...
NIGHTMARES OF CHIEF JUSTICE REHNQUIST



FORUM SCRAPBOOK

WHERE WE STAND ON ABORTION

On June 29, 1992, the Supreme Court upheld Pennsylvania's Abortion Control Act but fell short of banning abortion outright. Confused? Cartoonists Mike Peters, Rob Rogers and Terry LaBan clarify the decision.


THEY DIDN'T BAN ROE VS. WADE...
BUT THEY GAVE MORE POWER TO THE STATES...
WE DIDN'T REALLY WIN...
BUT WE DIDN'T REALLY LOSE...
I GUESS THE FIGHT ISN'T OVER...
WE'RE IN IT FOR THE LONG HAUL...
HERE'S TO PRO-LIFE...
I'M PRO-CHOICE.
ROB ROGERS

ABORTION IS MURDER
SORRY, BUT I JUST DON'T SEE HOW A FEW MINUTES OF MANDATORY COUNSELING ON THE ALTERNATIVES WILL RESTRICT ACCESS TO ABORTIONS.
OB-GYN WAITING ROOM
HOLY BIBLE
MY MOMMY NEVER KILLED ME
CONGRESSMEN FOR LIFE
STATES MAY RESTRICT ABORTION
TERRY LABAN

JOHN LASSE

who decides how to punish god's messenger?

by Ted C. Fishman

To say someone's insane is one thing, but to say that anyone who talks to God is crazy is another. For Mormons, personal communication with God is a cornerstone of worship. Mormon prophet Joseph Smith had the Book of Mormon and other sacred scriptures revealed directly to him, and to this day Mormons believe church leaders are prophets. The religion teaches that God can communicate directly with anyone. A recent ruling by the Tenth U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals in Denver effectively says that these believers are certifiably insane. Does this decision erase the line separating church and state? Does it signal an inappropriate government invasion of the private realm?

In the last days of the world, according to Mormon scripture, God will send "one mighty and strong" to "set in order the house of God" before the Second Coming. Utah's Lafferty brothers believe their eldest, Ronald, is the "one." God, they say, told them so. On July 24, 1984, Dan and Ronald Lafferty, acting on a revelation, cut the throats of their sister-in-law and infant niece. Utah authorities called the crime one of the most brutal in the state's history.

The re-creation of these murders will take place for the third time later this year in a Utah courtroom, yet another event in a bizarre eight-year legal battle. The battle has forced the courts to rule not only on issues of fact but also on the essence of God and religious belief. The most recent decision, by a panel of federal judges, described religious revelation as paranoid delusion. In Utah, where homicide is punishable by death, the ruling left jurists, religionists and miscreants to wonder whether divinely inspired killers should get blindfolds or strait jackets.

For the Laffertys, who murdered together, the answers may differ.

In the towns around Provo, Utah, where the Lafferty family lives, there are people who remember when the brothers were kind and respectable. Dan Lafferty once ran for county sheriff and was a successful chiropractor. Ron served on the city council in nearby Highland. Brother Allen had some prestige, too, though not derived from his own efforts. His wife, Brenda, a former beauty queen, hosted a news show on the local PBS TV station. The brothers were bright and tested near genius levels on I.Q. tests.

Then Ron Lafferty and his brothers came under the influence of the School of Prophets. This group of Mormon fundamentalists, according to James Coates, the author of *In Mormon Circles*, believes in direct communication with God and a return of such Mormon practices as polygamy. Coates says the Laffertys joined with the Prophets in silent prayer, listening "for what Brigham Young called that 'still small voice, which whispereth through and pierceth all things, and often maketh my bones to quake.'" After Ron began hearing that small voice, the brothers felt that the mainstream church, Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, had become incompatible with their religious experience. The Mormons agreed and excommunicated the Laffertys in 1983.

Ron recorded the small voice that spoke to him—his divine commandment to kill—on a sheet of yellow legal paper. The cadence closely resembled that of Joseph Smith: "Thus sayeth the Lord unto my servants, the prophets: It is my will and commandment that ye remove the following individuals in order that my work might go forward, for they truly have become obstacles in my path." The revelation went on to name Allen's wife and her 15-month-old daughter, Erica, whom the brothers believed kept Allen from the fold, as two of the "obstacles."

Ron and Dan found the mother and daughter at home in their small duplex apartment in American Fork, Utah, while Allen was away. Ron held Brenda while Dan cut her throat "from ear to ear" with a "consecrated slaughter weapon," a ten-inch boning knife Ron had bought for the purpose. As Erica cried for her dead mother, Dan slit the baby's neck, cutting her, court records said, "to the spine." Two hitchhikers the brothers had picked up on the way to the killings waited in the car.

Ron and Dan then left Utah for Nevada. According to the hitchhikers, the conversation mixed Lafferty-style theology with a detailed description of the killings. When one asked what it was like to kill an infant, Dan told him: No problem. It was easy.

The authorities said the brothers

UNHOLY VOICES?

were fleeing the state. The Laffertys claimed God instructed them to play the gaming tables at casinos in Reno. He also promised they would win enough money to build a sanctuary for polygamists. Revelations also urged them to binge on booze, pot and whores.

At his trial, Dan represented himself. He responded to the evidence with a scripture-heavy speech. He argued, in essence, that God's court, not man's, must judge him. The jury found him guilty and sentenced him to life in prison.

While awaiting trial, Ron attempted suicide, and Chief Deputy Utah County Attorney Wayne Watson asked the state to review Lafferty's competence to stand trial. The psychiatric examiners were divided on his mental state. Ron, like his brother, wished to represent himself. But the court, doubtful of his ability to do so, assigned attorney Richard Johnson to act as co-counsel.

Johnson asked the court to rule Lafferty incompetent for trial. This determination would have meant that he could not rationally understand the workings of the justice system and would have resulted in his psychiatric hospitalization. As evidence, the attorney cited Ron's belief that his trial jeopardized the just treatment God would deal him. Lafferty, outraged, shouted Johnson down and asserted his views to the court, adding that he would rather be found guilty than crazy. Prosecutor Watson maintained that Lafferty was competent. The judge agreed with Watson.

Ron Lafferty's case was reassigned to Mike Esplin, a devout Mormon whom Lafferty felt would understand him better. No incidents during the proceedings stirred any further doubt of Lafferty's competence. "He was lucid, he communicated effectively with his lawyers throughout and he made decisions about his defense as the case went on," prosecutor Watson remembers. The jury convicted Ron and sentenced him to death.

In Utah, death sentences are subject to automatic appeals, so Ron got the second chance his brother did not. Ron rejected state appeals in favor of an appeal in the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Tenth Circuit in Denver. There he felt he would find better respect for the separation of church and state guaranteed by the Constitution.

The U.S. Supreme Court set the legal standard for competency to stand trial in a 1960 case, *Dusky vs. United States*: If a defendant knows where he is, knows what it means if he is found guilty and can understand his lawyer's advice, he is competent. The Tenth Circuit judges agreed Lafferty understood those issues clearly. What they took as a sign of madness was Lafferty's belief that God's court was more legitimate. The court's decision relied on the report of three psychiatrists, which stated "that while Lafferty physically knew the nature of the proceedings against him, and their possible consequences, he was unable as a result of his paranoid delusional system to interpret them in a realistic way." The decision, in effect, begins the trial process ab ovo, with new competency evaluations and interpretations.

> The court created a kind of community standard for religion and insanity.

The state of Utah is now reassembling its evidence against Lafferty, but, according to Utah attorney general Paul Van Dam, the hardest part of retrying him will be "figuring out how the federal court means us to balance practical understanding, which Lafferty clearly had, against religious belief." The Tenth Circuit's decision, Van Dam says, "puts us in murky water, where the state now has to judge the validity of someone's religious beliefs before it tries them."

Peggy Fletcher Stack, former editor of *Sunstone*, an independent Mormon magazine, now writes for the *Salt Lake Tribune*. "Saying that anyone who claims to talk to God is crazy has enormous implications for the whole world of religion," Stack argues. "It imposes a secular view of sanity and means that all religions are insane." The court, in effect, created a community standard for religion—the legal definition changes across borders. If the case had remained in Utah, revelation in and of itself would never have equaled psychosis.

Though Utah has all the evidence it needs for the retrial, its efforts have stalled as it tries to clarify exactly which religious beliefs affect a defendant's ability to stand trial. Violent incidents plague both Utah's and Mormonism's recent history, and the bloodiest stem from religious disputes. Among them are the ritual killing of polygamous patriarch Joel LeBaron in 1972 and the shooting by a Utah sheriff of renegade fundamentalist John Singer in 1979. How Utah handles Lafferty's case will determine future prosecution of religiously inspired brutality. It may even lead to reopening brother Dan's case.

"I don't know what will happen," said Mike Esplin, speculating on the retrial. "Lafferty will probably get committed to a psychiatric hospital." Asked whether he will take part in the retrial, the lawyer who tried so hard to convince the court that Lafferty was incompetent said he will, and that he saw Ron once a week. Why? "Because," Esplin offered, "I find that he has some interesting ideas about theology."

The First Amendment to the United States Constitution has safeguarded against state judgments on the validity of a person's religion. In the Supreme Court's recent case on prayer at public school graduations, the decision emphasized that the First Amendment requires the government to remain neutral toward religious choices.

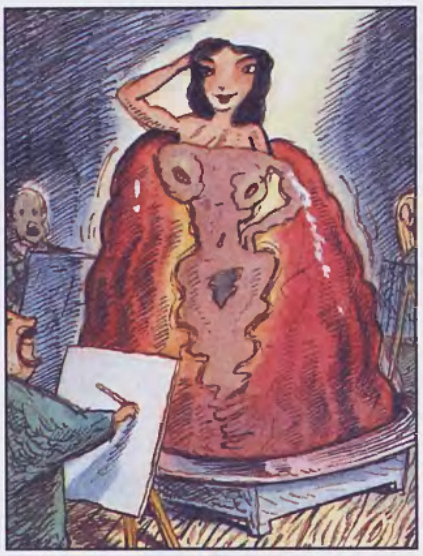
The Tenth Circuit Court's decision negates that neutrality. The religiously motivated violence of anti-abortion activists against health care professionals—or that of an Islamic hit squad stalking Salman Rushdie—would lead to hospital stays rather than prison sentences.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

HELL-O

SAN FRANCISCO—*Elizabeth Mitchell is seeing red. In 1978 she had a photographer shoot her as she lay half submersed in a bathtub filled with red Jell-O. She was a*



student at the Art Center College of Design in Pasadena and the photo was for a class. Then, almost 15 years later, she discovered that the pictures had been passed on to a porn magazine. Mitchell wants to collect punitive damages for suffering and emotional harm. A jury awarded her $275,000. The award was overturned and that decision is on appeal.

MIRROR, MIRROR

IOWA CITY—*Whether or not anyone at the Cantebury Inn used a peephole on the night in question is immaterial, according to a judge. After a couple rented the hotel's penthouse for a prelude to marital bliss, the groom-to-be discovered that the wall mirror was two-way. That the peephole even existed won the newly engaged couple $4,000,000 in punitive damages.*

THE NEW AMA

CHICAGO—*In a surprise move, the traditionally conservative American Medical Association in its annual meeting recommended offering minors, over 14 years of age, confidential medical treatment. Under the new guidelines, minors would have the right to get abortions, contraceptives and treatment for sexually transmitted diseases without parental notification, unless required by law.*

AIDS UPDATE

SEATTLE—*In what may be a major break in the development of an AIDS vaccine, scientists have discovered a monkey that contracts the disease in the same manner as humans. The pigtail macaque, found in Southeast Asia, will replace the more expensive and endangered chimpanzee in lab experiments. The chimp fails to develop AIDS symptoms even when it tests positive for HIV. The macaque, on the other hand, contracts HIV and develops human-type AIDS.*

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA—*Researchers at the University of Alabama have produced a vaccine that may immunize IV-drug users and blood-transfusion recipients against HIV-infected blood cells.*

WILD IN THE STREETS

BEAUFORT, SOUTH CAROLINA—*The city of Beaufort is overrun with undesirable elements. No, not hookers, muggers or drug dealers. These are apocalyptic street preachers who threaten shoppers with hellfire and damnation. Some of the brimstone brigade single out scantily attired females and denounce them as "whores and fornicators." Merchants, on the counterattack, got an ordinance passed against "willful" disturbances involving "loud and unseemly noise," which immediately resulted in nearly 50 arrests. The preachers have challenged the law on First Amendment grounds in federal court.*

PORN AND PUNISHMENT

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The bad news: The Pornography Victims' Compensation Act made it out of a Senate committee by a narrow vote of seven to six. This bill would allow "victims" of pornography to sue publishers, purveyors and producers of sexually explicit material. The good news: It was amended to require an obscenity conviction for the person selling the porn and an assault conviction for the purchaser. The ACLU and others still oppose the measure and contend it would set the dangerous precedent of including expression protected by the First Amendment.*

In another pornography-related case, the Supreme Court agreed to rule on the constitutionality of the federal RICO-obscenity forfeiture law. The Justice Department currently uses the law to shut down book and movie distributors and dealers by threatening the seizure of all business assets if it discovers the sale of even one obscene item of merchandise.

PHOTO FINISH?

BOSTON—*Defense in rape cases often hinges on the issue of consent: Did the women say yes or no. Suffolk County, however, has a case of "Oh, my God"—or at least that's what the prosecution says. The county has asked a higher state court to let it introduce a photo of the defendant's erect penis. It seems the alleged sex partner was initially willing but withdrew her consent when confronted by a penis that was, she contends, "abnormally large."*

PASS THE POPCORN

HAMAMATSU, JAPAN—*Sho's got a problem that many men—and women, too—can sympathize with: His mate, Daiko, isn't all that interested in having sex. Zoo officials responsible for the two lowland*

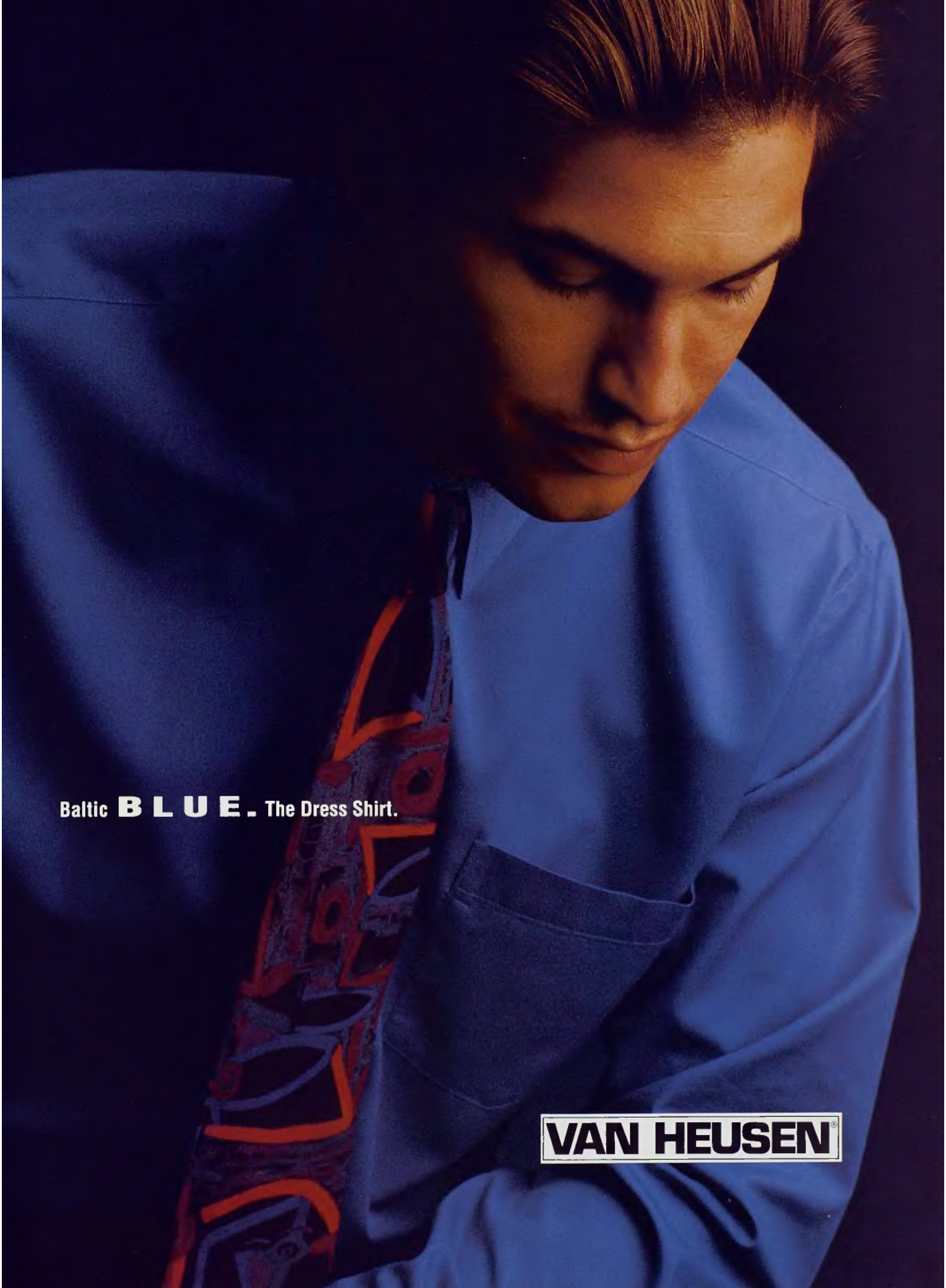
gorillas hope that a steady visual diet of simian-sex videos will spark Daiko's desire. However, a zoo veterinarian points out that animal erotica is hard to find: "If there were a porn video of gorillas, we'd really like to get our hands on it."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EVERETT PECK

WHAT MAKES A MOMENT

A MEMORY

Courvoisier Cognac 40% alc./vol. Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc., Farmington Hills, MI © 1992


Baltic BLUE. The Dress Shirt.
VAN HEUSEN®

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: WILLIAM SAFIRE

a candid conversation with the syndicated columnist and language czar about politics, punditry and the pleasures of contrarianism

William Safire, 62, is something of a rarity in 1992: living proof that in an age when electronic journalism spreads like wildfire across the TV dial, the printed word can still stun 'em. As the Pulitzer Prize–winning political columnist for The New York Times *and author of the* Times Magazine*'s popular "On Language" feature, his columns are syndicated in more than 300 newspapers. And Safire—former speechwriter for President Richard Nixon and author of more than a dozen books on politics and language—knows how to use his clout. "Safire comes closer to influencing [American] policy than any other columnist," says media specialist Steven Hess of the Brookings Institute.*

But there are also those who believe that Safire too often crosses the fuzzy line of journalistic manners, using his nationally syndicated bully pulpit to trumpet his conservative views. According to Victor Navasky, editor of The Nation, *Safire takes amusing but ultimately mean-spirited potshots at people across the ideological aisle from him—"people who represent our best hope for idealistic politics, like Ralph Nader or Ramsey Clark. He is the cleverest columnist in the country," Navasky continues, "but I disagree with his conservatism. Safire presumes that you can solve political problems through military means."*

Detractors also criticize Safire for his unshakable fidelity to old pals such as Nixon and Roy Cohn, for his unrelenting hawkishness on the Middle East and for his occasional blind spot to women's issues—specifically, his rants about lesbians in the women's movement and in arguments that abortion should be legal but "discouraged."

Yet critics and fans alike follow Safire religiously, and his readership spans the political spectrum. His twice-weekly Times *"Essay" swings with sharp savvy, personal recollection and investigative reporting. And although Safire is a conservative, he often astonishes with his unpredictability: "Kick 'em when they're up" is his credo, and his kicking has staggered such Beltway grandees as John Sununu, Henry Kissinger, James Baker, Alexander Haig, Charles Wick and Michael Deaver. In her autobiography, Nancy Reagan described Safire's journalism as "vicious and unbelievable"; yet it was that same kind of reporting that exposed the unconventional bookkeeping practices of President Jimmy Carter's budget director Bert Lance. The upshot: Lance resigned and Safire got the Pulitzer.*

These days, Safire's wrath is aimed at President George Bush and Secretary of State Baker, both of whom he has accused of financing Saddam Hussein's military machine through a complex network of funds originally intended to aid American farmers. Having tracked the story for nearly three years, Safire predicts that once all the details of the scheme are exposed—including, he says, such crimes as the misuse of appropriated funds, misleading Congress and obstruction of justice—the outcome will be more damaging to Bush than the Iran-contra affair was to Ronald Reagan. The buzz within the newspaper community is that Safire may well snare his second Pulitzer with his Iraqgate revelations.

William Safire grew up in New York City in the Thirties, the youngest of three sons of a widowed mother, in a house where pictures of Franklin Delano Roosevelt decorated the walls. In 1949 the 19-year-old Safire took his first step into politics by dropping out of Syracuse University to work as a legman for Tex McCrary, a major force in New York Republican politics. (McCrary had a column in The New York Herald Tribune, *a television show, a radio show and a public relations agency that handled the campaigns of the local GOP.)*

With McCrary as mentor, Safire made an easy conversion to Republicanism, eventually finding himself smack in the middle of Dwight Eisenhower's 1952 campaign—the first-ever TV-driven presidential race. By the time he was 31, Safire knew enough about media and public relations to launch his own company, Safire Public Relations. His clients brought

"Can't keep a good man down. That quality of not quitting is a great quality, and Nixon has it, in spades. And this second great comeback, I think, is inspiring to people who have been kicked in the teeth and thrown aside."

"A pundit is a writer with his thumb planted firmly in his mouth, who can stare at the wall, come up with a question that nobody else is asking and then get some bigwig on the phone who is able to answer it."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RANDY O'ROURKE

"For the first time, I'm not certain I'll vote Republican. I have problems with Bush, but I also have problems with the old Carter hands around Clinton. So I want to see how they hold up in the campaign. Both are comeback kids."

him into contact with some of the heavyweights of mid-century Republicanism: Nelson Rockefeller, Richard Nixon, Jacob Javits and a Long Island businessman making an unsuccessful try for Congress, William Casey.

But of all the people Safire met during this period, it was Nixon who most impressed him. Safire was drawn to the very qualities in Nixon that others abhorred: his feistiness, his middle-class solidity, his willingness to play political hardball, his flexible conservatism. It is also not surprising that many of these personality traits have often been ascribed to Safire himself.

From 1960 on, Safire was a dedicated Nixon operative, and it was in part at Safire's urging that Nixon began his long march back from political oblivion in the mid-Sixties. When Nixon won the White House in 1968, Safire sold his business and headed to Washington, where he served as a special assistant and speechwriter for his friend, the President. At the White House, Safire shared a cubbyhole with Patrick Buchanan, from which he organized presidential press conferences, wrote public addresses and sometimes moonlighted on speeches for Vice President Spiro Agnew. It was Safire who gave the world Agnew's alliterative "nattering nabobs of negativism" harangue to reporters and antiwar professors in 1970.

In late 1972, just before the Watergate affair spun out of control, Safire began itching for a return to private life. According to one of his closest friends, literary agent Mort Janklow, "Bill has a sixth sense about these kinds of things, and his sniffer told him that it was time to leave." Coincidentally, at the time, New York Times *publisher Arthur Ochs Sulzberger was searching for a conservative columnist for his op-ed page. Sulzberger found himself sitting next to Safire at a dinner party and offered him a twice-weekly feature. Safire accepted and, almost immediately, the press—then in the midst of a battle with the Nixon White House—registered its disapproval of the hire. At his desk at the* Times *Washington bureau, Safire was a pariah whose only lunch companion was reporter Martin Tolchin, a childhood friend from New York. "The hostility didn't turn around," remembers Tolchin, "until people here saw that he had independent ideas and terrific contacts—and that he could produce columns that actually made news. [But] it took years."*

Today, almost two decades later, Safire remains at that desk. He is considered one of the Times' *biggest attractions, drawing thousands of weekly readers with his Monday and Thursday essays and a mail haul of approximately 15,000 letters per year for his Sunday language column. Safire produces his columns in three-hour sessions in his Edwardian-decorated corner office. He returns in the evening to the 20-room mansion in Chevy Chase that he shares with his wife, jewelry designer Helene Safire. It is in this house that Safire writes his books. To date, Safire's oeuvre includes eight volumes on language, four nonfiction works, three anthologies (edited with the assistance of his brother, Leonard), a novel about Watergate ("Full Disclosure") and "Freedom," a novel about the Civil War.*

This fall, Safire will have three books published simultaneously: "The First Dissident: The Book of Job in Today's Politics" (Random House), a personal meditation on modern political life and Biblical philosophy; "Lend Me Your Ears: Great Speeches in History" (Norton) and "Good Advice for Writers" (Simon & Schuster), co-edited with his brother.

With the election season upon us, we asked New York political journalist **Claudia Dreifus,** *whose previous "Playboy Interviews" have included Gabriel García Márquez and Daniel Ortega, to question the man who calls himself "a professional pundit." Safire has had a long history of avoiding the "Playboy Interview," but Dreifus got her man. Here's her report:*

"At first, Safire said he would agree to speak with me for only six hours, but we ended up talking for two days running, over four separate sessions, for a total of almost sixteen hours. The scene of the interview was his office at the Times*—his turf, his territory—with phones ringing throughout.*

"From my research, I had learned two odd things about Bill Safire: He is known as Washington's worst dresser, and he is considered the most charming man in the capital. Let me report that he dresses like your average college professor—which is to say, unremarkably—and that he is indeed charming (though not so charming as to convince me that things like Watergate were not assaults on constitutional processes).

"At times I sensed he was uncomfortable that I was not a conservative, not a Nixon fan, not a foreign-policy hawk. But he would continue talking unswayed—just as he does in his columns—convinced that, despite our ideological differences, the public square is still the most fascinating place on the planet.

"We began our conversation with a surprising fact that I had not uncovered in my research."

"Sick of Bush? Well, I'm not a professional outragee. Every President is going to do some things I don't like."

SAFIRE: You know, PLAYBOY gave me my first fiction break.

PLAYBOY: Really?

SAFIRE: Yeah. Back in the February 1958 issue. If you still have the yellowed clips, you'll find a short story. The title is *Thank You, Anna*, and it's about a bachelor and his housekeeper. It was my first crack at fiction. PLAYBOY bought it—and I didn't do another fiction piece for twenty years. [*Laughs*] I remember how excited I was to get published, and how pleased I was that PLAYBOY did it. But my sister-in-law was faced with a terrible problem about it.

PLAYBOY: Why?

SAFIRE: She bought the issue, but it was one with Jayne Mansfield in it. The problem was showing the story to my nephews, who were then very young. The story was printed on the backside of a naked picture of Jayne Mansfield, so there was this great dilemma that was solved by actually taping the pages together and showing them to these six- and seven-year-old kids. The world has changed. Now they look at the pictures and hide the text.

PLAYBOY: You call yourself a professional pundit. Give us a working definition of pundit.

SAFIRE: Pundit is Hindi for learned man. That has nothing to do, however, with its present sense: A pundit is a writer with his thumb planted firmly in his mouth, who can stare at the wall, come up with a question that nobody else is asking and then get some bigwig on the phone who is able to answer it.

PLAYBOY: How did you develop your passion for politics?

SAFIRE: That began for me in 1952 when the man I was working for, Tex McCrary, decided he'd try to get General Dwight Eisenhower drafted and elected as President of the United States. Until that point in my life—I was twenty-two then—I'd been moderately apolitical. My big dream was writing. I'd been writing since I was very young. I wrote long and funny letters to my brother in the Army when I was ten or eleven, and wrote little essays or short stories for the school papers at the Bronx High School of Science and at Syracuse University. But in 1952 I was working for McCrary, who had his own newspaper column in the old *Herald Tribune* and also had a radio show and a television show with his wife, Jinx Falkenburg. He was a super editor and a tough, demanding taskmaster.

So there I was, a young, young man who was producing his radio show. McCrary came to my desk one day and said, "How would you like to volunteer to head the Madison Square Garden rally to bring Dwight Eisenhower home to run for President of the United States?" And I said, "Gee, Tex, I'm already working twelve, fourteen hours a day." And McCrary answered in a way that was typical of him: "Nobody ever drowned in his own sweat."

Anyway, I worked on the rally. And being a central part of those events made me think, Gee, this is what it's all about. From what I could see, you could get a bunch of people together, whip up the

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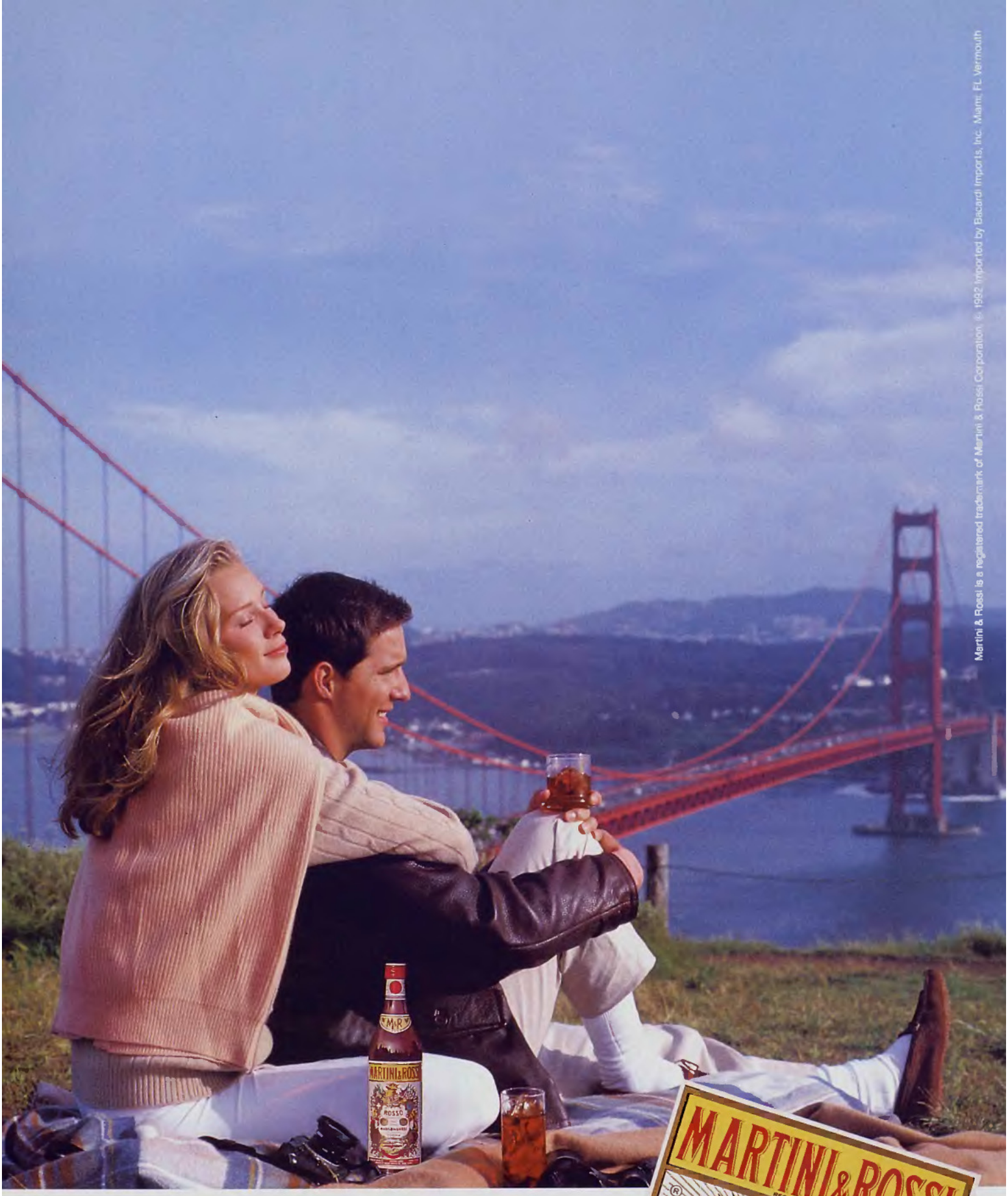

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PLAYBOY: So at twenty-two, you helped the Republican Party capture the White House for the first time in twenty years.

SAFIRE: In a small way, but working on that campaign introduced me to the play of power, which is the best play in the world. It is bloodless war. It creates friendships that last a lifetime. It creates enmities that can last a lifetime, though they don't have to. It sharpens the appetite for combat and combines a sense of passion with a sense of mercy. You can be kind and cool and high-spirited and funny in politics. You can see through the falsity of what is being sold because you're sometimes given entrée to the back rooms where it's being created. I like the political life. I like the idea of having been able to go from journalism to politics and back to journalism again. Now, not everybody agrees with that. I've had a debate with [*Washington Post* columnist] David Broder, who thinks there's too much street-crossing.

PLAYBOY: A lot of people have done it.

SAFIRE: Yeah, it's probably now done more often than not. I think that's a good trend, because you really do get an idea of what motivates politicians when you've been one yourself. And the great trick to punditry is to be able to put yourself in other people's shoes and to try to figure out from their points of view what they're getting at. That's why I do these mind-reading columns every now and then—"Inside Gorbachev's Head" or "Inside Bush's Mind." It's a fictional device, but you can slip all kinds of facts and conclusions into them. And you're not kidding the readers—they know you're just pretending to read minds. But through that device you say, "This is what it's really like in the *Rashomon* of the political world."

PLAYBOY: As a Pulitzer Prize–winning columnist with more than three hundred weekly outlets, your words are read in the White House and within the halls of Congress. Do you like that power?

SAFIRE: I enjoy the job I have, which is the best job in the world. And sure, there's power in being a pundit—and responsibility, too. You have to be very careful not to hurt somebody inadvertently or to pop somebody who is not powerful. My motto is "Kick 'em when they're up," and I always try to. If I call the head of the criminal division at the Department of Justice, for example, it's good to know that he worries a little—that there's a frisson of fear at the other end of the line.

PLAYBOY: Before punditry, you were best known as a speechwriter for Richard Nixon. How did you meet Nixon?

SAFIRE: We met in 1959 in Moscow. I was a public relations man by that time, with my own agency, and I was working for All-State Properties, a company that had built this typical American split-level house for a trade-show exhibit. Richard Nixon, who was then Vice President, was this trade show's official host, and he was taking Nikita Khrushchev around the fairground. Now, naturally, as a press agent, I was eager to get the dignitaries over to my client's exhibit—the media always follow the big shots. But Nixon and Khrushchev were touring the Pepsi exhibit and there was a chain-link fence between it and us.

So I got a Jeep and attached it to the fence, pulled down the fence and then yelled to the Nixon entourage, "This way to the typical American house!" And everyone veered off the planned path and walked right into the house. Nixon had just come from his defeat at the hands of Khrushchev in the TV studio debate, and when Khrushchev came into this typical American house, he muttered about its being some kind of Taj Mahal or palace and not at all typical of the way ordinary Americans live. Nixon stopped in the kitchen and started explaining that this was, indeed, the sort of house a typical American could buy. With that, the two leaders began what historians now call the Kitchen Debate. I took a picture of it with a borrowed camera and the photo went out around the world. As I recall, I made a big point of framing the photograph so that it included Nixon, Khrushchev and the washing machine.

PLAYBOY: What was your impression of Richard Nixon at that moment?

SAFIRE: That he was terrific! I mean, he really stood up to Khrushchev. And coming from the television debate defeat earlier in the day, he made a real comeback in confronting Khrushchev. You could see it even then: Nixon was very good at comebacks. If you floored him, he would get up and come back.

Later that day, I went to Spasso House, the U.S. Ambassador's residence, and got in line to meet Nixon. The Vice President recognized me, grinned and said, "We really put your kitchen on the map." I said to myself, "I'd like to work for this guy for President." So I worked for him in 1960 and I signed up again in 1966.

PLAYBOY: By 1966 Nixon had lost one presidential race and a subsequent gubernatorial race. Most people had written him off.

SAFIRE: Well, I saw him as the Republican Party's best chance for winning the White House in 1968, after the debacle of the 1964 Goldwater campaign. I had worked in 1964 for Rockefeller against Goldwater. I'd carried a banner in the convention that said STAY IN THE MAINSTREAM. And I listened to Goldwater say that famous line—"Extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice"—and looked quickly over to Nixon in his box. The place was going wild, people were

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screaming and applauding. But Nixon was sitting on his hands. He didn't applaud. He knew the speech was a mistake, an undue provocation that would cost votes. Nixon's reaction impressed me. And so, in 1965, after Nixon moved to New York to work as a lawyer, I volunteered to write speeches for him.

PLAYBOY: What did you see in Richard Nixon that no one else saw?

SAFIRE: I saw him as a way for the Republican Party to make a big comeback. The whole party. This was right after the Lyndon Johnson landslide over Goldwater. Republicans were flat on their backs all over the country. And who could speak for the party? I thought that Nixon had a far better chance to be President than Rockefeller. So I went for Nixon.

PLAYBOY: What do you make of Nixon's current reemergence in the media?

SAFIRE: [*Smiles*] Can't keep a good man down. I think that quality of not quitting is a great quality, and Nixon has it, in spades. And this second great comeback, I think, is inspiring to people who have been kicked in the teeth and thrown aside.

PLAYBOY: But Nixon wasn't exactly kicked in the teeth. So far as Watergate is concerned, he's not history's victim.

SAFIRE: There was wrongdoing. Nixon made some very terrible blunders. And he paid for them. He paid on a grand scale—the only President to resign. But in the course of the next twenty years, two decades, he's come back. He hasn't had any public relations campaign or any phony buildup, either. He's come back by virtue of his thinking and writing. Just this past spring, at a Nixon gathering here in Washington, he made a thirty-minute stand-up speech—without notes—on what President Bush's policy toward the former Soviet Union should be. I think he gave Bush some room to operate and blunted the idea that we mustn't do any spending on foreign aid. He took that strong, fairly unpopular position and made it popular. Bush could then fall in behind and follow that.

PLAYBOY: So you're saying that Nixon pushed George Bush into doing the right thing?

SAFIRE: Which I think Bush wanted to do, but he felt he would have to pay too big a political price. What Nixon said was, I'll take a little of the heat and there won't be a big political price. As a matter of fact, there will be a greater political price if you *don't* do it, because people will say, "Who lost Russia?"

PLAYBOY: Victor Navasky, who edits *The Nation*, has said that despite your record as a journalist, you remain a professional publicist and that your "biggest account is the Nixon rehabilitation project."

SAFIRE: Well, the word publicist originally meant a public man who dealt with public issues. It has been warped into its current press-agent sense. I'll accept "publicist" in its original sense. And it's wonderful how people can read motivations into my thinking. I don't have any secret agendas. Do I admire the comeback of Richard Nixon? You bet I do. Do I think that he was tagged as the only ogre among American Presidents when it came to the suppression of dissent? You bet I do. I think that suppression took place under Roosevelt, Kennedy and Johnson.

PLAYBOY: What did Roosevelt, Kennedy and Johnson do that was comparable to Watergate?

SAFIRE: Wiretapping. The first taping system began under Roosevelt. This was the first step down that slippery slope of eavesdropping that was supposedly for national-security reasons but was actually for political reasons. And we saw it continue. We now know it continued heavily in the Kennedy and Johnson administrations because the tapes exist in the libraries.

PLAYBOY: But back to Nixon. The articles of impeachment that were considered by the House Judiciary Committee were not just for wiretapping but for systematic violations of constitutional authority: the burglary at the Watergate, the cover-up, the lying to Congress, the break-in at Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist's office, the secret bombing of Cambodia.

SAFIRE: I don't think the count for the so-called illegal bombing of Cambodia would have gone anywhere. I think we bombed the Ho Chi Minh trail for good and sufficient reasons. The Cambodian government knew full well what we were doing and cooperated with us.

PLAYBOY: Still, it was considered by some to be an impeachable offense.

SAFIRE: Well, you know, we kept it secret for the simple reason that it protected the government of Cambodia from having to protest against it. But it was part of the war. Now, you can disagree with it or you can say the war was wrong, but to impeach a President because of it—I don't think that would have flown. The break-in of Ellsberg's doctor's office was a criminal act. It was wrong. That was an impeachable offense. But I think it grew out of what John Mitchell later called "the White House horrors," which was the wiretapping of reporters and White House aides, me among them.

But all of this was not unprecedented. Indeed, John Doar, the impeachment counsel of the House [and assistant attorney general under Presidents Kennedy and Johnson], turned out to be the man who came up with the plan for spying on dissidents. There were all these ironic revelations later. I think the facts speak very loudly that the Kennedy Justice Department bugged and tapped Martin Luther King, that the Johnson Administration carried out a plan for the containment and repression of dissent and that the charges I have run over the years have turned out to understate rather than overstate the practice.

PLAYBOY: Although the tapping of Martin Luther King was certainly reprehensible, it was at least done through legal mechanisms—through orders that were agreed to by Robert Kennedy at the insistence of FBI director J. Edgar Hoover. But President Nixon's men were spying on journalists and political enemies with secret crews operating out of the White House. The feeling at the time was that Nixon was crossing the line.

SAFIRE: You're forgetting that the FBI and the Justice Department work for the President. Look at the Martin Luther King incident, for example. Robert Kennedy knew full well about—and indeed signed the authorization for—the wiretap. Kennedy's apologists now say that was done only for Martin Luther King's own good. That FBI activity directly encouraged other law enforcement agencies to bug Dr. King's bedroom. The transcripts were passed around with some glee by the FBI and others here in Washington to smear Dr. King. Now, frankly, I don't think anything Nixon or Nixon's operatives did in the early Seventies can compare with the King effort.

I just want to make two points here. One, "everybody did it" is no excuse. But there's also no excuse for *denying* that everybody did it. And, two, I've denounced the intrusion into personal privacy in the Nixon years. I've denounced it preceding it, and I've denounced it subsequent to it. Even today, I think the intrusions into personal privacy through the use of polygraphs is an offense against civil liberty. I just don't think you can say it was invented by Nixon, or treat it as if it were some kind of an island, a peninsula.

PLAYBOY: Well, the difference——

SAFIRE: That's all I have to say about it.

PLAYBOY: Your own phone was tapped by Nixon's men.

SAFIRE: Yes, I heard in April 1973 that I'd been tapped back in 1969. I really saw red! I'll tell you the truth: I'd been a Nixon man since 1959, before any of those creeps entered the scene. I'd proved my loyalty. And the irony of my getting tapped was Nixon saying to me, "Hey, on this welfare reform speech, please leak it all over town before I make it so we can try to get some interest in it." So I spoke to Henry Brandon of the London *Times* and he said, "What's new this week?" And I said, "There's going to be a terrific speech on welfare reform and you have to listen to it; he's going to say this and such."

PLAYBOY: That's a breach of security.

SAFIRE: And the President told me to do it! It turned out that they were tapping

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Henry Brandon. So the wiretappers and the FBI went to Al Haig and, I believe, Henry [Kissinger] and said, "There's a man in the White House talking to one of our taps and we'd like to put a tap on him, too." And I think Haig said yes. I know John Mitchell signed the order.

PLAYBOY: Was Attorney General Mitchell an old pal of yours?

SAFIRE: No. I met him during the campaign of 1968. He didn't trust me at the time because I was an associate of "known journalists." But it turned out that some leaking he suspected me of doing actually came from somebody else who owned up to it. So after that, Mitchell seemed to trust me. I was given the franchise to talk to journalists.

In 1973, one of my *Times* colleagues informed me, "You were one of those who were wiretapped." Curiously, that event took a lot of the heat off me at the *Times*. I'd been hired out of the White House as a conservative voice, and a lot of people on the paper figured, "Aha, here's a Nixon plant, probably up to his hips in corruption from Watergate. And we're stuck with him."

In my first few months at the *Times*, which was also the time when Watergate was beginning to go wide, there were people who were unhappy with the fact that I was writing on the paper—and, even worse, that I was defending Nixon. I was saying Watergate was no big deal, that everybody did it, that Nixon would never be impeached and all those good things. So I would really have won an unpopularity contest at the *Times*. But suddenly I was given a reprieve by being on the tap list. Being tapped was even better than being on the enemies list, a position that was highly sought after.

PLAYBOY: Your brother Leonard said that the Nixon men didn't trust you enough to allow you to be a crook.

SAFIRE: "I am not a crook." [*Laughs*] I didn't even write that line. Nor were any of the Nixon men crooks. Curiously enough, in all the denunciations of the abuses of power in the Nixon White House, nobody ever talked about crookedness or financial——

PLAYBOY: For their own pockets.

SAFIRE: Yeah, nobody stole anything.

PLAYBOY: But what they were really talking about was stealing the Constitution.

SAFIRE: They were talking about abusing power.

PLAYBOY: To your brother's point: You were not trusted enough to be a participant in the White House horrors. Why was that?

SAFIRE: I'll give you a serious answer. It was a combination of luck and mental set. My mental set, they all knew, was New York—literary writers, reporters, journalists, all those people who are "not our kind." So while I had the franchise to go to a Georgetown party and deal with the intellectual set, I was not wholly trusted. As a matter of fact, back in 1966, when Nixon introduced me to the other guys who were just beginning his presidential campaign, he said, "This is Safire, been with us since 1960, but watch what you say, he's a writer." Sort of half in jest, knowing that I was going to write down everything and use it some day in a history.

I remember the day I left the White House to work for *The New York Times*. It was at the end of March 1973. I cleaned out my desk and put the last things in my briefcase and, walking out of the Executive Office Building, I passed the President's office. The Secret Service men were standing outside, so I knew the President was inside that office. And I stopped for a moment and thought to myself, Should I go in and say goodbye? But then I figured I'd written my letter of resignation and I'd written his nice letter to me saying thanks—"you did a wonderful job"—which I assume he signed.

PLAYBOY: You wrote it yourself?

SAFIRE: Either Pat [Buchanan] or I did. We turned it out in our shop for each other. But at any rate, that formality had been taken care of, and there was always an awkwardness in saying goodbye with Nixon. So I said the hell with it, passed by the door and continued on out. I learned later that, at that moment, the President was in the office with John Dean having the conversation about the cancer on the presidency.

PLAYBOY: What might have happened if you'd knocked on the door, opened it and walked in?

SAFIRE: The President's secretary would have said, "Safire's here to say goodbye." I would have gone in. We would have shaken hands and then the great likelihood is that Nixon would have said, "Sit down, listen to this. See if you have any ideas." Then, I would have been *in* it!

PLAYBOY: Really? You don't think you might have said, "Fire Mitchell! Fire Bob Haldeman! What they're doing is illegal and dangerous to the country"?

SAFIRE: Ah, but you see, you're drawn into a thing like that. You're sitting there talking about it and you're saying, "What you ought to do is this or that." You don't say, "You should stonewall, you should perjure yourself." You don't say anything like that. You say, "Maybe you shouldn't say anything for a while," or "Maybe we should have a press conference." In so doing, you involve yourself in what is later called a venal coverup. Now, maybe I would have stood up like some kind of straight arrow and said, "I can see this entire thing unfolding and it's wrong and immoral and I oppose it, and, Mr. President, you've got to throw this guy out of your office." But I doubt I would have said that.

PLAYBOY: You're claiming that Watergate was some inexorable slide that people got on and couldn't get off?

SAFIRE: Yes, there was an inexorability to it. Nixon could have stopped it. It would have required some early disloyalty to individuals on Nixon's part, but that was not his way.

PLAYBOY: Which individuals?

SAFIRE: John Mitchell, then Haldeman and Erlichman. Yeah, chucking them off the sled, which he should have done right off the bat. He should have done it when the Watergate was broken into.

PLAYBOY: What was your reaction to the flurry of Watergate twentieth-anniversary retrospectives in June?

SAFIRE: I tried to let them go by without joining in. If I were a Nixon hater, I'd beat the drums, too. But as you know, I'm not. Still, I can see people remembering the good old days and trying to urge people not to forget how they won over the forces of the Nixon men.

PLAYBOY: During those years at the White House, you double-dutied by writing speeches for Vice President Spiro Agnew, who won headlines with speeches attacking the press and the media. Now that you're a leading member of the press, how do you feel about having written those speeches?

SAFIRE: Pat Buchanan wrote the famous Des Moines speech in which Spiro Agnew denounced the media. I never liked that speech. I wrote one of the other famous Agnew speeches, the "nattering nabobs of negativism" speech. Interestingly, I was recently preparing an anthology of political speeches, *Lend Me Your Ears*, and had a chance to look it over again. I still rather like it. It was a speech that attacked pessimism.

The way the phrase developed was that I was looking for something to update Adlai Stevenson's "prophets of gloom and doom" speech. Stevenson had used rhyme as a device to make that a memorable phrase. So I used alliteration. I was looking around for a noun, and "sultan" wouldn't do it, and "solon" wouldn't do it. But "nabob" did. And then I had to look for a word that modified the noun that started with an N. And I guess what made that expression work was the odd word "nattering," which is a combination of chattering and nagging.

That speech was fine—it got the press's attention—but now, of course, when you think of Agnew, you think two things: one, the attack on the media and, two, the nolo contendere plea.

PLAYBOY: The second marking the end of his career.

SAFIRE: Right, when he turned out to be less than our idea of a good Vice President or a decent public servant. But who knew at the time? At the time, he struck us as an excellent vehicle for doing what a Vice President should do, which is to carry the partisan message. Nixon did it

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as Ike's Vice President and he expected his Vice President to do it.

PLAYBOY: As Dan Quayle does now.

SAFIRE: Yet Bush didn't do it for Reagan—but that was acceptable.

PLAYBOY: When Quayle launched his attack on *Murphy Brown* last spring, you must have been reminded of a previous Vice President.

SAFIRE: Yes. [*Laughs*] I recall well the Agnew blasts at the counterculture. Interestingly, in the famous Des Moines speech, Agnew made a lot of points that many media critics have been making ever since. The problem there was that it came from a top elected official, when it might better have come from the media. However, I've never thought the media were such tender flowers that they could not withstand blasts from politicians.

Anyway, I enjoyed Quayle's shot at *Murphy Brown* because I agreed with him that the promotion of that sitcom episode [in which Brown has a baby] exalted single parenthood.

PLAYBOY: But isn't Quayle just searching for a scapegoat to blame for more serious social problems?

SAFIRE: That's just a knee-jerk-liberal reaction.

PLAYBOY: It isn't knee-jerk. Single motherhood hardly caused the Los Angeles riots, for example. And so to answer our question with a countercharge is not to answer it.

SAFIRE: I'll leave it at that.

PLAYBOY: You've been down on George Bush in a most un-Republican way. For most of the spring and summer, your columns accused the Bush Administration of arming Saddam Hussein and causing circumstances that made the Gulf war necessary. Aren't you burning your bridges to this White House?

SAFIRE: What bridges? I've been getting hate mail from this White House for years. You never have to worry about whether or not you have good contacts with any administration. They *have* to deal with a columnist for *The New York Times* or the *Washington Post* or any major newspaper. They can't hang up and not get back to you.

PLAYBOY: Nonetheless, you seem genuinely sick of Bush.

SAFIRE: Sick of Bush? Well, I'm not a professional outragee—I have no rage to rage. I recognize that every President is going to do some things I don't like. So I come down and criticize.

PLAYBOY: What was your reaction to the Democratic Convention?

SAFIRE: I felt it was a surrender to conservative economics and the end of the liberal dream of income redistribution.

PLAYBOY: If that's true—and given your disappointment with Bush—might you vote Democratic in November?

SAFIRE: For the first time in a long time, I'm not absolutely certain I'll vote Republican. I want to see how the campaign goes right to the very end, and then I'll vote for [the candidate with] the better philosophy and stronger character. I have a lot of problems with Bush, but I also have a lot of problems with the old Carter hands around Bill Clinton. So I want to see how they hold up in the crucible of a campaign. Both of them are comeback kids.

PLAYBOY: You've used your columns to report on the campaign as well as to advise. In the spring you even wrote columns that offered Clinton free and unsolicited advice on how he should present himself.

SAFIRE: I've offered a little advice. That's the great thing about this business: It's the free-advice business. And I ladle it out in great dollops. I did one column telling Clinton how to improve his stump speech. I did another on the Hillary problem, suggesting that she stop defining herself by what she is not. She was saying, "I'm not standing by my man" and "I'm not baking cookies" and all that. And I said, "That only alienates people. Start defining yourself by what you are—which is *yourself*." It seems she took my advice. Actually, I'm impressed with Clinton's mind and his ability to take a punch—though I'd like to know more about him. He seems to be Mr. Program. Whatever you ask him, he's got a twelve-point plan for it.

PLAYBOY: In all your years as a giver of advice, has anyone ever said, "Safire, keep it to yourself"?

SAFIRE: [*Laughs*] Never! Never once. But people always say, "How's that again?" or "What did you mean by that?"

PLAYBOY: What advice might you have given Mario Cuomo?

SAFIRE: I would have advised him to run—and urged him. I was looking forward to his running and, indeed, expected him to run.

PLAYBOY: Really? One of this country's leading conservative columnists urging Mario Cuomo to run for President?

SAFIRE: Sure. A Cuomo candidacy would have been exciting. He's articulate, he thinks and he loves the cut and thrust. He's also good to write about.

PLAYBOY: Is George Bush defeatable in this coming election?

SAFIRE: Of course he is. Absolutely. Bush is beatable. Will he be beaten? I don't think so. I think he'll pull it out.

PLAYBOY: How?

SAFIRE: The forces of trust are stronger than the forces of change.

PLAYBOY: Even when the nation's trust in the President, according to the nightly news, at least, is eroding daily?

SAFIRE: I can't envision this whole campaign going by without certain foreign-policy matters coming to the fore that will underline the need for the kind of experience President Bush has.

PLAYBOY: You predicted ahead of time that Ross Perot would withdraw from

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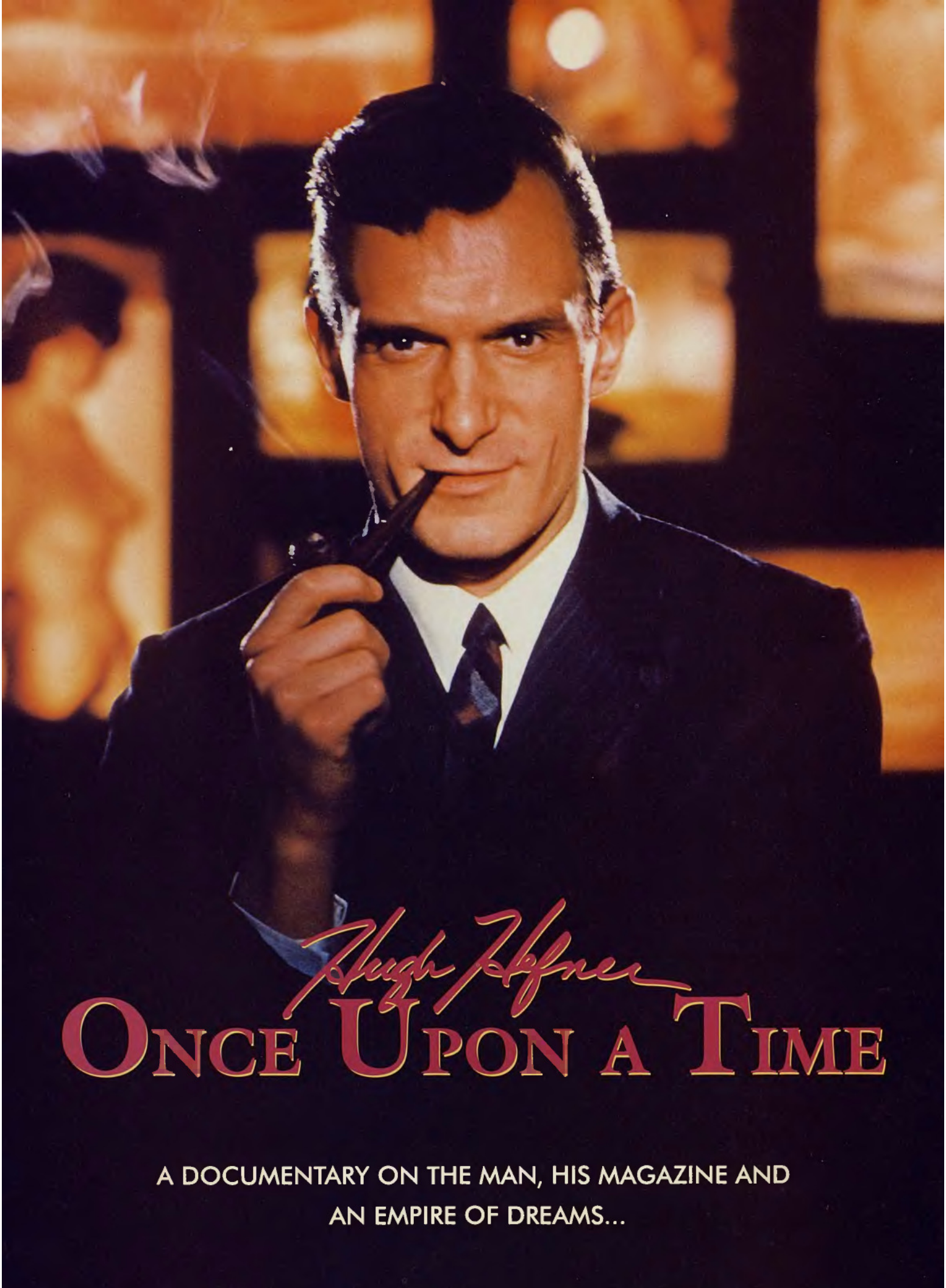
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the presidential race. How did you know?

SAFIRE: It was a lucky thing I was on *Larry King Live* the week before he pulled out. I had a chance to go on the record predicting that he might not last the whole campaign, even though I didn't have it in my column. The reason I thought there was a chance he'd pull out was that I always figured him to be a volatile character. He had a history of doing impulsive things and being totally undependable. I felt he was a liar and a bully and I said so. I think he misled and betrayed a great many trusting and dismayed people. And his pullout means that Clinton will have a better chance.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about the "character issue." Your new book, *The First Dissident: The Book of Job in Today's Politics*, is as much a rumination about modern-day politics as it is about the Bible. In it you say that the character issue in political elections is just "an excuse for gossipmongering."

SAFIRE: Yeah. I think "the character issue" is a high-sounding phrase for "Did he or didn't he sleep around?"—which will one day be extended to "Did she or didn't she sleep around?" People don't like to call it something as direct as "the sex issue," so they call it "the character issue." They also remove themselves from reality by saying, "We're not interested in whether or not he fell from grace once or twice, we're interested in whether he lies about it."

I do think that as more women start running for office, or get elected, they, too, will be closely examined for their sexual activities. And that's why I say to a great many women who feel that the character issue is very important: "If it's so important, how will you feel when it starts being applied to women?" I hope they'll stop thinking that way and realize it's a two-edged sword.

PLAYBOY: How do you rate the way Clinton has handled the sex issue so far?

SAFIRE: Pretty well. Originally, he had an unassailable position that was consistent and direct—that his marriage had had some rocky times, that they had not gotten a divorce, that they worked it out and were now determined to look ahead. This hinted that they had had difficulty on the subject of marital fidelity and worked it out. Then when it came up later, specifically with Gennifer Flowers, Clinton began getting too specific. You can't start getting specific. I think when he saw that she did not have anything on tape that was incriminating, or compromising—I shouldn't say incriminating—he was able to say that there was nothing to her charges.

PLAYBOY: President Bush has been subjected to the same kind of media scrutiny on the sex issue as Clinton. Last summer, *Spy* magazine ran a cover story on Bush's personal life. Did you see it?

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SAFIRE: I'm not interested.

PLAYBOY: *Spy*'s investigation focused on Bush's long-alleged romantic involvement with former aide, Jennifer Fitzgerald. Will that story affect the President's reelection campaign?

SAFIRE: I don't think it will amount to a hill of beans.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

SAFIRE: You're asking me my judgment.

PLAYBOY: What about the more recent reports that a former U.S. ambassador, now dead, had corroborated the alleged romance?

SAFIRE: I still don't think it will amount to a hill of beans. It's a secondhand source. Furthermore, the so-called source is a dead man, so he's no source at all. So I really don't think it's going anywhere. Of course, you're talking to a man who thought Watergate was a one-day story.

PLAYBOY: In general, does an incumbent President have a kind of immunity on this sort of thing?

SAFIRE: I think everybody has the presumption of innocence. Even politicians. They have the presumption of innocence in their private lives unless there is clear evidence brought forth to the contrary. And who has come forward and said, "I accuse George Bush"?

PLAYBOY: Maybe Bush just picks more discreet women than Democratic politicians pick.

SAFIRE: Politicians are entitled to a degree of privacy on sex. The public has no right to demand a seal of moral purity stamped on the forehead of every candidate. When a charge is made, as in Clinton's case, the candidate has to deal with it, as he did. When no charge is made, as in Bush's case—and the only evidence comes from a mere suspicion expressed by a source now dead—then the way to handle it is to condemn the question. I predicted back in the spring that some macho reporter would ask the tasteless did-you-ever question of the President. And I suggested that the President should reply: "Leap in the lake" or "Go to hell." That's essentially what Bush did when the NBC guy asked about adultery. Now other candidates in years to come can answer it with, "I'm with George Bush—I won't take sleazy questions that demean the political process."

PLAYBOY: Getting back to the President's record, most of your disaffection with Bush revolves around or centers on his foreign policy.

SAFIRE: I'm one of those people who think he's been an excellent domestic-policy President and a terrible foreign-policy one. As a conservative, I like his laissez-faire economic policies, though I wish that he had done more to curb spending.

PLAYBOY: How big a scandal is what you call Iraqgate—the series of events that begins with a half-billion dollars of U.S. grain credits issued to Iraq?

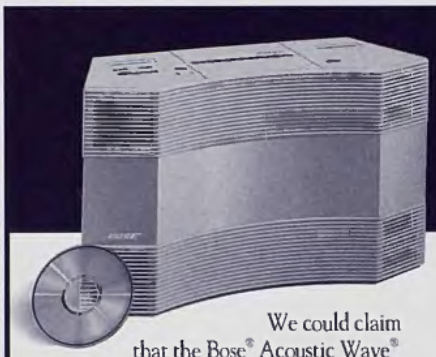
SAFIRE: Big. I've been on this since 1989. Nobody paid any attention to it. I think it's considerably more important, more damaging than Iran-contra was to Reagan, because it involves three sets of crimes. It does not exclusively involve a mere policy blunder. The first set of crimes was misuse of appropriated funds—using export-promotion money designed to help American farmers as foreign-aid money to help Saddam Hussein. The second set of crimes was the systematic misleading of Congress by the departments of State and Agriculture and Commerce. The third set of crimes was the obstruction of justice after the FBI discovered how Iraq was abusing Banco Lavoro in Atlanta to use grain credits to buy weapons. Taken together, this shows a criminal conspiracy within the government, and I think it will be important in the campaign. And if Bush is reelected, it will be central to his second term. I think there will be a special prosecutor who will find plenty of wrongdoing.

PLAYBOY: Not unlike the way in which Watergate unraveled Nixon's presidency after his reelection.

SAFIRE: Because it's about U.S. tax dollars financing Saddam's nuclear program. Saddam was developing a nuclear capacity and rockets with money we financed by giving him grain credits. He used grain credits from the United States to barter for the technology enabling him to build an atom bomb. I've been writing about that in an ongoing way in my column for quite a while. The United States gave Iraq a loan guarantee through Banco Lavoro's branch in Atlanta to buy American grain, which was bartered for weaponry and technology with eastern Europe. In other words, we guaranteed Saddam loans to buy American grain, which was loaded onto ships and sent to eastern Europe—the grain probably never went to Iraq—where it was traded for technology and weaponry. Iraq later defaulted on the loan, and the United States taxpayer paid out at least a half-billion dollars to arm Iraq. It wasn't getting grain from us, but it was getting the means to barter weapons—at a time when Saddam was strapped for cash. So some of this went into his atom bomb.

PLAYBOY: How did you know about all of this?

SAFIRE: I originally got the information [about Iraq's nuclear potential] from Kurdish-related sources. I've been a friend of the Kurds for fifteen or twenty years. I came into information that led me to believe that Saddam Hussein was a lot closer to nuclear-bomb development than most people thought. But when good newspaper reporters went to the CIA and asked, "What do you have on development of nuclear potential of Iraq?" they were told, "Not for five to



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ten years could [Saddam] do it."

So I went out on a limb and said, "It ain't five to ten years, everybody—it's *two* years. It's right around the corner." And now, with what the inspection teams in Baghdad found last winter—that he was only months from having a bomb—it turns out that even I was not alarmed enough.

PLAYBOY: Was the Gulf war avoidable?

SAFIRE: Yes, it was. Definitely. It was avoidable, and it was not avoided. The military buildup of Saddam Hussein should have been spotted. There were plenty of signs. His willingness to use poison gas against the Kurds and, essentially, to practice genocide should not have been winked at by the United States government. So we clearly gave the signal to Saddam Hussein that we were on his side—that we still wanted to cooperate actively with him. And when the *Voice of America* dared to suggest that freedom would prevail in such countries as China and Iraq, that's when Saddam called in our Ambassador and complained. A hot wire went back to James Baker, and Baker proceeded to crack down on the *Voice of America*. All of this is a pattern of appeasement that encourages dictators to do daring things. No wonder Saddam was surprised when the United States reacted so fiercely after he invaded Kuwait. We'd given him every reason to think that we would not [react that way].

After the invasion in 1990, I was one of those war-hawk pundits actively supporting President Bush's position. I said he was right to move quickly to counter the Kuwait invasion by Saddam and I was one of his most ardent supporters in the war. However, now I've found out more and more about the degree to which he was culpable in helping Saddam build up his nuclear and conventional forces.

PLAYBOY: This is a big change for you.

SAFIRE: Basically, I've gone through three phases in my thinking of how Bush handled Iraq. In the first phase, I was critical of the United States' aiding Saddam before the war. In the second phase, I was a hundred percent pro-Bush on going to war against Saddam in order to turn him back from Kuwait and drive him out of power. The third phase began with the premature end of the war, where some nutty geopolitics drove the President to fail to complete his job [and dispose of Saddam Hussein]. The Saudis were saying to [National Security Advisor] Brent Scowcroft and to our State Department that we should drive the Iraqis out of Kuwait. "But," they said, "do not destabilize Iraq."

PLAYBOY: Was it feared that if Iraq was destabilized, the balance of power in the Gulf would tilt toward Iran?

SAFIRE: Right, and then Iran and fundamentalism would take over the area. So they suggested we fine-tune ourselves to the point of just pushing Saddam back—but not over. Well, it turns out that our generals there were misinformed about the trapping of the Republican Guard. There was such a rush toward ending the war that the Republican Guard, the elite troops of Saddam Hussein, were able to slip out. And our general there, Norman Schwarzkopf, admitted that at the end of the war he was snookered by the Iraqis on allowing them to keep and use their helicopters. Ultimately, when the Shiite and Kurd uprising that we called for took place, Saddam had the helicopters to defeat them.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that General Schwarzkopf was completely fooled?

SAFIRE: I'm saying he was given the wrong intelligence from the generals in the field, which he then transmitted back to the White House—back to the Joint Chiefs—saying that it was OK with him to end the war because he had control of the situation. Well, there are two mistakes here: Mistake A was in allowing the Republican Guard to escape. And Mistake B, which has been admitted, was to permit the use of Saddam's helicopters. Schwarzkopf was misguided and passed along that misguidance. Nobody else ever criticized him for it. I did, but he is so wrapped in an aura of military glory that he's not rapped. See, I'm playing w-r-a-p-p-e-d with r-a-p-p-e-d.

PLAYBOY: Right.

SAFIRE: OK, so there's Schwarzkopf, the great victor who allowed the enemy to escape and permitted the air power of the enemy, through helicopters, to be used against the uprising that President Bush encouraged. So, pushed by the Saudis and misguided by our own military brass, we betrayed the uprising.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps Bush simply wanted Saddam to be diverted by an uprising during the ground war. Once that was over, then the Kurds and the Shiites were disposable.

SAFIRE: We were eager to see Saddam Hussein overthrown. The President made that absolutely clear. And, indeed, toward the end, that's what he was saying—he expected the end of Saddam. So this great fundamental mistake was made to allow the repression of the revolt. A few of us screamed about it. I'm thinking of Jim Hoagland in *The Washington Post* and some other columnists. That's when a top White House aide—whom I know to be [former White House chief of staff] John Sununu—told *Newsweek*, "A hundred Safire columns are not going to make us change our mind." They didn't want to permit the disintegration of Iraq. Ironically, the Saudis are now changing their minds about that.

PLAYBOY: This interview will be on the newsstands in October. Based on what you know, could there be an October surprise in the coming election?

SAFIRE: Could well be. The likelihood of it actually happening in October is, I think, less than in September, because you don't want to do anything that could be overtly criticized as last minute. But I could see a strike at Qaddafi, or some corrective of Saddam Hussein with respect to the Kurds, or some assertion of UN authority against Serbian aggression that would not cost too many American lives. That could happen. That would immediately be denounced as politically inspired, but it may be necessary.

PLAYBOY: Well, if it's not politically motivated, why wait until the election?

SAFIRE: Well, for example, if Saddam Hussein, who is making menacing noises and then backing off, doesn't back off, he has to be backed off. You have to wait for a provocation. If Saddam continues his economic warfare against the Kurds—if he continues to starve them or starts lobbing in shells—at that point we would have to take dramatic action.

PLAYBOY: After the invasion of Kuwait you called for strong military action. Meanwhile, your former White House colleague Patrick Buchanan publicly stated that, in essence, the only people who wanted war were the Israeli lobby and——

SAFIRE: "The Israeli Defense Ministry and its amen corner in the United States."

PLAYBOY: Many people thought that Buchanan was talking specifically about you.

SAFIRE: Well, he was talking about those of us who were strongly supporting the President's action against the invasion of Kuwait and, indeed, calling for a war on Saddam Hussein. But there was Pat referring to the amen corner. Now, I know what an amen corner is—I wrote a political dictionary some years ago. It is an Americanism based on a religious phrase: The amen corner in a church is where a group would automatically yell "Amen" whenever a preacher made a point. In politics, it became a phrase meaning a claque, a servile group——

PLAYBOY: It's also a code phrase for coreligionist—in this case, a non-Christian coreligionist.

SAFIRE: No, I didn't see that. I saw it as meaning "automatic support of Israel." I resented that because it imputed a dual loyalty, and I don't like charges of dual loyalty. I think it's quite proper to support or criticize the United States government on what you think is good or bad about the United States government. I think it's also entirely called for to support or criticize an ally. I don't like my motives being impugned by someone's saying that I am giving my opinions not because I'm a good American but because I'm a Jew. Now, Buchanan denies [implying] that. But that's the way I read it, and the way a great many

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others in what he called the amen corner felt. I held my fire on that one for a while. I wanted to see what Bill Buckley was going to do. There was the guru of the conservatives—who is not Jewish, who knew and felt an affection for Buchanan and who Buchanan greatly respected—and his call on it was that, yes, indeed, that sort of thing amounted to anti-Semitism. After Bill Buckley wrote that, I did my column about it, more in sorrow than in anger. Frankly, I invited Pat to back away from the brink of anti-Semitism, nativism and isolationism. I was hopeful that he might pull back a little bit. But evidently he felt that pulling back would be wimpish, so he didn't.

PLAYBOY: During his presidential campaign, Buchanan frequently used code words that seemed to have an anti-Semitic slant to them. Did you find his tone offensive?

SAFIRE: Well, before that, when he [wrote about] typical people who would have to fight the Gulf war, he used names that covered every ethnic group except Jews. I think that was read properly as anti-Semitic.

PLAYBOY: Let us ask you bluntly: Do you think Pat Buchanan is anti-Semitic?

SAFIRE: [*Answers slowly*] Yes.

PLAYBOY: And?

SAFIRE: I hope he straightens himself out on that. He now sees the reaction he's generated, and he must know it's not good for the country, the Republican Party, for conservatism or for him. He's been more sensitive recently, and that's encouraging.

PLAYBOY: OK, let's move on to Israel. You've devoted a large number of your columns to criticism of the Bush–Baker policy toward Israel. What's your problem with it?

SAFIRE: I think the Bush Administration, from the start, believed that the answer to a lasting peace in the Middle East would be the withdrawal of Israel from the disputed territories and the establishment there of some form of Palestinian state.

PLAYBOY: There are a lot of people in Israel who think that, too.

SAFIRE: A minority.

PLAYBOY: Not such a small minority.

SAFIRE: I didn't say a small minority, I said a minority—as expressed in elections. I am among those who believe that this is a misguided notion. I think that at the end of the day, what will come about is a division of the West Bank into cantons or enclaves. Israel will retain territory that makes the area defensible and removes the possibility of its use as a staging area for an attack on Israel. At the same time, Israel will provide self-government—autonomy—for the Palestinian Arabs in the area. And in all likelihood, they will be federated with the other Palestinian state in the area, which

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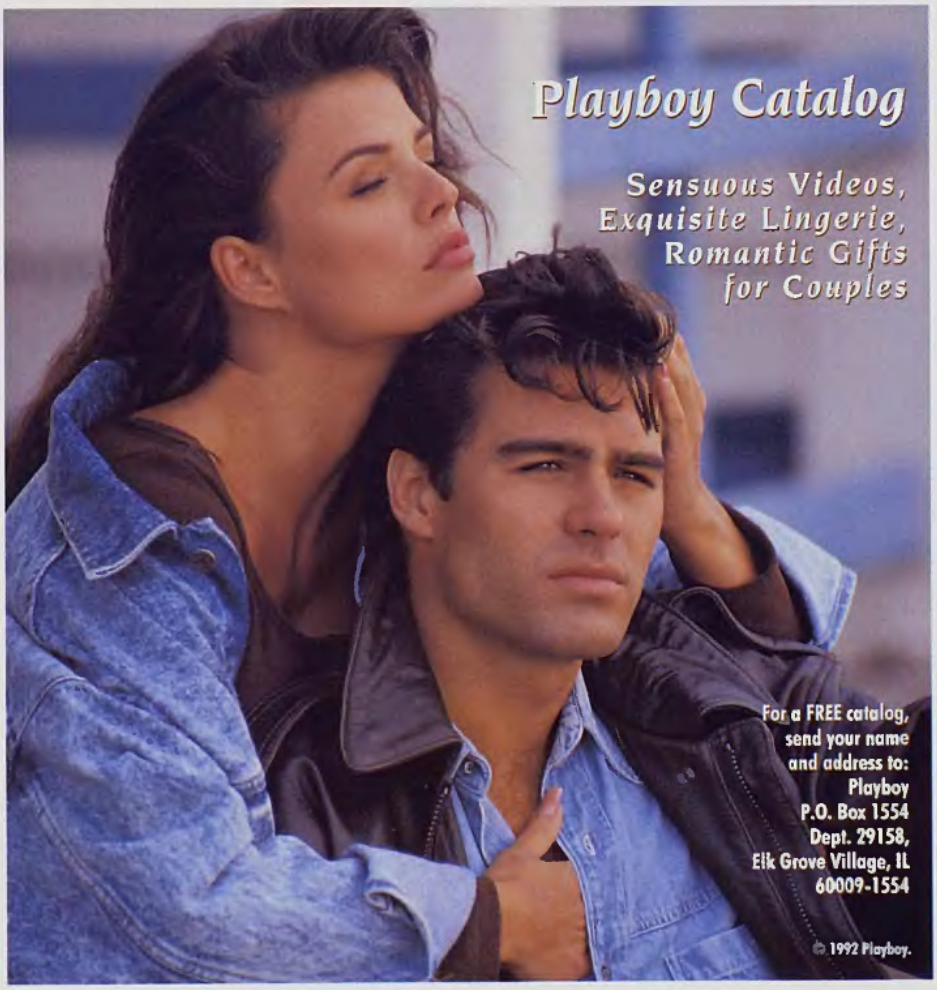

is Jordan. So what you will have is a Jewish state with Israeli Arabs living within it, and a Palestinian–Jordanian state with a series of cantons around populated and fertile areas in what has become known as the West Bank. Now, is this a neat, tidy solution? Of course not. It's creatively sloppy, but I think it's realistic. But if you're going to get into who was on the West Bank first, you'll never get any solution. You can go back to biblical times and all you'll find there are arguments. You have to say, "How do we get out of the situation we are in now and how do we live together?"

PLAYBOY: If the Israelis are entitled to a national homeland—a national sense of identity—why aren't the Palestinians?

SAFIRE: I consider myself pro-Palestinian.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

SAFIRE: In that I'd like to see them have a state. I think the state they should have is Jordan, which is mainly Palestinian. The majority of people there are Palestinian Arabs, and I think it should be conjoined to enclaves or areas within the West Bank that are predominately Arab. I can see a federation there with a state of their own and a flag of their own. I see them as a nation that can be a beacon to other Arab nations that are living under monarchies and tyrannies.

PLAYBOY: King Hussein might not agree. In fact, he doesn't.

SAFIRE: Right. I think he's an obstacle to peace. His desire to remain king is an obstacle to the development of a true Transjordan. By Transjordan, I mean a state that crosses the Jordan River—not having the West Bank or Judaea and Sumaria as a separate state but having areas within them affiliated with a Palestinian state.

PLAYBOY: When you say that King Hussein is an obstacle—and indeed he would be to a plan such as this—are you suggesting we get rid of him?

SAFIRE: I always resist questions that begin, "Are you saying?" My natural inclination is to reply, "I'm saying what I'm saying, not what you're saying." But it's a useful technique in a lot of interviews. I've used it myself. Some people fall for it.

PLAYBOY: You're not an easy interview.

SAFIRE: Thank you.

PLAYBOY: One of the qualities that you're known for is your loyalty to old friends. Roy Cohn was a close friend, right?

SAFIRE: Yes.

PLAYBOY: And you were there for him when he was disbarred.

SAFIRE: Disbarred by the New York bar, yeah.

PLAYBOY: You testified for him.

SAFIRE: You bet. I felt it was the classic example of a late hit. He was dying of AIDS—you could see he was dying. I mean, you visited him and there was a dying man. The old liberal McCarthy haters who could never bring down Roy Cohn when he was a scrappy, successfully litigating, intimidating, bullying lawyer in New York City saw this as a great chance to get him before he died.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't they do it earlier?

SAFIRE: I think they were afraid to. They had plenty of time. But the New York Bar crowd that hated him was led by a man named Charles Hynes, who is now the district attorney in Brooklyn. They felt this was their chance to get him. One of Roy's law partners asked me to testify as a character witness. I accepted with alacrity and told this bunch of men at the New York City Bar Association that they were a pack of ghouls and that they ought to be ashamed of themselves. And I did use the word ghouls. I remember when one of the people on the bar association—bar tribunal—when one of the smaller Torquemadas said, "Mr. Cohn has referred to us as a bunch of yo-yos." I then had to explain to him the etymology of yo-yo.

PLAYBOY: Good thing you're a language expert.

SAFIRE: It always helps. Now, on Cohn, let me just say this: I met Roy when we were both about twenty. He was then working for the U.S. Attorney in the southern district of New York. He was the only person from the establishment who was getting convictions against narcotics racketeers. So I wrote a piece about him for my bosses, Tex and Jinx, at *The New York Herald Tribune*. And I think that was the first publicity he got. Then he went to work in Washington, where he and Bobby Kennedy were on a [special congressional] committee [chaired by Senator Joseph McCarthy]. I lost track of him. [*Grins*] I disagreed with McCarthy and Cohn and the way they operated, but years later, I didn't think it was fair to use McCarthy tactics on Cohn. Two wrongs don't make a right.

PLAYBOY: You have said that the last time you saw Roy Cohn, he wanted to pass along some information on public figures he knew would outlive him.

SAFIRE: Right.

PLAYBOY: Did he?

SAFIRE: Yeah, he was worried about somebody becoming President and he thought I ought to know a lot about him.

PLAYBOY: Who was that?

SAFIRE: I don't want to say. He gave me all this stuff, none of which I've ever used.

PLAYBOY: Republican or Democrat?

SAFIRE: Male or female?

PLAYBOY: New York State?

SAFIRE: Or New Mexico.

PLAYBOY: Nobody in New Mexico was running for President.

SAFIRE: I'm not going to narrow it down at all. If I wanted to tell you, I'd tell you. I wouldn't be cute. I used to have a button that I wore in the Seventies that said AGNEW AND EAGLETON, NOBODY'S PERFECT.

PLAYBOY: What's the point?

SAFIRE: I'm referring to Roy Cohn. Perfect he wasn't.

PLAYBOY: Clearly.

SAFIRE: But perfectly loyal he was.

PLAYBOY: Another close friend of yours was William Casey, the former CIA chief. When Iran-contra broke in 1986, it seemed that every misdeed or crime was thrown at Casey's feet. But the day after the congressional hearings began, Casey died of a brain tumor.

SAFIRE: Well, first of all, Jesse James was blamed for every train robbery and bank robbery in the West. He could not have done them all. So apply that to William Casey. Bill was a buccaneer, a covert-action enthusiast, a man absolutely dedicated to the turning back of communism around the world. And because he had this all-out, undercover-warfare training in World War Two, he applied that total-war idea to a limited-war situation in Central America and thereby got us all into some trouble.

Do I think he directed Oliver North? You bet I do. I was in his office one day asking him about something and he said, "Wait a minute, I've got a guy who can do anything." He picked up the phone, called Ollie North and asked him to do something. And just knowing Casey, that told me he had a guy working in the White House who would do anything he told him to do. So I believe North when he says that Casey knew pretty much everything that North was being directed to do.

PLAYBOY: Still, does it make sense to blame Casey for everything—after he's dead?

SAFIRE: Well, it was convenient. Once a man dies, he's the only one who takes the rap—he doesn't care. If you're looking for truth: Did he tell the President some of these things? I'm certain he did. But not all. I think he had the intelligence and discretion to protect the President by not telling him everything. But at the same time, he would indicate to the President that he had some things going on that the President was probably better off not knowing.

PLAYBOY: So you're saying that the director of the CIA exercised more foreign-policy authority than the President?

SAFIRE: I'm saying that he felt he was thinking in tandem with the President. It's the old story of protecting the top man from having to have guilty knowledge.

PLAYBOY: But, again, it implies that the director of the CIA exercised independent power to conduct a separate foreign policy.

SAFIRE: I think he assumed power that he felt the President would have approved. Frankly, I think the President would have approved it. Who knows? We can't tell how much Bill Casey mumbled to Ronald Reagan about what he was doing. And who knows how much Ronald Reagan heard with his earpiece off or on? So there was possibly some fuzziness of communication. But I think Ronald

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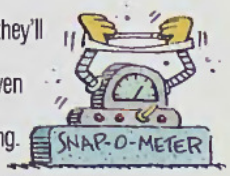

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Reagan knew that Bill Casey was running the kind of CIA that Ronald Reagan wanted him to run.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe Bob Woodward's account of his deathbed interviews with Casey in his book *Veil*?

SAFIRE: No.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

SAFIRE: I believe Sofia and Bernadette Casey, who maintained a vigil in that room. It does not seem to me to be at all in character for Bill Casey to recant dramatically on his deathbed. I have a lot of respect for Woodward as a reporter. I think he did a good job opening up Casey and the CIA in that particular book. There's a lot of new information in there. But I don't think Bill Casey mouthed those words that Woodward quoted at the end of that book.

PLAYBOY: That's a very strong charge about someone you say is a good reporter. Ostensibly you're saying he may have made it up.

SAFIRE: Mm-hmm.

PLAYBOY: That's not reporting then.

SAFIRE: That's what I think. I also think that there was not a Deep Throat. I don't think Deep Throat existed.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

SAFIRE: One, he or she would have come forward by now. Two, it's impossible to keep such a secret for twenty years. And three, there didn't have to be a Deep Throat.

PLAYBOY: Some people have suggested that Deep Throat is a composite of several people.

SAFIRE: I suppose that's possible, but I've just never gone for the game of pointing at various members of the White House and saying, "He was part of Deep Throat." I think that was a dramatic device to put some zip in *All the President's Men*. My own judgment has always been that Deep Throat was a fictional concoction [created to supply] a source for good guesswork. After twenty years, that nonsource has been carefully protected.

PLAYBOY: Another power figure with whom you've had a more ambivalent relationship is Henry Kissinger. For most of the mid-Seventies, Kissinger was the target of choice in your columns, as James Baker is now. Why?

SAFIRE: Henry and I had a falling out. The first time was when I heard about the wiretap. I complained bitterly about that. He denied it, I didn't believe him, so we had this falling out.

Then, in the course of the next year or so, I saw that détente was getting us nowhere. So I began to become more critical of Henry Kissinger's foreign policy—he had become the Secretary of State and then stayed on with President Ford. He interpreted any criticism I made about his foreign policy to be rooted only in my anger at the wiretap. Well, the truth is somewhere in between.

PLAYBOY: Is it true you named your police dog after Kissinger?

SAFIRE: Oh, that was an embarrassing moment. In the Seventies, I got a German shepherd; they're very smart dogs. So, as a lark, I named him Henry—mainly because I wanted to say, "Come here, Henry" or "Goddamn it, Henry, get out of here." You can do that with a puppy. Then the dog grew up with great dignity and intelligence, but his name was still Henry. Well, over the years, Henry Kissinger and I buried the hatchet. There is a statute of limitations on just about everything and, frankly, I think it's a good idea not to carry grudges for more than eight or ten years.

Anyway, one night Henry Kissinger and his wife, Nancy, came over to the house for dinner. And sure enough, my dog, Henry, walks into the room wagging his tail. Kissinger said, "What a fine animal—what's his name?" And I harrumphed and said what could be interpreted as "Henry" but could also be interpreted as any other word beginning with an H. Kissinger professed to miss it and patted the dog on the head, and I felt better about the whole thing.

PLAYBOY: You're hell on your enemies, William Safire.

SAFIRE: Well, that's the great thing about being an op-ed columnist: You can smite hip and thigh. [*Pauses*] Now, I wonder where that comes from? "Smite hip and thigh." It's obviously biblical, but why "hip and thigh"?

PLAYBOY: Perhaps it's the Old Testament answer to kneecapping?

SAFIRE: Hmmm. "Hip and thigh." That's half the leg. So why don't they say, "Smite half the leg"? I'll have to look that up some day. See, now that's where a language column comes from. You say something, then you stop and say, "Now why did I just say that?" And then you go to a concordance of the Bible, or if you can't find it there, you try the *Oxford English Dictionary*, and if you can't get it there, then you go to the Library of Congress and maybe they can help you. And then you have a column.

PLAYBOY: Exactly how did your "On Language" column start?

SAFIRE: Abe Rosenthal [then the managing editor of *The New York Times*] was looking for a column to appear in the front of the *Times Sunday Magazine* that would not have to be too timely—that is, it could be written two or three weeks before publication. One day he had a meeting with the editors and said, "Eureka, we'll have a language column and we'll have Safire do it!" He then explained that "eureka" was Greek for "I found it." Anyway, I had done some articles on language for the magazine. I'd written *The New Language of Politics*—which became *Safire's Political Dictionary*—in the mid-Sixties. So I agreed to do it. We figured it would last for about a year's run. Well, I did not see the potential in the audience—there's a big audience for language. I mean, everybody is an expert. That's because native speakers have a sense of ownership about their tongue and, most of the time, a native speaker is right. So I started doing this column and getting this terrific mail pull. I get maybe three hundred letters a week. That's, what, fifteen thousand letters a year? A lot of mail.

PLAYBOY: What's in the letters?

SAFIRE: The biggest and most persistent group is the "gotcha gang." They're the people who find enormous glee in correcting experts. Let me give you an example. I received a letter this morning from a man claiming I turned Isaiah inside out again. I quoted Isaiah as the source of "Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we shall die"—no, it should be: "Eat and drink, for tomorrow we shall die." Anyway, this man, Michael Sanders, points out that it wasn't Isaiah who said that, it was Isaiah quoting those who would not hear him saying that. So I had the book of the Bible right, but I made an incorrect attribution for my etymology. Sanders was correct. I really do enjoy the communication.

PLAYBOY: Someone once asked you if you'd ever consider running for the presidency. You answered, "Why step down?"

SAFIRE: I was being facetious. But it's true—I have the greatest job in the world. There's a lot of power to it.

PLAYBOY: Then let's wrap this up with the broadest of questions: If you do have the greatest job in the world, what is the meaning of your life?

SAFIRE: I think I was put here to object, to cry, to prod, to challenge, to educate myself and to teach as much as I can. And to discombobulate—not just for the sake of discombobulation, but to push my own envelope. [*Long pause*] Maybe I can do a little good.

I think I've been given a fantastic opportunity and a great forum to open up some minds and to go against some grains and to share the pleasures of contrarianism.

PLAYBOY: You're a bit of a curmudgeon?

SAFIRE: [*Laughs*] I'm getting old enough to be a good curmudgeon. I always thought of a curmudgeon as a likable, irascible old man. And I am well on my way to irascibility.

PLAYBOY: So you're looking forward to curmudgeondom, even if you're not yet there?

SAFIRE: Yes. No doubt about it.

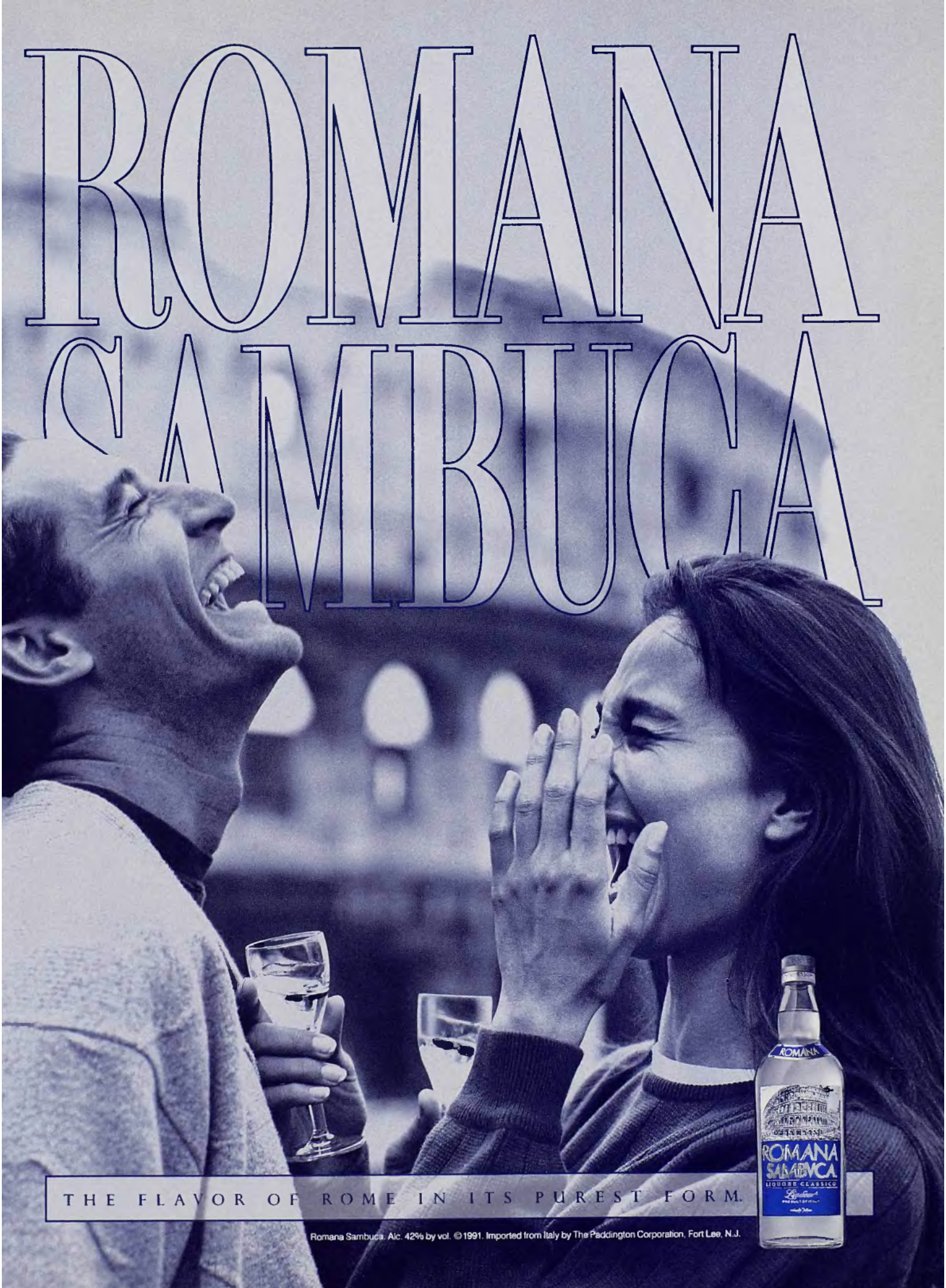
PLAYBOY: What do you think you'll be like when you're old?

SAFIRE: Gosh, I hope not lovable.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

SAFIRE: I would just like to keep nattering and nabobbing along. But never negatively, of course.

ROMANA SAMBUCA



THE FLAVOR OF ROME IN ITS PUREST FORM.

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OCTOBER SURPRISE

THINK OF IT AS GIFT-WRAPPED SKULDUGGERY DELIVERED IN THE LAST WEEKS OF AN ELECTION. WILL IT BE THE UNMAKING OF A PRESIDENT?

THERE ARE two theories about American presidential elections, only one of which is right. The first, and most widely publicized, is that presidential campaigns are down-to-the-wire horse races in which any last-minute development can dramatically alter the outcome, no matter how large a lead one candidate may have. This is the theory favored by journalists, pundits, flacks, pollsters, political activists, spooks, gumshoes, all talking heads named Ed or Kevin and the 20 percent of the American population who describe themselves as "undecideds"—sometimes even after they have cast their votes. The horse-race theory is especially popular among people who view themselves as independents or libertarians—that is, curmudgeons, fussbudgets and self-styled mavericks who demand that the candidates woo them on bended knee and literally beg for their support at the polls. (Libertarians, for the uninitiated, are Republicans who like drugs. Independents are Republicans who like drugs but feel guilty about it.)

The second theory, shared by a large number of political scientists and historians, and subliminally shared by an overwhelming majority of the American people, is that presidential elections are determined almost entirely by current economic conditions and, to a lesser extent, by values. This being the case, elections are pretty much decided by the time the parties wrap up their conventions in late summer. Those who subscribe to this view are convinced that most Americans already have a good idea in April who they're going to vote for in November, and only futz around with the levers reading PAT BUCHANAN and JERRY BROWN and JESSE JACKSON in the primaries because it doesn't cost anything and it's a harmless way to yank the national chain. There are millions of people in this country who will vote for Clinton because they voted for Carter, Kennedy and maybe even Truman, or who will vote for Bush because they voted for Nixon, Eisenhower and Dewey. These people include Democrats who would rather die than vote Republican, and the millions of Republicans who would rather die than vote Democratic. For these people, it's not a case of voting Republican. It's a case of *being* Republican. The same is true of Democrats.

To this second, larger group of *(continued on page 167)*

ARTICLE BY JOE QUEENAN

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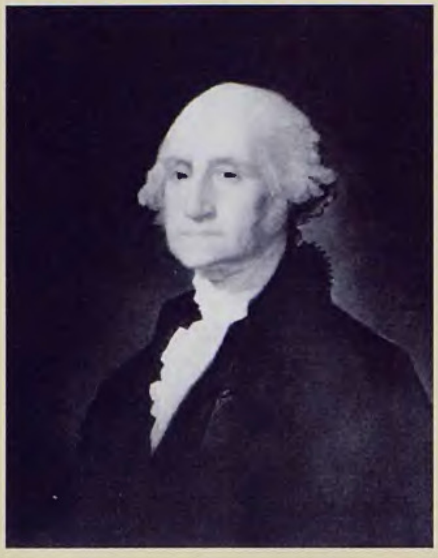

A SHORT HISTORY OF POLITICAL DIRTY TRICKS

BY TERRY CATCHPOLE

FROM THE TIME OF OUR FOUNDING FATHERS, CHEAP SHOTS HAVE BEEN A PROUD TRADITION

1776 OUR COUNTRY'S father-to-be, George Washington, is the target of bogus letters bearing his forged signature that are circulated in the colonies by devious agents of King George. The letters imply that Washington, then commander in chief of the Continental Army, has engaged in extramarital affairs and is a closet royalist who secretly yearns for the return of British rule.

1797: Former Treasury Secretary Alexander Hamilton, now practicing law in New York, is compelled to go public with details of his six-year affair with young New York housewife Maria Reynolds. Compounding the scandal is the fact that Reynolds and her husband have been blackmailing the married Hamilton and quietly implicating him in other fraudulent schemes. Hamilton had confided the affair to congressional leaders in 1792. One of them, future president James Monroe, wrote a private memorandum of the confession. Later, as the Republicans—led by Monroe and Thomas Jefferson—prepare to grab the presidency in 1800, the incriminating notes find their way to a friendly journalist who exposes the Reynolds affair as well as charges of fiscal chicanery against Federalist Party leader Hamilton. Hamilton apologizes for the affair, denies the fraud charges and is quickly supported by his wife Betsey and longtime mentor, George Washington.

1804: Another of Hamilton's many foes is fellow New Yorker Aaron Burr. Hamilton worked vigorously to defeat Burr for the presidency in 1801 and the New York governorship in 1804. Each time, Hamilton makes free use of slander and gossip. Burr finally calls Hamilton on his "despicable opinions" and kills his rival in a duel in July 1804.

1828: Democrats spread rumors that incumbent President John Quincy Adams and his wife engaged in premarital sexual relations and call him "the pimp" for purportedly arranging liaisons with American chippies for Russian czar Alexander I during Adams' tenure as U.S. Ambassador to Russia (1809–14). Adams' federal Republican allies, meanwhile, spread gossip that Democratic presidential candidate Andrew Jackson's mother was a "common prostitute," brought to the American colonies to service British soldiers, and that the candidate himself is guilty of adultery and bigamy. The bigamy charge concerns Jackson's marriage to Rachel Robards in 1791—at a time, it turned out, when Rachel was still legally married to her first husband, though not living with him (the Jacksons were remarried in 1794, after Rachel received a formal divorce). An 1827 pamphlet, *Truth's Advocate and Monthly Anti-Jackson Expositor*, charges that Jackson had sweet-talked Rachel into abandoning her husband and living with Old Hickory as his wife. Jackson defeats Adams, but Rachel dies of a heart attack shortly after his inauguration. Jackson blames the campaign smears.

1836: Republicans initiate a whispering campaign that Democratic presidential candidate Martin Van Buren wears ladies' corsets to rein in his sizable girth and takes far more baths than a normal man should.

1844: Whig presidential candidate Henry Clay is accused of rampant immorality. Democrats charge that the Senator and former Secretary of State lives in a Washington, D.C., brothel, is a notorious drunkard and gambler and that he manipulated a political opponent into a fatal duel. The Democratic candidate, former Tennessee governor and acknowledged slaveholder James Polk, is the victim of an elaborate smear in which abolitionist newspapers reprint a bogus excerpt from a Southern states' travel guide that describes Polk using a branding iron to mark his slaves for identification. The fraud is uncovered, abolitionists rally to

Below, from left: Alexander Hamilton was plagued by his extramarital affair. Aaron Burr was so bothered by Hamilton's slander that he killed him. John Quincy Adams was labeled "the pimp." Andrew Jackson was not quite married the first time to Rachel Robards. He blamed her death on the ensuing campaign smears.

Polk's campaign (Clay also owned slaves) and Polk is elected.

1884: A dirty-trick double-dip. Republicans lampoon Democratic candidate Grover Cleveland for having kept a mistress and for fathering an illegitimate son when he was a lawyer in Buffalo, taunting the then-governor with the ditty, "Ma! Ma! Where's my Pa? Gone to the White House, ha, ha, ha." Democrats, meanwhile, leap on a blasphemous charge made by a supporter of Republican candidate James Blaine, in which it is claimed that the Democrats are "the party whose antecedents have been rum, Romanism and rebellion." Some pamphlets even attribute the offensive remark to Blaine himself. Blaine belatedly repudiates his supporters' slander, while Cleveland comes clean on the sexual misconduct charge and is elected.

1928: Democratic presidential candidate and New York Governor Al Smith, the first Catholic nominated for the presidency, is accused of building a tunnel from New York City to the Vatican.

1934: In a precursor of later TV-advertising dirty tricks, liberal California gubernatorial candidate Upton Sinclair—best known as the crusading author of *The Jungle*—is the target of bogus newsreels produced by conservative Hollywood studio boss Irving Thalberg and distributed to theaters through the Hearst Metrotone News service. The staged newsreels typically feature "on-the-street" interviews, with actors posing as voters, in which seemingly well-dressed solid citizens speak out on camera for Sinclair's Republican opponent, Frank Merriam. Sinclair supporters are shown to be a ragtag lot speaking with thick foreign accents. While Sinclair wins nearly 900,000 votes, he loses to Merriam by more than 250,000.

SPIN DOCTORS IN THE EMERGENCY ROOM

the experts tell us how they get their candidates out of hot water

★ ★ ★

by Ken Bode

What do you do when your candidate's opponent turns up an old arrest record? Or when an ex-wife calls a press conference to tell her side of the divorce? Or when a persistent reporter examines the candidate's resume and finds it, well, *inflated*? Or when the candidate himself is discovered between the sheets with a partner whose own last name does not match his?

What do you do? You call in the spin doctors. This well-paid crowd consists of the campaign maestros whose job it is to persuade reporters to interpret events in the best possible light for their candidate. After a presidential debate, for example, they will flock to the press room to influence the verdict that eventually turns up in the nation's morning papers—the first rough draft of *(continued overleaf)*

1950: In a Florida primary campaign destined to become a textbook case of dirty tricks, Democratic House member George Smathers challenges two-term incumbent Claude Pepper for their party's nomination to the U.S. Senate. Smathers' campaign primarily targets Pepper's unrestrained liberalism (detractors referred to the Senator as "Red Pepper") and the fears of uneducated voters. In one classic campaign speech in rural northern Florida, Smathers tells his audience that Pepper is a "shameless extrovert" who is known to have engaged in "nepotism" with his sister-in-law, "whose sister was once a thespian" in wicked New York City, and who has acknowledged to have "practiced celibacy" before his marriage. Pepper is defeated by almost 67,000 votes.

1960: Republican presidential candidate *(continued on page 169)*

At left, from top: Martin Van Buren was accused of overbathing, Henry Cloy of immorality, James Polk of branding slaves, Grover Cleveland of fathering an illegitimate son, Al Smith of tunneling to the Vatican, Upton Sinclair of having unsavory supporters. At right, from top: Claude Pepper's opponents cried "Extrovert," Richard Nixon was the victim of trickster Dick Tuck, Barry Goldwater was "nuts," Ed Muskie was moved to tears, Ronald Reagan peeked at Jimmy Carter's briefing book.

"BURY IT IN CRAP, PUT OUT A TOUGHER MESSAGE IF YOU CAN. COUNTERATTACK, AS VICIOUS A COUNTERATTACK AS NECESSARY."

★ ★ ★

history, as *Washington Post* editor Ben Bradlee called it. They are the highly respected, best connected and most persuasive salesmen each party has to offer, because their job is to convince reporters not to believe what they've just seen with their own eyes.

For example, this year in New Hampshire, Bill Clinton went on national television to deal with questions of marital infidelities (if it doesn't matter to Hillary, why should anyone else care?), marijuana (didn't inhale, doesn't count) and the draft (was available for induction for about one dangerous month before the lucky lottery number). Then, on primary night in New Hampshire, Clinton (who lost decisively to Paul Tsongas) took the microphone and declared on every network that he was the comeback kid of 1992. It was a breathtaking piece of spin-doctoring. Amazingly, the press added it up as evidence that, unlike Gary Hart (who ducked out on the lone charge of adultery) and Michael Dukakis (who developed a rope-a-dope style of taking punches and never punching back), Clinton could take a hit, get up off the canvas and hit back at opponents, the press and anyone within range.

ROBERT GIUSTI

How is it done? We asked some of the best spin doctors to share their secrets and some of their best stories and to define the basic rules of reaction when disaster strikes.

• Smoke-screen it. Every other diversionary tactic is a derivative of this. Raymond Strother, who was on Gary Hart's payroll when Donna Rice and the good ship Monkey Business turned Hart's front-running presidential campaign into a press feeding-frenzy, says you do anything to divert attention. "Bury it in crap, put out a tougher message if you can. Counterattack, as vicious a counterattack as necessary."

• Admit nothing, deny everything. Roger Stone, a Republican who has spun for Ronald Reagan and Jack Kemp, says you follow an old prep-school rule. "Demand proof," says Stone, "but be sure your opponent or the press doesn't actually have the goods. If you demand proof and they produce it, you're fucked."

• Attack the press. James Carville, the Cajun Rasputin reincarnate who spins for Bill Clinton, followed this maxim when Gennifer Flowers came forward with her audio-tapes of Clinton phone calls and sold them to the supermarket tabloid *Star*. Carville, who often prefers intimidation to persuasion, told every reporter within the sound of his voice that they were recycling garbage: "Trash for cash," he called it. Would they believe anything else published by such a rag?

It is a tactic followed by many spin doctors: Make the press seem sleazier than the politician. Gary Hart used it in the aftermath of the Donna Rice escapade. In a nationally televised speech to the American Society of Newspaper Editors, Hart warned that if politicians weren't afforded more privacy, the best candidates wouldn't be willing to run for office. Under the circumstances, reporters weren't buying that line.

• Blame your opponent. Ed Jesser, spin doctor for Jimmy Carter and Paul Tsongas, says, "Always attack the other campaign. Create a diversion, create the suspicion that your opponent is responsible for the story. Besides, you never know when you may be right. The reporter busting your balls may have gotten the story from the other guy."

That does happen. During the 1987 primary season, Joe Biden was crippled by an "attack video" that showed he had cribbed almost an entire speech from British Labour Party leader Neil Kinnock. Biden's spin doctors cried foul, claiming he was the victim of an opponent's ploy. And they were right—Michael Dukakis' campaign manager was the culprit. But the video was so damaging that Biden left the race anyway.

• Claim you were set up. If you happen to be rescued by the fire department while crawling out the back window of a burning gay-movie theater, as was one congressman, it is difficult to put any good spin on the story. On the other hand, a candidate for governor in Mississippi was accused of consorting with transvestite prostitutes, who posed for pictures on the front page of one of the state's largest newspapers. The candidate claimed setup, and the story seemed so preposterous that the voters believed him.

In this era of videocams and wiretaps, you never know when you really have been set up. Florida congressman Richard Kelly was caught by a Justice Department camera stuffing wads of bribe money into his pockets and inquiring whether they made bulges in his suit. Kelly put his own spin on the story. "I was conducting my own investigation," he insisted. No one, including the trial judge, bought his version of events, and the congressman became a guest of the federal government.

• Invoke the statute of limitations. This is a new line for the spin doctors, developed to deal with youthful brushes with drugs and long-past sexual liaisons. You argue that most people have some record of either or both in their histories and that the charge is not current enough to matter. In 1988 presidential candidates Bruce Babbitt and Al Gore, among others, dodged the damage of early marijuana smoking (which presumably included inhaling) by admitting it happened a long time ago. Bill and Hillary Clinton confessed to rocky periods in their marriage, a euphemism, presumably for something resembling infidelity.

A variation on this defense—a sort of divine statute of limitations—was used by Pat Robertson's spin doctors in 1987. When Robertson was *(continued on page 170)*

"Thank goodness you've come home, sir! I'm exhausted."

DIRECTOR'S CHOICE

A TRIBUTE TO JOAN SEVERANCE, AN AUTHENTIC SCREEN SIREN

text by ZALMAN KING

In the *Red Shoe Diaries* episode "Safe Sex," seen on Showtime, Joan Severance and Steven Bauer share a cab ride, follow with a little autoeroticism (above) and then decide on a hit-and-run love affair. No fair peeking.

THANK God for PLAYBOY! Here I am, doing a series on Showtime, a series that features some of the most sublime beauties on the planet, and the first publication to take notice is PLAYBOY. Figures. Having pioneered and legitimized erotic fantasy, PLAYBOY definitely blazed the trail—and I followed. *Red Shoe Diaries*, which I created with my wife, Patricia Louisianna Knop, is a series of travelogs from the wilder shores of romance—each week an excerpt from a different woman's erotic diary. Red for passion, red for danger, red for courage, and now, in PLAYBOY, read by millions—I'm in, dude! But let's talk about Joan Severance, the heroine of the *Red Shoe* episode called "Safe Sex" and the star of this pictorial. Joan has talent, beauty, courage, elegance and those extraordinary blue eyes, but what's really intriguing is the air of mystery about her. This is no corn-fed girl next door: This is an authentic screen siren. She puts you in mind of those screen goddesses of the golden age of Hollywood, a woman with the intelligence and strength of Bette Davis and Katharine Hepburn, plus the radiant sexuality of Ava Gardner and Rita Hayworth—women who couldn't be pushed around. I spend much of my time surrounded by beautiful actresses. A lot of them are willing to do nudity on screen, so mere beauty is not enough. The roles in *Red Shoe Diaries*, like those in the movies *9½ Weeks* (which I co-wrote with my wife and produced), *Siesta* (which she wrote and I produced), *Two Moon Junction* and *Wild Orchid* I and II (which we co-wrote and I directed), are demanding. They require honesty, talent and courage. I've always been a risk-taker, which is perhaps why I've chosen such actresses as Kim Basinger, Sherilyn Fenn, Ellen Barkin, Carré Otis and Nina Siemaszko, to name a few. Like Joan, they are women without fear. Women willing to commit themselves totally to their chosen roles. Women who have the courage to experiment, the courage to walk away from a bad relationship, the courage to be vulnerable, the courage to be alone. Joan is single, has been for a while, and that's by choice. Of course, she does get asked out. But "Do I go? No," she once told me. "Because usually I find out within one conversation that it's not going to work. I'd love it if the fairy tale came true, but it's hard for a man to see that an independent woman does need a man. 'Why?' he asks. 'You've got your house, you've got your car, you've got your dogs, a salary bigger than mine, your friends, you handle every situation impeccably—why on earth would you need me? Just for an occasional jump in the hay?' They don't understand that we need the emotional balance, the passion in our lives." What would she hope to find in such a man? "He should bring to a relationship good conversation, intelligence, his own security and a

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROBERT SCOTT

good sense of humor, and he should limit his baggage to what's already neatly packed, preferably not in ripped suitcases. Is that so much to ask?" For now, at least, Joan finds passion in her work. "Actually," she said, "I'd always wondered if my trauma-free childhood would hold me back from playing complex roles. I'm not bulimic, I'm not anorexic, my father didn't molest me or my mother or my brothers. It was a great relief to realize that, when called upon, I did have that fire inside."

That's what I'm interested in, that fire. My wife likes to describe our films as "emotional thrillers." We create characters that

are complex and flawed, because that's the way people are. There's a good deal of sexual turbulence in our movies, but Joan rightly understands our motivation: "Sometimes people need to be pushed to the edge in order to see the truth about themselves." Now making her second appearance in PLAYBOY—the first was in January 1990—Joan says she'd rather see "nudity with purpose than violence without purpose" (obviously a dig at Hollywood's love affair with bullets and body counts). Still, she knows that being the icon of the month is a fleeting glory, and she jokes about it. "From now on, I'm going to walk on

my hands: Gravity's the only thing that's forever." I was so impressed with Joan's work that I cast her in the next feature film I'm producing, *Lake Consequence*, due out in February. In one scene, Joan, co-star Billy Zane and newcomer May Karasun stage a nude threesome in a spa pool. Afterward, I asked her what she'd thought. "I'd never done a scene like that before, but in the right circumstances, I think I could—anyone could—get aroused." Joan keeps *her* fantasies private. "If I told people, I'm sure they'd lock me away," she says. "Whatever works, right? Start with a rose and who knows where you'll end up?"

GANG MEMBERS TALK ABOUT LIFE AND

VOICES FROM

DEATH ON THE MEAN STREETS OF L.A.

THE HOOD

IT'S HARD sometimes to comprehend that the netherworld of South Central Los Angeles is not lawless, no matter how many visions of blood-soaked streets and body bags show up on the evening news. Think of it instead as a place with different laws, where a cross look is punishable by death and a toddler may be shot in its mother's arms for wearing shoelaces that are the wrong color. But South Central was a city on fire long before the first building burned in April. To those who live in South Central—actually a combination of cities and communities, including Watts, Compton and South Los Angeles—this is the world of the Bloods and the Crips, the nation's two most notorious street gangs. The gangs started back in the late Sixties when a local resident, Raymond Washington, organized a bunch of kids at Watts's Fremont High School into what later became known as the Crips. As the Crips began to bully other kids, some began to organize. One such group, on Piru Street in Compton, adopted red railroad bandannas and became the Bloods. (The Crips use blue railroad scarves to hide their faces on missions.)

In the early Seventies the Crips split into different factions. Soon there was open warfare among several Crip sets—smaller gangs under the Crip umbrella—as well as between the Crips and the Bloods. These struggles have left South Central with thousands dead and the haunting image of innocent children killed in drive-by shootings. It is not unusual for relatives living just a few miles apart to go years without seeing one another, afraid of making the dangerous journey through

BY LÉON BING

WITH ADDITIONAL REPORTING

BY GREG SPRING

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

hostile gang jurisdictions.

Yet South Central can also be a place of love and kindness: a community where simple trust is highly regarded and disloyalty is harshly punished, where known killers drive elderly ladies to get groceries and where the same young man who teaches kids how to shoot an AK47 on the street might show them the way to shoot a jump shot in the park.

These conflicting passions came to a head in late April 1992, at the intersection of Florence and Normandie avenues, just hours after four white Los Angeles police officers were acquitted in the beating of Rodney King. (The officers are being retried on federal charges.) Although the fires burned from Long Beach to Hollywood, South Central was the hardest hit. Out of the ashes, however, emerged word of a truce among gang members. The unity movement was at work even before the riots—and so far the truce has remained intact. Not a single black-on-black gang killing has since taken place in Los Angeles.

To better understand the more than 20-year lethal feud between the Bloods and the Crips, as well as the subsequent truce, PLAYBOY asked Léon Bing (author of *Do or Die*, the definitive book on L.A. gangs) and journalist Greg Spring to visit South Central and talk with those who know the place best.

Bone and Li'l Monster personify the new peace. Interviewed together for this article, they are "OGs" (original gangsters—a term of great respect) and appear remarkably similar: Both are 27 years old, well-spoken and thoughtful, yet both have a glint of rage in their eyes. Although no longer active gang members, both admit that, given certain circumstances, they would consider a limited comeback. The only obvious difference between the two is the color of their baseball caps, and, of course, their gang affiliation. Bone is an Athens Park Blood, and Li'l Monster is an Eight-Tray Gangster Crip.

Monster Kody, like his younger brother, Li'l Monster, also an OG Eight-Tray Gangster Crip, was interviewed in California State Prison at Corcoran, where he is serving seven years for beating a crack dealer who would not leave his neighborhood. Previously, Kody had served seven years for shooting a rival gang member. A self-professed revolutionary, Kody has spent 12 of his 28 years behind bars.

Jim Galipeau, a deputy probation officer in Los Angeles County for more than 20 years, most of them with the Metropolitan Specialized Gang Unit, has been working with the Bloods and the Crips almost since their inception. With his shaved head and broad shoulders, he creates an imposing figure on the streets of South Central, where he keeps tabs on the 50 or so young men and women on his caseload. Galipeau has gained a reputation for fairness and loyalty on the streets.

The talk began with the images that so startled a nation.

KODY: I've known Rodney Kings all my life. I've seen Rodney Kings in the African community from the time I can remember. This is a blanket type of thing in the African community—whippings—and it's a throwback to slavery. If you run or put up any resistance, or if they just feel like it that particular day, you're gonna get whipped.

GALIPEAU: Basically, the King incident is part of the system. The police are no more violent than the people they're out there with. The cops are really ignorant of and insensitive to the social conditions the people are in. The people are insensitive to and ignorant of what the police have to go through. So you have armed camps on both sides.

KODY: The police actually function as gangs unto themselves in our community, riding down the street, looking at people. If you look back in a challenging manner, then you are dissin', and they will whip you. I've been in situations like that. It's a fear tactic.

LI'L MONSTER: When I went into my backyard [after the verdict was announced], I saw five pigs chasing one of my little homies—one of my little fifteen-year-old homies. They tackled him. One put his foot on his neck. Then they handcuffed him and threw him over the gate. By the time we saw this, we were already upset about the Rodney King verdict, and I think that escalated a lot of tension right there. A lot of people in the community started coming out of their houses, and a lot of homies started pulling up. A lot of pigs started pulling up. It escalated to a shouting match. The people who were voicing their opinion the loudest were the ones that they grabbed first. It was plain and simple that they were arresting these guys for no reason. It escalated to a point where sticks and bottles and rocks were being thrown. The LAPD went into a retreat mode. When they retreated, I think that gave the people a false sense of victory, to the point where we backed them up, at which point the next motorist was just as good as a pig.

GALIPEAU: The night the riots started, I pulled into the parking lot at Florence and Normandie and saw a couple of guys I recognized. They asked me if I had heard about the Rodney King verdict, and I said, "Yeah, ain't that a bitch." They said, "Well, we're going to be partying tonight." I said, "Man, you guys better be cool because 77th [police division] is gonna be coming down and kicking ass and taking names, so be careful." And they said, "Well, we're cool." Fifteen minutes later, I was listening to news radio, when all of a sudden I started hearing that there were problems at that intersection. And really, at the time I was there, there were no problems. One police unit with two cops in it could have cleared that up.

KODY: In respect to the rebellion in Los Angeles—and that's what it was, a rebellion—most of us, gang members and civilians alike, knew that such an outcome was imminent. We didn't, however, know when it would take place or what would actually trigger it. Nor could any of us have envisioned its depth and latitude. Although such an "end" was spoke of, thought of and wished for in our minds, none of us were actually prepared for this. It was totally spontaneous.

LI'L MONSTER: It was a rebellion. A rebellion is when you have a class of people stuck in a situation where they're not accepted by society. They're living below the poverty line, or somewhere near the poverty line, and they get mad about it. They rebel against the system. We rebelled against the verdict that was handed down in Simi Valley. They call it looting. I call it being able to get something that you couldn't normally afford. It's like when one Hispanic lady said that this was the first time in her life that she had been able to put shoes on all six of her kids' feet. It crossed all racial lines. It was a class struggle.

GALIPEAU: Initially what I was watching for was gang involvement, but I didn't see very much of that. The police had intercepted a communication in the early part of the riots that said the Crips and the Bloods were uniting under a white banner to take on the LAPD and the sheriffs. So I was watching to see if there really were white hats, headbands and arm bands showing up on the streets. I was driving up and down all the riot streets, and a few started to show up, so I stopped some of those guys and talked to them. They were talking about, "We're Bloods and Crips united." "Off the pigs." Blah blah blah. All that kind of shit. I went down to the projects and confronted some of the high-standing gang members, and they said, "That's bullshit. There ain't nobody wearing white. If they are, they're busters [cowards]." And it made sense. When I looked at the guys I did see wearing white, they weren't guys I recognized as gang members. They were guys who figured they were covering their bets, in case the Bloods

(continued on page 171)

"It's wonderful, Howard! Don't change a line of it."

WHAT IF THE JAPANESE BAIL OUT?

AFTER A DECADE OF BUYING UP EVERYTHING IN SIGHT, WHAT HAPPENS IF THEY DECIDE TO TAKE THEIR TOYS AND GO HOME?

ARE YOU running short of things to worry about? Never fear. If you're a good red-blooded American, you can always worry about Japan.

The most popular worry is that we'll wake up one day and discover that the Japanese own the entire United States, if not the world. But the sophisticated paranoiacs among us now worry that the continuing collapse of stock prices and land prices in Japan will set off a collapse in the U.S. because the Japanese will come knocking on our door to get back the money they put into this country and we won't be able to pay them. So much to worry about, so little time.

In fact, when the Japanese seemed to be buying the entire United States, they were actually doing what foreign buyers typically do all over the world: buying at excessive prices at the height of the market and getting fleeced unmercifully by the locals.

Even as U.S. pundits were measuring the Japanese for Superman capes, wily Occidentals such as California investor Marvin Davis, movie mogul Lew Wasserman of Universal Studios and the Rockefeller family were all picking Japanese *(continued on page 108)*

article by Allan Sloan

ILLUSTRATION BY GUY BILLOUT

Opposite page: James Bond would love Kyosho's one-tenth-scale radio-controlled Ferrari F40. Under its durable Lexan body is a nylon-glass composite chassis, an electric motor that can be upgraded for even faster speed and a front suspension with oil-filled shocks, $219 in kit form, not including a two-channel radio-control system, battery and battery charger. Available through Great Planes Model Distributors, Champaign, Illinois.

FOR CONTROL FREAKS ONLY

fast, high-flying and fun— some of the hottest new toys for big boys have more than remote possibilities

WHETHER YOUR fondest Walter Mitty fantasy is to blister down the straight at Monaco in a Formula I machine or pull a three-g roll in an F-16 fighter jet, there's a sophisticated radio-controlled toy to satisfy your wildest dreams. The latest racing cars, for example, come in many styles and sizes. One-quarter-scale models are the largest; some of the newest ones are three feet long and weigh as much as 20 pounds. NASCAR stockers and open-wheeled sprinters are hotter than Bobby Rahal's exhaust pipes right now. Many have tubular-steel frames, fully independent suspensions and working disc brakes—and a price tag that's surprisingly reasonable, about $800. One-tenth-scale cars are about half the size of the quarter-scale models (and less than half the price). Miniature all-terrain vehicles come equipped with tiny oil-filled shocks, and pint-sized race cars roll on diminutive Bridgestones. Both scales are powered by either small electric motors and rechargeable batteries or gas engines that sound and smell

Above: Kalt's 40"-long Enforcer helicopter comes almost ready to take off and soar at speeds up to 70 miles per hour over a one-mile range, as well as to hover, loop and fly inverted. Distributed by Horizon Hobby, Champaign, Illinois, through hobby shops, $1700, including a JR X-347 seven-channel radio/transmitter, alcohol-powered Webra engine and a Bell Longranger body. In kit form, prices for the Enforcer begin at about $400.

Below: The legendary 1930 24-foot Chris-Craft mahogany runabout rides the waves again in the form of a 36"-long one-eighth-scale version that's faithful to the original right down to its double-planked hull, bronze propeller and plywood interior, by Dumas Boats, Tucson, Arizona, $250, not including a radio-control system or power. (An electric motor will run about $30 and an optional 3.5cc gas inboard marine engine costs about $150.)

like the real McCoy. Are the cars fast? You bet. The current world record for a one-tenth-scale electric car is 75.92 miles per hour.

Radio-controlled airplanes are priced from $50 to $1200, with electric-powered Styrofoam gliders at the low end and complex, fully operational B-29 bombers at the other extreme. But to test your hand-eye coordination, try piloting a radio-controlled helicopter, such as the 40-inch-long Kalt Enforcer pictured in this feature, through loops, rolls, drops and even inverted hovering.

In most cases, these radio-controlled cars, aircraft, boats and motorcycles come in kit form. However, some companies do offer custom assembly. And if you have neither the time nor the patience to build the kit yourself (or the bucks to pay someone else—such as the specialists at your neighborhood hobby shop—to do it), almost-ready-to-run/fly models that simply require radio installation are available, too. Gentlemen, start your little engines.

Right: Just add batteries and this 16½"-long one-fifth-scale Kawasaki Ninja motorcycle with miniature rider is ready to tear down the tarmac at speeds upwards of 50 mph. The $235 price includes a removable antiroll training extension with skid wheel, special ribbed, soft rubber tires, a launch stand, a two-channel radio control with a range of 250 feet, a high-speed motor and a 60-day warranty, by Royal Products, Denver, Colorado.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

Kawasaki

BAIL OUT *(continued from page 102)*

"As a cynical New York real estate broker said, 'John D. would have been proud of the boys.'"

pockets by dumping assets on them at outrageous prices.

For instance, when the Rockefellers sold most of Rockefeller Group to a big Japanese land company, Mitsubishi Estate, it was treated in the news media as the decline of the West and the rise of the East. Far from it. As a cynical New York real estate broker—is there any other kind?—said, "John D. would have been proud of the boys." Indeed he would. John D. Rockefeller made at least a billion as an oil monopolist. His descendants made a little more much easier: by selling real estate to Japanese buyers at insane prices.

Flash back to those days, a bit less than three years ago. In December 1989 the Nikkei index, the Japanese equivalent of the Dow Jones industrial average, was closing in on 39,000. Commentators in the U.S. and Japan carried on about Mitsubishi Estate's purchase of a majority of Rockefeller Group, owner of Rockefeller Center's 12 original buildings.

(Mitsubishi Estate hadn't really bought a majority of Rockefeller Center, because Rockefeller Center Properties, a real estate investment trust owned by public shareholders, already held a mortgage on Rockefeller Center that it can convert into a 71.5 percent stake in the buildings on December 31, 2000. But why should facts get in the way of Americans' wanting a good cry?)

In hindsight, the sale was a brilliant piece of work by the Rockefellers, who now have sold 80 percent of Rockefeller Group to Mitsubishi Estate for $1.4 billion. For its money, Mitsubishi Estate got the equivalent of 44 percent of the McGraw-Hill Building in Rockefeller Center, 80 percent of Rockefeller Center's original buildings—which would be reduced in 2001 to 22.8 percent if the REIT converts its mortgage—64 percent of the Cushman & Wakefield commercial real estate firm, 72 percent of an office and industrial park in scenic Mount Olive, New Jersey, 80 percent of the Time & Life Building and 80 percent of a vacant lot behind the Exxon Building in Rockefeller Center. Big whoop. Mitsubishi Estate has been skinned alive.

The Rockefeller Center purchase—rather, the supposed Rockefeller Center purchase—came on the heels of Japanese investors' buying Columbia Pictures, big pieces of Los Angeles and Hawaii, every trophy property Donald Trump wasn't reckless enough to buy and God knows what else. Shortly after the Rockefeller Center deal, another Japanese firm, Matsushita Electric Industrial, bought MCA Corp., owner of Universal Studios. Japanese investors seemed poised to buy everything that wasn't nailed down, and many of the things that were.

Why am I telling you all this? To remind you that in this country we seem to go to extremes about Japan, and we're almost always wrong. We insist on seeing the Japanese as *Übermenschen* or *Untermenschen*, instead of as people who come from a society that's different from ours and has different rules.

It didn't take long for the Japan-will-own-us trend to play out, did it? Three years ago we were conceding the Japanese the world. Now the financially sophisticated among us are worried about the Japanese going under. And with good reason.

In case you've been asleep lately, the problem is that what the Japanese now dismissively call the bubble economy of the late Eighties has popped like a soap bubble.

Those wonderful things about Japan—low interest rates, soaring stock prices, ever-rising land values, companies' spending vast amounts of money to reequip factories without worrying about how those investments could earn enough profits to justify themselves—have vanished into the mist. They were all part of the bubble.

The bubble burst because the Bank of Japan, concerned that the Japanese economy was in dreamland—which it was—raised interest rates of two percent to three percent to world levels of about six percent. Say sayonara to the bubble, folks.

Since late 1989, when the Bank of Japan began pricking the bubble economy in earnest, the Japanese stock market has fallen more than 50 percent, wiping out $2.5 trillion to $3 trillion in stock valuations. To get a handle on that number, consider that the U.S. national debt is around $4 trillion. Unfortunately for Japan, some of the paper losses are real losses, because people and corporations borrowed against the increased value of their holdings to raise money to speculate with and now have no way to pay back the loans.

Even more ominously, Japanese real estate prices, which were insane—the value of the land in Japan, which is about the size of California, was more than the value of the land in the entire United States—have collapsed, too. It's hard to calculate exactly how much they have fallen, but it seems to be well over 50 percent in the superheated Tokyo and Osaka markets.

The problem with measuring land prices in Japan is that they're based not on actual purchases and sales, as they are in the U.S., but on government indexes of land values. Even though very little land actually changed hands, the indexes kept getting higher and higher. The Japanese stock market, bogus as it is by U.S. standards—much of what Japan calls normal practices we would call insider trading, price rigging and manipulation—at least has many trades taking place, rather than having prices determined by government bureaucrats.

These trillions of dollars of paper losses in Japan are supposed to set off a depression in the United States. Why? Because everyone knows that Japanese investors have enormous holdings in U.S. stocks, U.S. Treasury securities and U.S. real estate. And that the Japanese will show up one day to bail out of their U.S. investments to get money to take home.

Forget it. The fears of the Japanese owning the world were overblown, and so are the fears of the Japanese collapse trashing the U.S. and the rest of the world.

Such a scenario might have occurred if the Japanese stock market and land market had collapsed overnight. But since the downturn has been gradual—it has been going on for almost three years—there has been a fairly orderly liquidation of Japanese assets in other countries, rather than outright panic selling.

And anyway, there's no such thing as "the Japanese." There are Japanese corporations and Japanese individuals. But even though Japanese society is much less diverse than ours, the Japanese don't all act as a horde. The Japanese have rivalries and differences of opinion just like Americans (or just like subcultures of Jews or blacks or Hispanics). One reason so many Japanese investors made big, splashy deals in the U.S. was to one-up their competitors, not to be part of an Asian army.

Matsushita bought MCA and Universal Studios at least in part because archrival Sony Corp. had bought Columbia Pictures. (Matsushita and Sony are now having big problems because they overpaid for the studios they bought. That's showbiz for you.)

Mitsubishi Estate bought into Rockefeller Group and Rockefeller Center at least in part because its rival Mitsui

(continued on page 162)

"Mother Nature certainly can be cruel at times."

fiction by

PAT JORDAN

she was a tough chick and he'd been sure she wouldn't crack —then

BOBBY²

ILLUSTRATION BY ALAN REINGOLD

SHEILA DROVE. Bobby sat beside her, low in his seat, his knees propped against the dashboard. He smoked a cigarette and stared out the passenger window at the swampy marshland and the muddy canals running alongside Alligator Alley. He looked at his watch. They were 30 minutes from Immokalee. It was dusk. Hot and muggy. Already the mist was starting to form at the base of the palmetto palms and the cypress trees. By the time they reached Immokalee, everything would be shrouded in mist and darkness just the way Bobby had planned. A big semi, heading the other way, whooshed past them, almost blowing their little red Hyundai off the two-lane blacktop. Sheila struggled with the wheel, straightened the car and sped up again. She was a good driver, Bobby thought. He took a drag off his cigarette and fixed his eyes on the swamp speeding past them.

"Can you do it?" he said. Sheila said nothing. Bobby looked at her. "Can you?"

Sheila kept her eyes on the road. "I don't know."

"If you don't, I could go away for a long time."

"I *said*, I don't know." He hated that schoolteacher's tone when she was pissed at him. He let it slide.

Bobby looked back out the window and saw a gator slip into the muddy canal. A big mother, maybe 300 pounds. He took another drag on his cigarette and said, "Maybe you won't have to. He told me not to worry, in that shit-kicking drawl of his. 'Bobby, y'all know I'm a stand-up guy,' he said. 'I'll do my time like a man and I won't rat nobody out.'" Bobby laughed. "That was before he got ten years. I don't think that fuckin' redneck is that much of a stand-up guy."

Sheila said nothing. Bobby stubbed out his cigarette in the ashtray. "The piece is under your seat," he said. "When we get there, don't lock the car doors. If you can get at it, use it. If you can't. . . ." He didn't want to tell her the next thing, but he had to. "One other thing, baby," he said. She knew that tone in his voice. She glanced at him, then turned back to the road. "I told him you were a hooker."

"Nice," she said.

"I had to, baby. He wouldn't trust my old lady. This way he's only gonna be watchin' me, not you."

"So that's why you had me dress like this," she said, smiling. "To meet a fucking redneck in the swamp." She shook her head. She was wearing rose spandex pants, a low-cut white top and stripper's pumps. She was still a good-looking chick, even at 45, ten years older than Bobby. Her bleached-blonde hair was cut so short that it stood up on top like spring grass. The guys at the gym called her Spike, partly because of her spiky do and partly because the name fit her. She didn't mind sweating under heavy weights and she didn't complain. She was a strong, tough chick and a

lady, too. The guys respected that. So did Bobby. He respected her body even more, though. Lean and muscular and tanned, she had a body like those 14-year-old coon boys Bobby saw playing basketball at midnight in the park near their apartment. She had abs like them, too, all chiseled, because she could never have kids. Her breasts were small, but when she went to the beach in her G string bikini, there was no mistaking her for any coon boy.

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Bobby had met her three years ago. He was stripping at the Crazy Horse in Miami Beach when she came in with a group of women who looked a lot older than she did. They were all teachers at the high school where she taught theater arts. She hadn't needed the money, she'd just wanted something to do to keep from going crazy from boredom. Her husband had been a corporate lawyer at CenTrust until it went bust. He'd taken good care of her—the big mission-style house in the Gables, the Jaguar Sovereign, the membership at Regine's, the face-lift—but without the money, there was literally nothing to the marriage. So she divorced him. That's why her teacher friends had brought her to the Crazy Horse that night, to celebrate her divorce. The next morning, she'd been prepared to settle down in a little apartment on South Beach, teach her theater course, maybe act a little at the Grove, character roles now, Blanche instead of Stella, and become the middle-aged woman with graying brown hair, severe suit and gray panty hose that she resembled that night. The group sat at a table close to the stage where Bobby was dancing. The other women laughed and shrieked as he began to strip off his tuxedo jacket, then his shirt. She just studied him. She put her elbow on the table, propped her chin on her hand and fixed him with her eyes. Even when he was down to his G string, her expression didn't change. She wasn't fixed on his muscular body as were the other women. She was fixed on him, on some place inside of him, as if she were looking for something she hoped to find. Bobby leaped off the stage and began to dance around the room, which was filled with shrieking, whistling women. He sat on their laps, kissed them, let them tuck dollar bills into his G string, let them cop a feel if it wasn't too obvious. All the while his back was turned to her, he could feel her eyes fixed on him.

After he got dressed, he went over to her table. The other women were screaming at the new dancers onstage now. Bobby crouched like a football coach beside her chair. She looked down at him and, for the first time, smiled. "I was hoping you'd stop by," she said.

When he asked her what a lady like her was doing at the Crazy Horse, she laughed in a way that made Bobby feel stupid, as if he were one of her students. "Aren't you sweet?" she said and touched his face with her hand. "I thought so."

From the very first, Bobby had the feeling she knew things about him even he didn't know. He had always been with younger chicks, and it was starting to get boring. This older woman fascinated him. The mere fact that she was attracted to him fascinated him. It gave him weight. He asked again what she was doing here. She told him everything: the divorce, the husband who went broke. There would be no alimony, but she didn't care. She just wanted to change her life.

Bobby looked her in the eyes, not a little boy now but someone wise in ways she wasn't. "How much do you want to change your life?" he said. She knew what he meant.

"Listen," she said. "I'm forty-two. I've got no husband, no children. I've played by the rules all my life and this is what it's got me."

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He took her back to his apartment in Fort Lauderdale and changed both of their lives that night. She made love like a virgin, filled with wonder, or maybe just an older woman who'd never had much sex. But she liked it. She was willing to do anything. "Anything?" Bobby grinned, looking down at her.

"Anything," she said, "as long as it's with you."

Sex wasn't the only thing she came late to, and it wasn't the only thing she was willing to let Bobby teach her. He told her about his business on the side. "A few keys now and then for a redneck cowboy out in Immokalee," he said.

"Keys?"

Bobby laughed. "Kilos, baby. Two-point-two pounds of Peruvian flake." He had to spell it out for her. "Cocaine. I bring it in from Barranquilla, Colombia, baby. In suitcases. It's more dangerous that way. That's the kick." She didn't look shocked, only thoughtful. "I could use a partner," he said. "Someone I can trust."

She frowned, as if thinking of a way to get out of his apartment without making him angry. Then she said, "Why only a few keys? And why do we need your redneck friend?"

Bobby shook his head and laughed. "I'll be a son of a bitch!" he said. "A fuckin' schoolteacher."

Now she was smiling. "That way, you can stop dancing," she said. She pressed her palm against his smooth, hairless chest. "This body," she said. "It's mine. And nobody else's."

•

They had been together ever since. They made more than 20 trips to Barranquilla and had never been caught. She loved it, the danger of it. It made her feel young, she said, just like she felt in bed with Bobby. Man, she was good at it. Bobby could trust her never to crack. That was the thing.

A lot of guys talk about being stand-up, but they are only up to a point. Ten years can make a guy think twice about not ratting out a buddy. Like Brad. They got him on a money-laundering charge, transporting $600,000 to Barranquilla to pay for the merchandise Bobby and Sheila would bring back. Brad laughed, thought it was a pissant charge. "Two to three, I'll be out in thirteen months," he said. But he didn't laugh when they hit him with ten years on a federal charge, which meant he could serve eight. They were trying to squeeze him to give up Bobby. If he did, the charge would be reduced to two to three. Now Brad, out on bond, had only three choices. Do his time stand-up. Run. Or rat Bobby out.

Brad was a tough guy, but Bobby didn't trust him. Not like he trusted Sheila. She had balls like watermelons, and she could think on her feet, like a great actress. One time, Bobby was carrying four keys in his suitcase through Customs at the Miami airport. He didn't even bother to hide them in the lining of his luggage. There was too much of it. That was the point. The sheer stupidity of it excited them both. So much, in fact, that halfway between Barranquilla and Miami, Sheila grabbed his hand and led him back to the bathroom at the rear of the plane. She opened the door, right in front of the stewardess, pushed him in, followed him and locked the door. She pulled up her skirt, peeled off her panties, then hoisted herself onto the little metal sink. She raised her legs, spread them, planted one foot on the door and the other on the wall. "Come on," she said, her face flushed. "Do it." Bobby entered her just as the stewardess began pounding on the door.

"You can't do that on my plane," the stewardess hissed through the door. "It's disgusting!"

Sheila threw back her head and came almost immediately; then Bobby came. They were both panting. The stewardess was still pounding on the door. "It's disgusting!"

Sheila called through the door, "It's not disgusting. It's making love." Her term. She would do anything with

(continued on page 134)

"I'm so very pleased you're all coming around to my point of view."

If They Could See Her Now

miss november, a descendant of that adams family, has big plans

I HAD A TEACHER who once told me 'C plus B equals A.' Meaning: 'If you *conceive* and *believe*, you will *achieve*.'" Meet Stephanie Adams of Jersey City, New Jersey, superachiever—not to mention fashion model, artist, clothing designer and, of particular note this election month, a relative of the second and sixth presidents of the United States. "Yup, I'm blood-related to John and John Quincy Adams," Stephanie says with a shrug, quickly adding that her aunt Bootsy has the paperwork to back up the claim of presidential lineage. "Family lore has it that John had a couple of girlfriends and, well, you know. . . ." Then she breaks into a laugh. But the celebrated ancestry of the Adams family is just one aspect of Stephanie's already remarkable life. At 22, she's headed for the big time and shows no sign of slowing down. "There are so many things I want to do," says the part–West Indian, part-Irish, part-Cherokee, completely gorgeous model. "I want to be on the cover of every magazine—the female equivalent of Michael Jackson. This is where I belong." When Stephanie was small, her folks were always on the road—Dad is in public relations for Harrah's casinos—so she was raised by her aunts Pearl and Joyce, both former models, in Orange, New Jersey. It was the aunts who gave her the modeling bug. "Joyce was the Wella hair girl in the Sixties," says Stephanie. "I've posed in front of the camera since I was in diapers." Stephanie attended Catholic school from kindergarten through high school, dabbling mostly in art (the nuns actually put her sketches of nudes on display), clothing design (her fantasy label: *Einahpets*—or Stephanie spelled backward) and interior design. "When I was eight, my reading material was *House Beautiful*, *Architectural Digest* and *Vogue*. I decorated my

The direct descendant of a U.S. President, Stephanie (enjoying puppy love, above; consulting with Elite modeling agency chairman John Casablancas, top) will probably cast her ballot for Bill Clinton in November. "I like him," she says. "He's intelligent and he has charisma, both qualities important to leadership."

"Posing nude was fun," says Stephanie. "Most models hate lingerie and bathing-suit jobs, but I've always loved shawing my body. And PLAYBOY's photographers made my skin laok like café au lait." How will the nuns from Stephanie's Catholic school days react to her shots here? "I think they'll be happy. I'm very Catholic, but I see this as beauty. Besides, my nuns were cool."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

dollhouses and crocheted blankets for my dolls. I took it all very seriously." By the time she reached the tenth grade, Stephanie hit new heights—five foot eight, to be exact—and that's when she decided to become a model. "I was sixteen and I realized that I really could do it." Charm school was the first order of business. Stephanie took classes in everything from speech to make-up to behavior. That year, she booked her first gig, the video for George Benson's *Masquerade*. "I played the love interest of a Mafia guy who winds up getting killed," she recalls. Next, it was off to college at nearby Fairleigh Dickinson University, where Stephanie landed degrees in business management and marketing "so I could market myself as a model and manage the money I made." After graduation, the jobs began to roll in: a stint on *The Cosby Show* ("I danced at one of Theo Huxtable's parties"), a string of rap videos on MTV and ads for Sprite and Clairol. Her newfound success also brought her into contact with some of New York's rich and famous, including Donald Trump ("He approached me at a loft party and began with, 'You look

"Everyone has always told me I look just like a Barbie doll," says Stephanie (looking hotter than any Barbie we've ever seen, below, and cooling off, opposite). "You know: long legs, small waist, girlie face, wide eyes, wild hair—and the boobs, of course. Oh, yeah, and Barbie really loves shopping, too."

familiar . . .'"), Eddie Murphy ("My girlfriends and I met him at the China Club and we all went back to his house in Jersey. He was a perfect gentleman"), New York Mets outfielder Daryl Boston ("We've always been buddies") and Dolph Lundgren ("We met at Grace Jones's birthday party"). Last spring, Stephanie wandered into PLAYBOY's Chicago offices on a lingerie photo assignment. Our photographer took one look at her and whisked her off to meet Senior Photo Editor Michael Ann Sullivan. Within two weeks, John Adams' great-great-etc.-granddaughter became a Playmate. In other words, C plus B equals A—or, in this case, A-plus.

MISS NOVEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Stephanie Adams

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Stephanie Adams

BUST: 34C WAIST: 23½ HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'9" WEIGHT: 115

BIRTH DATE: 7/24/70 BIRTHPLACE: Orange, New Jersey

AMBITIONS: Elite Supermodel, successful actress, get my Master's in Business and travel more.

TURN-ONS: Italian style, strawberries and cream, big cats, fast cars, Nintendo, kisses, and music.

TURN-OFFS: People who lie, guys who like me just for my looks and not my personality.

PRINCE CHARMING: He's tall, good looking, successful, intelligent, and willing to do anything to make me happy.

ROLE MODELS: Vanessa Williams, Iman and my Aunt Pearl all show ideal beauty, strength, talent and wisdom.

HOBBIES: Painting, reading, creative writing, computer programming, modern dancing, tennis, skiing and traveling. I like to keep myself busy.

Look at what Santa gave me!

Striking a pose with my friend Mickey.

The beginning of my modeling career.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

So what's your rush?" one worker asked another.

"Gotta meet my wife for our anniversary dinner," came the reply.

"How many years is it?"

"Nine," the celebrant answered. "Eleven, if you count the windchill factor."

Why did the blonde stare at the glass of orange juice for two hours? Because the label on the container read CONCENTRATE.

What do you call a dead blonde in a closet? The 1986 hide-and-seek world champion.

Miss Parsons, the town spinster, called the sheriff at two A.M. to complain that two dogs were copulating on her front lawn. The sheriff suggested she throw cold water on them.

Ten minutes later, she called again to tell him that the water hadn't worked and that the dogs were still copulating. He told her to bang trash-can lids together near them.

Fifteen minutes later, she called yet again to complain that the noise had failed to work and that the dogs were copulating more vigorously than before. "Miss Parsons," the sheriff said slowly and deliberately, "why don't you tell the dogs that they're wanted on the telephone?"

"Will that stop them from copulating?" she asked.

"Well," he said, "it sure stopped me."

What's the difference between a male blond and a female blonde? The female has a higher sperm count.

Muldoon, proprietor of an Irish pub, was busy pouring for his noontime trade while trying to keep a swarm of flies away from his buffet table. When Callahan, the town drunk and moocher, wandered in, Muldoon turned a deaf ear to his plea for a free nip.

The resourceful sot noticed the fly infestation and tried to strike a bargain. "I'll kill all the flies for a short one," he offered. Muldoon agreed and slid a shot of whiskey across the bar. As soon as he downed it, Callahan rolled up his sleeves and headed for the door. "All right, Muldoon," he said, "send 'em out one at a time."

One businessman reported that this message was scrawled on the sanitary toilet-seat dispenser in a Houston hotel bathroom, apparently by a previous guest: FREE COWBOY HATS!

At an exclusive country club that enforces strict adherence to club rules, a regular saw a new golfer place his ball six inches in front of the tee markers. The regular rushed over and confronted the man. "Sir, I don't know whether you happen to be a guest or a member, but our rules are very strict about placing your tee at or behind the markers before driving the ball."

The new golfer looked the stickler right in the eye. "First, I am a guest, not a member, of this club," he said. "Second, I don't care about your rules. And third, this is my second shot."

How many grad students does it take to screw in a light bulb? Only one, but it takes him nine years.

A cardinal ran into the Pope's office and said, "Your Holiness, Jesus just rode into the Vatican on a donkey. What do we do?"

The pontiff looked up from his work and replied, "Look busy."

When his wife complained that he wasn't in the same league sexually with her friend's husband, Stuart insisted he, too, could perform five times a night.

He hustled her to the bedroom, where he managed twice in a row before taking a nap. He took another nap after the third, barely made it through the fourth, dozed off again before the fifth and then fell sound asleep.

When Stuart finally awoke, it was 11:30 A.M. He didn't make it to work until noon and was immediately confronted by his foreman. "I don't much care about your coming in late this morning," he said. "I just want to know where the hell you were on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"I forget. Am I your quarterback or their quarterback?"

THE DO-IT-YOURSELF

Instant Country Lyric Kit

how to get your achy breaky heart to beat in 4/4 time

YOU LEFT ME...

and I'm...

(pick one)

- taking soap and water to the back seat of my car,
- having a Wild Turkey sandwich, hold the bread,
- gonna chase Chastity till she ain't chaste no more,
- sending you a postcard from Death Valley: Wish you were here,
- flying out to Debbie, the gal who just did Dallas and Fort Worth,
- in a stote of confusion in a town named Splitsville (and I'm living on Civil Court),
- getting used to being abused by you,
- feelin' like a sheep in wolf's clothing without ewe,

but it really don't matter because...

(pick one)

- I got my bottle and I got my dog and we're all goin' out tonight,
- life's a two-lane blacktop and I'm a goosed-up pickup Ford,
- you've been recycled—you're such a slut—you've got NO DEPOSIT stamped on your butt,
- you called me donkey face for the last time and now I'm hauling ass,
- my love's biodegradable (it gets more degrading every day),
- while you were dancing with the wolves, I was playing with the beavers,
- I'm a two-timing guy who just met some triplets,

and you'll...

(pick one)

- know I'm not a pig when you're makin' bacon without me,
- find my love among the leftovers in the icebox of your heart,
- go on saving whales and redwoods, too, while I try to save me from the memory of you,
- realize you can't get me out of your head (and you can't get me out of your pants),
- find that hell is all your old flames burning brightly in one place,
- find my Dewar's profile down on the post-office wall,
- regret taking the Bronco and going to Rodeo Drive,

(pick one)

angel, honky-tonk woman, baby,

because...

(pick two, alternate freely)

- I don't like it when my girlfriend has a boyfriend,
- my life's an empty book without your name on every page,
- there's life after the death of love, at least below the waist,
- my heart is broken badly but my liver's holding the line,
- you got the Midas touch: You made a muffler out of me,

because...

(pick one, growl)

- your in-laws are outlaws but your own kin don't sin,
- heartache isn't something that a doctor can cure,
- the only way I'd miss you is with a .45,
- the safest sex I ever knew is the sex we never had,
- we ain't Roy and Dale and this ain't no Happy Trail,

and/but I'll...

(pick one and weep)

- rise from my ashes like the fabled phoenix does.
- never be able to give my heart to science now that it's broke.
- sure enjoy that Moosehead (though the antlers poke my thighs).
- this is the end I want—it sure looks good in shorts.

and/but...

(pick one, return to top)

- my new girl's husband bought the farm and now she's buying rounds.
- I guess the baby-sitter's my baby now.
- I'll bury you not on the lone prairie but near the new mall in Kankakee.
- I'll give free love a try because it sounds like a good buy.

humor by LARRY TRITTEN

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID WILCOX

Gene Autry

1993
THE ELECTRIFYING NEWS

WE HAVE SEEN AND HEARD THE FUTURE AND IT IS AWESOME

By IVAN BERGER

IT'S ALL coming together. Instead of a mishmash of electronic gear that operates independently, the market now features audio-video home theaters, multimedia computers and games that play CDs. Within that unity you'll find a Santa's bag of brand-new goodies: digital sound recorders for the home; car radios that tell you what song a station is broadcasting; home-theater systems that fit normal rooms and budgets; laser disc players that make you a singing star; camcorders that shoot wide-screen pictures, in readiness for next year's wide-screen TVs; and computers that adapt to humans rather than the other way around. Of all these interesting new developments, the most revolutionary is the handheld Newton personal digital assistant by Apple Computer. An electronic organizer unlike any other, Newton requires little, if any, knowledge of personal computing. Why? Because it has no keypad. Instead, you use a penlike stylus to write commands on the screen as if it were a notepad. Newton takes care of the rest. It will straighten out your sketches, read your writing and even make sense of it. If you write, "lunch Tuesday with Jim," for example, it will check its calendar to see when the next Tuesday is, check your address file to see which Jims you know, create a diary entry for the date and then show that entry to you for confirmation. It will even remind you of your appointment that Tuesday morning and fax a reminder to Jim. If you meet another Newton owner, you'll be able to swap "business cards" by infrared beam, with each Newton adding the new information to its address file. What's more, Newton can search electronic data bases for articles you'd like to read, remind you of anniversaries and other important dates and even balance your checkbook. According to Michael Mellin, publisher of Random House Reference and Electronic Publishing, "Newton is as important a development for the publishing industry as the paperback book was after the Second World War. With Newton, users can carry information with them anywhere, work with it interactively and integrate it into their lives much more effectively than before." With an expected price tag of about $700, Newton will be hitting the stores early in 1993. Also a hot topic, recordable digital audio now comes in four formats. Digital audio tape was introduced to consumers two years ago but has remained primarily a professional medium. Recordable CD players from companies such as Marantz, Denon, Home Theater Products and Philips cost $7000 and up (starting at $40 per blank disc) and are unlikely to become mainstream any time soon. That leaves two new systems from Philips and Sony, the companies that also launched the compact disc. Philips' entry, the digital compact cassette, is a tape format that's about the same size as a regular analog cassette. In fact, DCC machines *(continued on page 154)*

Singing is believing: Pioneer's new Laser Karaoke CLD-V820 (above) can play both sides of a laser disc automatically and incorporates digital sound processing, which simulates the acoustics of three environments (concert hall, night club and outdoor arena) for that real-life-performance thrill, about $1050.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

Below: An ideal digital farmat for people an the ga, Sony's new recardable minidisc is a palm-sized CD encased in a scratch-proof shell. Each minidisc holds up ta 74 minutes af music and can be rerecorded an up to 1,000,000 times withaut deteriora-tion. Shown here is Sony's partable mini-disc player-recorder, featuring a memary system that will prevent skipping—even during rigarous exercise—$500 to $800.

Above right: RCA's 8mm PRO870 cam-carder may be small (it weighs less than twa paunds) but it's packed with big-time features. In addition ta a 64:1 digital zaam, infrared autafacus lens and full-functian wireless remate control, the PRO870 features a 16-to-9 recarding mode (for playback on wide-screen TVs) and a quick recard-review functian, which lets users preview the last recorded scene without lasing the tape positian, abaut $1000. Right: One company that devel-aped the compact disc, Philips Consumer Electronics, is responsible far anather new recordable digital farmat called the digital compact cassette. DCC home decks, such as this Technics RS-DC10 DCC, play both the new digital tapes as well as the original analag ones. They alsa feature an auto-reverse functian (so you don't have ta flip the tapes) and a 12-character display that names either the albam, the song ar the artist that is playing. The price: between $700 and $1200, depending on the make.

Left: In addition to offering VHS hi-fi sound, an automatic head cleaner and high-speed fast-forward/rewind functions, Toshiba's M-658 four-head VHS VCR features built-in VCR Plus+ programming. With VCR Plus+, you can set the M-658 to record by simply entering program codes (found in listings such as *TV Guide's*) into the system's remote control, $530. Below right: One of the first car stereos to integrate a radio, compact disc changer/controller and cellular phone into a single system, Clarion's CAL-1000 also features voice activation and a cellular phone handset that doubles as a remote control, about $2200. Opposite page: The Onkyo Integra TX-SV909PRO Surround Sound A/V Receiver combines Dolby Pro Logic and Ambisonics Surround Sound with a digital sound processor that can transform your home-theater room into eight distinct listening environments. Also features front channels that can be used to power a pair of stereo speakers in a second room, about $1800.

Above: Available early in 1993, Philips' 34-inch, 16-to-9 IDTV receiver features a wide-screen picture with the same aspect ratio as a movie-theater screen, plus built-in Dolby Pro Logic Surround Sound and picture-in-picture. Its expand function allows you to adjust letterboxed movies to fill the screen, and it has circuitry that can be upgraded to high-definition television when it becomes available, about $6000.

MULTIPLE SOURCE REMOTE SYSTEM
MASTER VOLUME
16
18
20
22
24
26
28
30
32
34
36
38
40
VIDEO 4
VIDEO 5
VIDEO 6
TAPE 1
TAPE 2 MONITOR
FM
AM
PHONO
CD
PUSH OPEN
DIGITAL SOUNDFIELD PROCESSOR
7CH AMPLIFIER WITH DISCRETE OUTPUT STAGE
PARAMETER SELECTOR
S-VIDEO
VIDEO
L AUDIO R (MONO)
VIDEO 4
PARAMETER CONTROLLER

BOBBY²

(continued from page 112)

"'Don'chall worry,' Brad said. 'Dogs won't attack unless I tell 'em. Corky there don't need an excuse.'"

Bobby so long as he didn't call it screwing or a piece of ass. "That's what you did with the whores you knew before me," she said.

When they got off the plane, Sheila gave the stewardess a big smile, then went ahead of Bobby through Customs. Bobby waited behind the green line while the agent questioned Sheila. He went to open her suitcase. She grabbed it away from him. "What the fuck do you think you're doing?" she said.

That's all the Customs guy needed. He looked over at two DEA agents leaning against the wall, and they began walking toward Sheila.

"I have to inspect your luggage," one agent said.

"Fuck, you do!" Sheila said. She jerked a thumb toward Bobby. "Go check that asshole's luggage, not mine."

The two agents were on either side of her now. Each took a firm grip of an elbow. One leaned close to her ear and whispered, "Don't make a fuss, lady, or we'll have to cuff you."

Sheila, clutching the bag that had nothing in it but her clothes, let them lead her toward a door at the other end of the big room. Bobby heard one of the agents say, "Is that guy with you, lady?"

"Which guy?" she said.

He jerked his head toward Bobby. "That guy."

"Fuck him!" she said.

When Bobby got to the Customs agent with his suitcases, the agent was following Sheila with his eyes, until she disappeared with the two agents through the door. When he looked back to Bobby, he had that blank, suspicious stare of a bureaucrat. He checked Bobby out. A big, tanned, muscular guy with long blond hair tied back tight in a ponytail. Aqua Hawaiian shirt dotted with pink flamingos. Western jeans. Ostrich-skin pointy-toed boots. Bobby could have passed for an Immokalee cowboy—with his narrow eyes, high cheekbones and angular features—if his jeans and shirt hadn't been so neatly pressed. He might even have passed for a Seminole if not for his blond hair. But the pressed jeans and shirt were the giveaway as far as the Customs agent was concerned. Just another Lauderdale personal-injury lawyer dressing up like a smuggler.

The agent looked at Bobby's passport. "Mr. Roberts?" he said. "Robert Roberts?"

Bobby laughed. "Hell of a name, ain't it? My buddies just call me Bobby Squared." The agent didn't get it. Bobby forced himself to keep smiling until the agent looked at him again. Bobby looked toward the door where the agents had taken Sheila. She was probably being strip-searched by now. "That was some crazy lady," Bobby said.

Finally, the agent smiled. "We get all kinds," he said. He handed Bobby back his passport. "Do you have anything to declare, Mr. Roberts?"

"Not this trip."

The agent waved him through.

Bobby smiled at the swamp flashing by the car window. He looked at Sheila with admiration. She did have balls. She wasn't even pissed when the agents finally did release her. Bobby was waiting by the car in the lot when she came running toward him with a big smile on her face. "You're all right!" she said, throwing her arms around his neck. "Oh, baby, I was so worried for you!" Worried about me? Bobby thought. Jesus, if anyone can do it, she can.

•

"Turn here, baby!" he said.

Sheila jerked the wheel to her right without putting on the brakes. The tires squealed and the car almost tipped over as it swerved onto an even narrower, bumpier two-lane blacktop heading north.

"Christ, Sheila! You trying to kill us before we even get there?"

The canal was a lot narrower now, nothing more than a muddy stream, and the swamp was closer to the car. Bobby saw a dead cow being eaten by a flock of buzzards. "Nature's food chain," he said out loud.

"What?"

"Nothing, baby." They passed some Seminole burial mounds in the distance and then came into the small ramshackle reservation. "Slow down," Bobby said. "We don't want to get stopped by Seminole cops. They can be mean sons of bitches when they get a white person on the reservation." Bobby knew a lot about mean Indian cops. They had hassled him plenty when he was Robert Redfeather back in Cherokee, North Carolina. Before he'd dyed his hair blond, changed his name, gotten rid of his fucking redneck drawl and split for Fort Lauderdale, where everyone was brown.

Bobby saw some moon-faced kids with that shiny black hair he used to have playing on the front lawns of government-issue redbrick houses. There was a rusted Chevy Super Sport propped on cinder blocks in a front yard. A redbrick church. A few more houses. An airplane hangar converted to a bingo parlor. The white man's gift of Indian welfare. Then a rotting wood building with a faded hand-painted sign: AUTHENTIC SEMINOLE SOUVENIRS, and then nothing again but swamp. He was glad to get out of there. It reminded him of his own days on the reservation. Walking to school while the tourists slowed their cars and pointed out the window at the cute little Indian boys and girls, their mothers "squaws" and their fathers "chiefs." His father used to dress up in those cheap headfeathers, not even the ancestral ones, and stand in the hot sun all day, drinking Dickel from a paper bag, swaying and sweating in the heat in front of a phony tepee that sold AUTHENTIC CHEROKEE SOUVENIRS. They were probably made by the same fucking Koreans who made Seminole souvenirs, Bobby thought. But that was all behind him now. So far behind that he had never told Sheila. It was the only thing he kept from her. In bed one night she had asked why he dyed his hair. For the ladies at the Crazy Horse, he'd said. She had rubbed the flat of her palm over his smooth chest and said, "I never knew a man with black hair could be so hairless."

•

Brad was waiting for them in his open-air Jeep at the gate to the ranch. He signaled them in the darkness with blinking headlights. They followed him down a rutted dirt road past some cattle, then a cluster of buildings: a farmhouse, a trailer, a few barns and, farther back in the woods, a cabin. Brad's Porsche 928 was parked in front of the cabin. Brad stopped and got out. They parked behind him. "Don't forget," Bobby said, "the piece is under your seat." They got out, and from nowhere a pack of mangy dogs, trailed by a cloud of fleas, descended on them. Sheila grabbed Bobby's arm tight while the dogs stood a few feet from them, barking. They had old-looking red-rimmed eyes and tiny dark scars on their coats. Junkyard dogs put together with spare parts.

Brad was laughing. "Don'chall worry," he said. "They won't attack unless I tell 'em. Now Corky there, she don't even need an excuse." He pointed to a suspicious-looking white dog with hundreds of scars on her body and face.

(continued on page 158)

"I thought they'd never leave."

good intentions

AN ELECTION CAMPAIGN CAN BE TRULY FIENDISH. IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT, JUST ASK THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS

fiction **BY JOHN VARLEY**

JOSEPH HARDY sat in the ruins of his congressional campaign early in the morning of the first Wednesday in November and wondered if there was anything more humiliating than having tens of thousands of people reject you and all you stood for.

Almost a year of kissing babies, eating rubber chicken and guzzling untold carloads of Maalox, ten thousand doors knocked on, a hundred thousand hands shaken, a marriage in trouble, and it had all come to this: a man alone in a big empty hall littered with squashed cigarette butts, red-white-and-blue bunting drooping to the floor. VOTE FOR HARDY signs nailed to wooden laths lay stacked like Confederate rifles at Appomattox. In one corner two bottles of cheap California champagne sat unopened in galvanized tubs full of melting ice.

Onto this stage of dashed hopes, as he had so many times before, strode the Devil. Hardy knew at once that this was Satan, though he looked not at all remarkable and though the only commotion created by his appearance was among a caucus of exhausted balloons that squabbled briefly along the floor in his wake.

Satan stopped a few feet from where Hardy sat, regarded him silently for a time and then nodded slowly.

"Well, Joe," he said quietly. "What do you say?"

"You've got to be kidding."

The Devil simply shook his head and waited.

"I never wanted this job in the first place. They talked me into it. They said Haggerty was getting too old. It didn't matter if he carried this district with seventy percent two years ago. 'We need a young face, that's what we need, Joe, a young face.'"

That face smiled at the Devil and Joseph Hardy from a hundred campaign posters taped to the walls. It was a good-looking face, stopping short of Kennedyesque. There was intelligence in it, mercifully not quite Stevensonian. Hardy wore horn-rimmed glasses befitting a college economics professor, which is what he was. He had good teeth.

"You can't lie to me, Joe," Satan said. "Yesterday you wanted it. We all saw your face when the early returns put you ahead. You wanted it more than you've ever wanted anything."

Hardy put his face into his hands and rubbed it for a long time. Then he looked up, exhausted.

"Talk to me," he said.

•

The sun was coming up when they reached the final terms.

"I won't compromise any of my ideas," *(continued on page 180)*

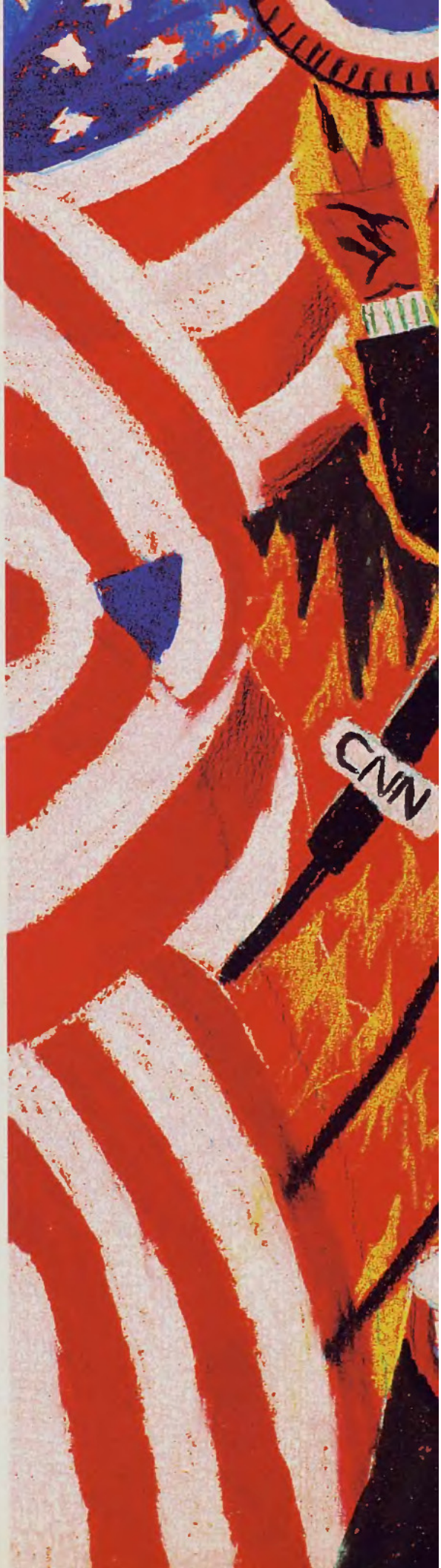


ILLUSTRATION BY TONY FITZPATRICK

C-SPAN
abc

PATRICK STEWART

So how does a 25-year veteran of Britain's Royal Shakespeare Company end up in command of the 24th Century's most advanced Federation starship? For Patrick Stewart, the intermediate steps included such BBC productions as "Smiley's People" and "I, Claudius"—in which he donned a curly hairpiece to play the ambitious outlander Sejanus—and the films "Dune" and "Excalibur." But none of those gave Stewart the lead, and when he auditioned for "Star Trek: The Next Generation," he thought it was to play some "token Englishman" on the bridge of the U.S.S. Enterprise. Today, as the series successfully sails into its sixth season, it's difficult to see him as anything other than Jean-Luc Picard—the stern superman of a captain who reads classic English literature, speaks fluent Klingon and enjoys recreational fantasies as a Forties detective on the holodeck (the ship's computer-controlled rumpus room). And the series in turn has opened new doors for the 52-year-old Shakespearean: last season's critically revered one-man adaptation of "A Christmas Carol" on Broadway, plenty of commercial work (making his voice more recognizable than his face to non-trekkies) and a role in the hilarious coffee-ordering scene from Steve Martin's "L.A. Story." Neil Tesser, who met Stewart on one of his rare days away from the "Star Trek" set, reports: "Stewart shares some qualities with Picard: He's very focused, rather passionate and given to occasional speechifying. But he's also gregarious, a delightful storyteller and pleased to laugh at himself. In fact, he seems just pleased, period."

the joys of intergalactic dating, the challenges of a classically trained actor gone hollywood—*star trek*'s jean-luc picard baldly goes where no man has gone before

1.

PLAYBOY: If you didn't have to go through channels, whom would you fire from the starship Enterprise?

STEWART: I would fire Commander Riker because he perpetually reminds Captain Picard of his mortality, certainly as far as sexual matters are concerned. I would fire Commander Data because he doesn't seem to understand the meaning of the word concise. I would fire Geordi LaForge because his technical terminology invariably goes right over the captain's head and, therefore, I have to take recourse in simply saying "Make it so" when it's perfectly clear that the captain hasn't understood a word. I'd fire Lieutenant Worf simply for being Lieutenant Worf. I'd fire Dr. Crusher because she has a look that is capable of suggesting not just two things but a dozen things—most of which the captain feels inadequate to cope with. And I would certainly fire Counselor Troi because her costume reminds me of how unattractive I feel mine is.

2.

PLAYBOY: *Star Trek* conventions are infamous for their unalloyed adulation. Can you bring yourself to appear at more than one or two a year?

STEWART: I do about six a year now. I enjoy them. It gets me back on the stage. It's like doing stand-up in front of the most adoring audience one could ever wish for. I get to be Sting and Bob Hope and Billy Connolly all rolled into one just for an hour, and it's a great workout. It also takes me out of Los Angeles, a place where I wouldn't choose to live.

3.

PLAYBOY: What is it that keeps the trekkies so wildly enthusiastic—even obsessive—about this program?

STEWART: People have written academic theses on this subject, and you want a short answer. There is a mystery at the heart of *Star Trek* that touches people. It's composed of elements like hope, optimism, companionship, comradeship and courtesy, legitimacy and boldness. It lies in this assurance, which can only be a theoretical assurance, that we're going to survive—that some of us will make it. I've never forgotten what Whoopi Goldberg said the first year she appeared on the show. The reason she gave for inviting herself—a movie star—onto a syndicated TV series was that as a child in New York she watched the original *Star Trek*. And there she would see a black woman in an authority position on the ship, and she said to herself, "Well, one of us made it." I think many people watch our show and say, even though it may be subliminal, "Some of us made it."

4.

PLAYBOY: What role do you covet more than any other, and why?

STEWART: Falstaff. For me, everything universal in Shakespeare is contained in that character. He is simultaneously funny, unspeakable and tragic. He is the ultimate creation of Shakespeare—a monstrous, selfish, wicked, devilishly comic, damned, sad man—and I've always been very moved by him. If I were at least twenty years younger, I would say Hamlet. I never wanted to play Hamlet when I was the right age. Now I do and it's too late, so I will direct the play instead.

5.

PLAYBOY: In the grand tradition of Yul Brynner, Telly Savalas and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, you seem to have made hairlessness sexy for a new generation. Was this deliberate?

STEWART: This is the last time that I will ever discuss my hair—ever, at any time, with any journalist. I can never understand it. What if I were to say to you, "You have an extraordinarily hooked and pointed nose that looks as though somebody got hold of the end of it and dragged it downward; what are your feelings about that?" You see, I was brought up to believe you do not make personal comments about someone's appearance. It's bad manners. And yet, with baldness it's open season—always. If I had a huge wart, you wouldn't refer to it. You might keep looking at it, but you wouldn't refer to it. I lost almost all of my hair between the ages of nineteen and twenty. It was absolutely traumatic. I did a number of things to try to prevent it and then, when I saw it was unpreventable, to hide it. But now I have actually been cutting my hair closer and closer. And I think that is the product of beginning to feel now, in my fifties, that it's all right—that I don't have to duck my head.

6.

PLAYBOY: On the Enterprise, sexism would seem to have been eliminated. What's your personal stand?

STEWART: If something demeans women, it demeans me. One of the areas of our show about which I still feel much

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GWENDOLEN CATES

discomfort is its treatment of women. Our series clearly indicates that the glass ceiling has been shattered: We see women occupying the most senior positions of command. But the stereotyping of female behavior in our series, and the male attitude toward females, still remains trapped where it was thirty years ago. I think it stinks.

7.

PLAYBOY: You were not a trekkie when *The Next Generation* was taking shape. What sold you—with your background in classical theater—on enlisting?

STEWART: I'm told that when Marlon Brando arrived in Hollywood and a journalist asked him why he had abandoned the New York stage for the glamour of Hollywood, he said, "Because I didn't have the moral fiber to resist." There's a large element of that in me, too. But what made the decision for me—and the cynical among your readers will at this point curl their lips and scoff—was that it smacked so much of sheer outrageous adventure that I couldn't resist it. Every aspect of it—working in Hollywood, being in a TV series, being in a science-fiction series, trying to revive something that had been successful before—was irresistible. I knew if I said no, I would never know if I might have been able to pull it off. Also, I've played a lot of leaders, and I like it. I'm fascinated by power and the use and misuse of power.

8.

PLAYBOY: You've done some riding in your time, even in one or two *Star Trek* episodes. What is essential to ensure male comfort while riding a horse?

STEWART: I've never quite made up my mind whether what's best for riding is the tightest pair of jeans or the loosest, sloppiest pair of jodhpurs. Or maybe a little minor surgery.

9.

PLAYBOY: You've worked in large ensembles with the Royal Shakespeare Company. Did any of those experiences prepare you for the challenge of presenting a one-man version of *A Christmas Carol*?

STEWART: *A Christmas Carol* presents a whole different set of problems. One of the reasons I became an actor was that I was permitted, in an approved context, to indulge my fantasies, to enter into a world of make-believe—and whatever world I entered was a damn sight more pleasant than the world I was living in. In *A Christmas Carol*, I found a format where my imagination could be indulged to the ultimate. There are no boundaries to this make-believe world. When I say, "And in that moment all vanished, the ruddy glow, the fire, the night, and Scrooge found himself on an open country lane on Christmas morning with clean white snow all around"—*boom*. It's like a cut in a movie. What pleased me about *A Christmas Carol* was finding that this imaginative world that Dickens created can have the same impact on twelve hundred people in a New York theater. When I was preparing the show, somebody asked, "How do you think your show can compete with *The Phantom of the Opera*?" My show has no huge effects, no massive chorus, no huge costume changes. It has nothing at all. And listening to Dickens is *hard*. But the big production numbers of my show lie in the language—in the breathtaking, heart-stopping, dazzling kaleidoscope of words that pour out. And I feel their effect on an audience. You can hear them gasp at hearing language.

10.

PLAYBOY: What was it about your childhood that made the make-believe world of theater so compelling?

STEWART: I was brought up in a very poor and very violent household. I spent much of my childhood being afraid. And therefore the world of the amphitheater gave me a legitimate excuse to go out at night: I could say, "I'm going to rehearsal" when they asked where I was going. It cauterized the fear and the hurt and the pain. Being able to go somewhere else and say "What if?" or "Once upon a time" was comforting.

11.

PLAYBOY: You regularly work ten- and twelve-hour days on *Star Trek*. How do you keep things loose on the set?

STEWART: At the end of a scene that has gone particularly well, I'll say, "Grown-up men doing make-believe in silly costumes," which is how it often seems. We have come to write alternative versions of almost every scene that we do. My favorite one is that Captain Picard is an unequivocal, mouth-foaming, ass-paralyzing coward who at the slightest mention of any trouble will leap into Number One's arms and howl that he doesn't want to die, please, he doesn't want to die.

12.

PLAYBOY: The BBC features a famous program called *Desert Island Discs*, in which people are asked what recordings they would take to a desert island. Which five would you choose, and why?

STEWART: Elgar's cello concerto, with Jacqueline Du Pré, and Sir John Barbirolli conducting. It's a wonderful illustration of how the supposedly cold-blooded English can be deeply passionate and emotional. Benjamin Britten's *Serenade for Tenor, Horn and Strings*, with Sir Peter Pears singing—not anybody else—because it's quintessential English music. Britten's choice of poems for this setting is very evocative of an English landscape that I miss. The entire original New York cast album of *Sweeney Todd*, because it's one of the most outstanding pieces of musical theater of all time. The performances of Len Cariou and Angela Lansbury are a great inspiration to me as an actor. I would settle for several, if not all, of the Mozart piano concertos, which were my introduction to Mozart—and among my earliest introductions to music. I still find something new in them. And the album by Brent Spiner [*Star Trek*'s Commander Data], *Old Yellow Eyes Is Back*, because it would remind me of one of the best nights of my life, when several of us from the cast laid down backup vocals for one tune.

13.

PLAYBOY: Your predecessor in the role of a starship commander, William Shatner, has suffered from what may be called Kirkization—he'll always be primarily identified as the character he played. What are your rules for avoiding this condition?

STEWART: From the beginning I have refused to appear outside the set in my costume. I have refused to use any jargon from *Star Trek* on any kind of commercials or voice-overs—and you wouldn't believe how many times the phrases "Make it so" or "Engage" have appeared in commercial scripts that I've done. My work on *Star Trek* is a self-contained thing. Beyond that, I have no responsibility to it whatsoever. I went into *Star Trek* very aware of its albatross nature. That was why, by the start of *Star Trek*'s second season, I began to adapt *A Christmas Carol*. I knew I had to find some means of waving a white flag and saying to the world, "Hey, I do something else as well." Since then, there have been other projects; it's how I've kept my creative juices alive. And I promised myself early on that I would try to find one new thing in every episode, whether it was a way of saying a line, a physical gesture, a look—something that would cause the audience to say, "Oops, we've never seen that before."

14.

PLAYBOY: Most actors hold a variety of jobs before and between career moves. What was the most interesting for you?

(continued on page 179)

"Come to bed with me—I'll make you a star and then you can go to bed with Kevin Costner."

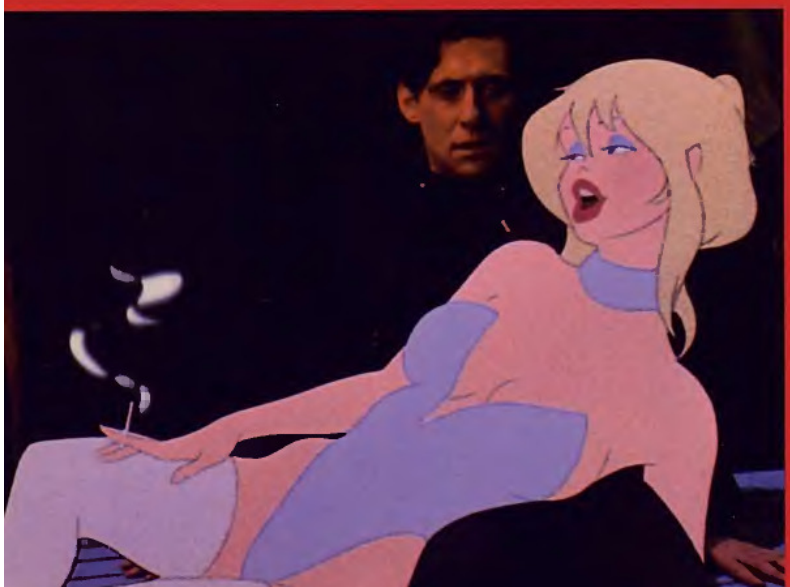
SEX IN CINEMA 1992

in a lukewarm erotic climate, hollywood turns up the heat

text by BRUCE WILLIAMSON The notorious 40-odd seconds trimmed from *Basic Instinct* for audiences here in the U.S. somehow sum up the status of cinematic sex during 1992: a resurgence of hot stuff that wound up being cooled down. In a way, it was a banner year for sexuality on the screen, even though the banners sometimes seemed to be flying at half-mast. In a generally repressive social climate—partly traceable to the fear of AIDS and to feminist hysteria about sex as naked aggression—the message of moviedom soon took shape: If you can't *do* it, let your filmed fantasies dwell on it. Monogamy and commitment may well be the mood of the time. But try to peddle abstinence, fidelity or moral rectitude in a film and you'll be D.O.A. at the box office nine times out of ten. The pros remain aware that a film maker can harvest plenty of green from the field of dreams by following the tested formula: Stir their basic instincts and they will come. *(text continued on page 150)*

CREATURE FEATURE In the summer hit *Batman Returns*, Michelle Pfeiffer metamorphoses from subservient secretary to feminist feline, a martial artist with nine lives whose schizophrenic sexuality bewitches Batman (Michael Keaton). In this relationship, ignited by flicks of her tantalizing tongue, Catwoman most definitely comes out on top.

OUT OF THIS WORLD Not your average boy and girl next door are Gary Oldman, who doubles as werewolf (above, menacing Sadie Frost) and as the titular vampire in *Bram Stoker's Dracula*, Francis Ford Coppola's promised Thanksgiving treat; Jenny Wright and Jeff Fahey, indulging in future sex in *Lawnmower Man* (below); or Gabriel Byrne and his curvaceous cartoon creation, Holli Would (bottom). In later reels of *Coal World*, Holli turns into a flesh-and-blood Kim Basinger, who animates the artist's life.



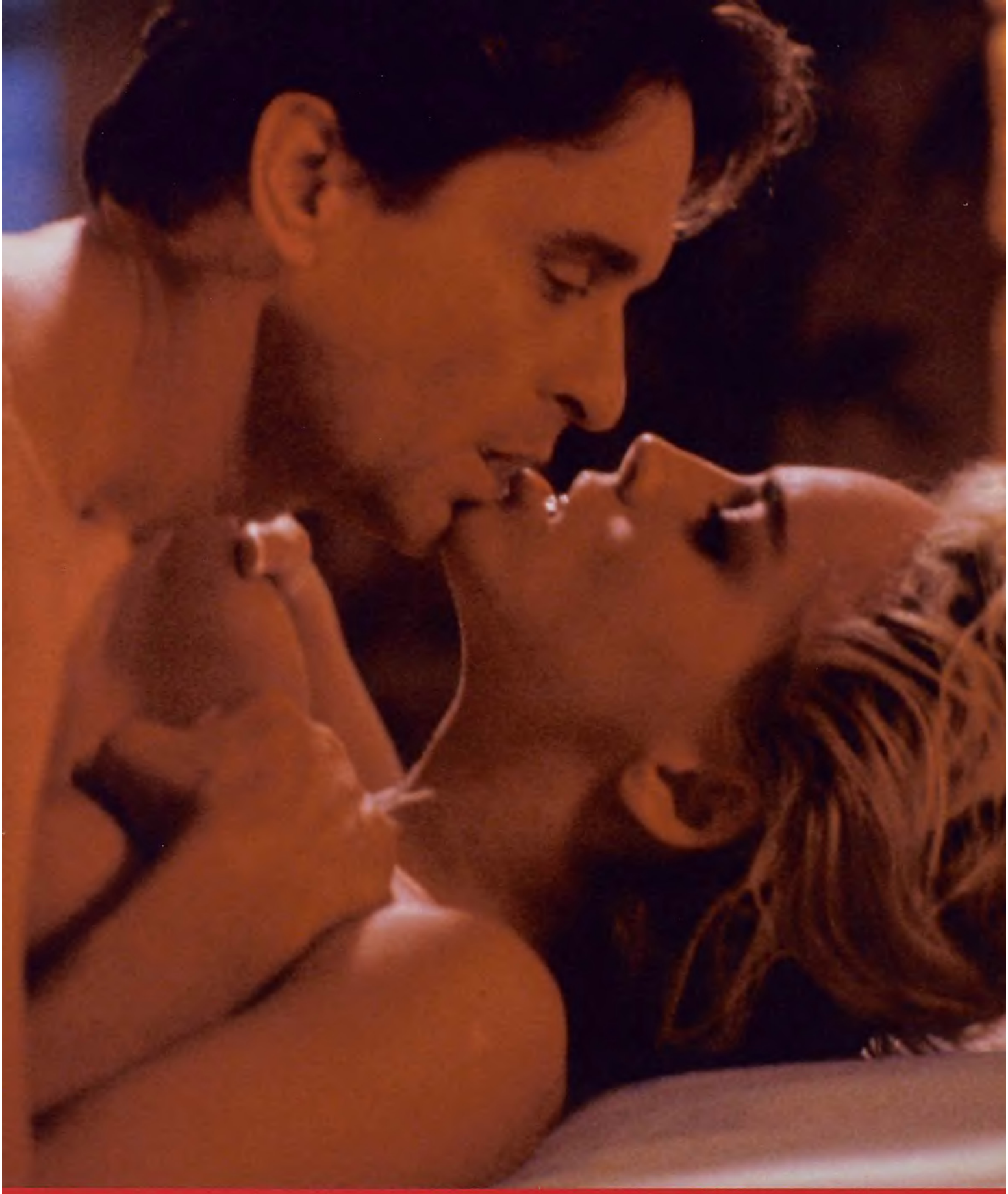
WILD AT HEART Among the steamier pictures pushing the envelope of eroticism this year are (clockwise, from above left) *In the Heat of Passion*, pairing Nick Corri and Sally Kirkland; *Hard Hunted*, in which Tony Peck (son of Gregory) beds Cynthia Brimhall (PLAYBOY's Miss October 1985); *Poison Ivy*, featuring Drew Barrymore wallowing in wickedness (one of her stunts is seducing her girlfriend's dad, played by Tom Skerritt); *The Lover*, French director Jean-Jacques Annaud's sizzling English-language film based on Marguerite Duras' celebrated memoir of her youthful affair with a Chinese man (playing the amorous couplers on the carpet are Jane March and Tony Leung); *Bitter Moon*, Roman Polanski's forthcoming film in which he cast his wife, Emmanuelle Seigner, opposite Peter Coyote; and *Husbands and Lovers*, with Julian Sands as a philandering husband who's a sucker for girlfriend Lara Wendel (small wonder: His wife has just informed him that she plans to spend every weekend at the beach with her lover).

SEXPORTS European films are still a tad kinkier than their American counterparts. Britain's *Close My Eyes* (above) calls for Clive Owen to boff his secretary (Helen FitzGerald) while talking on the phone with his sister—with whom he's having a passionate affair. Other transatlantic trippers include (clockwise, from above right) France's *The Hairdresser's Husband*, starring Jean Rochefort as a guy who has a thing for watching (and fondling) his wife (Anna Galiena) work over customers; *Amantes* (*Lovers*), a Spanish film showcasing the salaciously subtitled bum of Victoria Abril; *High Heels*, the Pedro Almodóvar comedy starring Abril (again) working out with Miguel Bose; France's *La Belle Noiseuse*, about an artist (Michel Piccoli) infatuated with a model (Emmanuelle Béart); and the Oscar-winning Italian film *Mediterraneo*, with Memo Dini, Irene Grazoli and Vasco Mirandolo shown here.

sure love to enhance their cunts.

NAMES IN THE NUDE Hollywood's superstars vary in their approach to baring their bodies for the camera. Sporting the natural look: Tom Berenger (top) and Daryl Hannah (above) in *At Play in the Fields of the Lord*, the saga of missionaries and Indians in the jungles of South America. In *Far and Away* (below), a bit of crockery conceals a convalescing Tom Cruise's crotch.

BACK TO THE BASICS Controversy dogged every aspect of Paul Verhoeven's film *Basic Instinct*, from the record fee paid to its screenwriter to its portrayal of a predatory bisexual blonde who may or may not be



a serial killer. Gay rights activists picketed movie locations and threatened to disrupt the Academy Awards; 45 seconds of violence and lovemaking were cut to earn the movie its R rating. Michael Douglas and Sharon Stone in heat wowed audiences here and abroad, but if you want to see the notorious 45 seconds, you'll have to catch the film in Europe.

Basic Instinct itself typified the industry's to-show-or-not-to-show schizophrenia. Its worldwide gross is estimated at well past $200,000,000, but international audiences saw more of director Paul Verhoeven's original film than did their counterparts in America. Edited from the U.S. version was a stabbing during coitus and some of Michael Douglas' carnal grappling with Jeanne Tripplehorn, but mostly the oral sex between Douglas and Sharon Stone. The latter bits—deemed prurient by arbiters at the Motion Picture Association of America ratings board—were glimpsed at the Cannes Film Festival by Roger Ebert, who reported saying to his companion that it didn't *seem* to have lasted 45 seconds. "It never does," she replied.

Carnality with a cartoon quality surfaces in *Batman Returns*, in which Michelle Pfeiffer's svelte, feline Catwoman expresses her desire for Batman (Michael Keaton) by fondly licking his face. *Cool World* is more explicitly cartoonlike, with Kim Basinger portraying a vixenish doodle drawn by Gabriel Byrne, who manages to cross over for some flesh-and-blood foolery.

In another fantasy, *Lawnmower Man*, Jeff Fahey and Jenny Wright join lip to hip for a cybernetic clinch straight out of the Stephen King spook factory. Francis Ford Coppola gives a daring twist to a classic in *Bram Stoker's Dracula*, his imminent retelling of that golden oldie, said to be highly eroticized—with lust, nudish brides and a beautiful victim (Sadie Frost) who is aroused to the point of climax by getting those little telltale puncture marks courtesy of Gary Oldman as the original bat man. (Doing double duty, Oldman also turns in a fur-raising performance as a werewolf.)

Sex takes a more realistic turn in a slew of mainstream releases. Director Roman Polanski co-stars his wife, Emmanuelle Seigner, with Peter Coyote in the forthcoming *Bitter Moon*. They play a married couple testing the limits of erotica, reportedly on a scale to match that 1973 landmark *Last Tango in Paris*. Another European director presenting body English in English is France's Jean-Jacques Annaud, whose intensely passionate *The Lover* features Jane March, a British newcomer, opposite Tony Leung as the handsome Chinese merchant who joins her in a Saigon love nest for frequent experiments in pleasure during the Roaring Twenties (see review this issue for fuller details). *Lover* is based on an autobiographical novel by Marguerite Duras, the French author whose discreetly titillating total recall prompted the cautious MPAA to threaten an NC-17 rating—the dreaded substitute for the X introduced in 1990 but nonetheless treated by many newspapers (and some exhibitors) as a commercial kiss of death.

Violence is linked with sexuality on many a 1992 film trip. *Basic Instinct*'s thrill killer is a case in point. Martin Scorsese's grueling remake of *Cape Fear* stars Robert De Niro as a vengeful convict vowing to rape and murder the wife and daughter (Jessica Lange and Juliette Lewis) of the lawyer (Nick Nolte) who mishandled his case. In *Unlawful Entry*, Ray Liotta plays a brutal, psychotic L.A. cop obsessed with forcing himself on Kurt Russell's wife (Madeleine Stowe). Evil deeds and sex also intermingle for Richard Gere, first in *Final Analysis*, in which he plays a shrink lured into violence by Kim Basinger, then in the upcoming *Mr. Jones*, in which Gere stars as a deranged, suicidal patient and Lena Olin as the psychiatrist treating him. Jennifer Jason Leigh and Jason Patric, as drug-busting police agents in *Rush*, fall into bed and shoot up together. And a dangerous mix of vices comes to a head for Harvey Keitel in *The Bad Lieutenant*. Distributors plan to release this theatrically with the NC-17 rating. In this dark tale of redemption, Keitel sells drugs, uses drugs, strips for a scene with two callgirls, compels two young women to simulate oral sex while he masturbates and, finally, finds himself more intrigued than he should be by the rape of a pretty young nun.

•

Love is not a many-splendored thing in *Poison Ivy*, either. Drew Barrymore plays a schoolgirl who's bent on seducing a friend's daddy (Tom Skerritt) and on committing most of the seven deadly sins without blinking. *In the Heat of Passion*, which moved quickly from theaters to video, showcases Sally Kirkland as a ripe-and-ready wife getting it on with a handsome garage mechanic (Nick Corri) who, it turns out, is merely a cog in her scheme to make herself a widow. Nudity comes naturally in the lengthy *At Play in the Fields of the Lord*, a tale of modern American missionaries in the Amazon in which Tom Berenger gets stark naked by going native, then virtually wipes out an entire Indian tribe by picking up an influenza bug when he kisses Daryl Hannah as she's sunbathing au naturel.

Wild Orchid II: Two Shades of Blue comes from Zalman King, the man who produced *9½ Weeks* and directed *Two Moon Junction*, and features Nina Siemaszko as a teenager coming of age as a trainee in a brothel. She elects to go back to high school after a crude encounter with a horny U.S. Senator who wants her to perform with a couple of chums in front of his camcorder. That scene is most likely the one that moved King, in a TV appearance with Joan Rivers, to lash out at MPAA raters. "They are my enemy. I do not like them," said King. "Censorship in America by the MPAA is very strong and absolutely monitored. Audiences have never been permitted to see what my intentions were. I could submit *Bambi* and get an NC-17 or X." King ultimately turned to the tube, where his *Red Shoe Diaries* is a Showtime teleseries. The pilot film (David Duchovny, Brigitte Bako and Billy Wirth in a steamy triangle) is already a hot theatrical release in foreign markets.

Some films go straight to cable and video after a brief theatrical life. Among them is *Small Kill*, with Gary Burghoff as a mad killer in drag—a role so alien to his image as Radar in TV's *M*A*S*H* that it reportedly might cost him a lucrative contract as an ad spokesman for British Petroleum. *Backtrack*, in which Jodie Foster plays a witness to a Mob murder and gets emotionally involved with the hit man (Dennis Hopper) sent to ice her, went quickly to tape, despite Jodie's nude scene. *Husbands and Lovers*, far more sophisticated fare, features Joanna Pacula as an errant wife whose philandering husband (Julian Sands) is miffed because she wants to spend every weekend with her lover (Tcheky Karyo).

Moving in the reverse direction, from small to big screen, is David Lynch's *Twin Peaks: Fire Walk with Me*, a feature-length prequel to his offbeat TV series. It covers the final days in the life of its murdered heroine (Sheryl Lee) and includes, of course, shades of incest and more debauchery than TV networks customarily tolerate.

Sex is just another power trip in *The Player*, Robert Altman's corrosive spoof of Hollywood. Tim Robbins becomes instantly involved with Greta Scacchi, the lover of a man he murders. *Far and Away* is markedly tame except for the usual bun shots of Tom Cruise and an amusing scene in which his co-star (and real-life wife) Nicole Kidman peeks at his privates concealed by a crockery bowl as he lies semiconscious, recovering from groin wounds she administered with a pitchfork. *Boomerang*'s Robin Givens flashes flesh as a boss lady undressed for success with Eddie Murphy, almost out of character as a habitual womanizer who gets a taste of his own love-'em-and-leave-'em medicine.

Universal Soldier's main man, Jean-Claude Van Damme, is a robotically recycled Vietnam veteran who strips in front of Ally Walker because he's sure government bad guys have planted a beeper on his body. "Feel around for something hard," he tells her. Not surprisingly, she does—and has to explain that the phenomenon is normal.

Production values have returned to the adult-film world according to Paul Fishbein, publisher of *Adult Video News*. Features are again being shot on film, not videotape, to serve the cable and hotel pay-per-view markets. Fishbein singles out *Chameleons: Not the Sequel*, "one of only three adult movies in history to which we've given a five-A rating for sex, quality and good acting." *Chameleons* stars Ashlyn Gere vis-à-vis lusty partners who can change themselves into any form, or any gender, for sexual revels.

"Another trend," adds Fishbein, "is anal video, especially the *Caught from Behind* series. Lots of the performers use condoms, but it's still taboo and viewers like to see it."

That's exactly the kind of outrageous film fare that inflames the Reverend Donald Wildmon, whose militant American Family Association backs his legal moves to ban an anticensorship documentary called *Damned in the U.S.A.* Although he was interviewed for the film "fairly and accurately" by his own admission, Wildmon objects to being on the same movie reel with Robert Mapplethorpe's photographs, Andres Serrano's irreverent art and even an excerpt from a rude short film called *Don't Be a Dick*, by San Francisco moviemaker Deke Weaver. A film-festival favorite, *Dick* presents a flaccid penis, Weaver's own ("this was a very private affair"), painted with a face that bears a striking resemblance to that of Senator Jesse Helms.

•

This year the English, from *Howards End* to year's end, have offered nothing like Peter Greenaway's *Prospero's Books* to tip the scales of juiciness. Nudity and incest are blatantly combined in *Close My Eyes*, an intelligent British entry starring Saskia Reeves as a bold young woman whose husband (Alan Rickman) doesn't seem too upset to learn that she has been sleeping with her brother (Clive Owen). England's Derek Jarman contributed *Edward II*, a modernized take on a Christopher Marlowe classic about the homosexual monarch (Steven Waddington), his lover Piers Gaveston (Andrew Tiernan) and a gay entourage. In addition to boy-boy love scenes, the movie boasts a homosexual dancing episode accompanied on screen by Annie Lennox singing *Every Time We Say Goodbye*. From Australia, *Waiting* is a pleasant comedy-drama about surrogate motherhood, with a hugely pregnant leading actress (Noni Hazlehurst) appearing unabashedly nude in several sequences.

The French, per long tradition, come through with their usual Gallic flair for passion in *La Belle Noiseuse*. Probably France's most explicit new export, the movie is a cerebral four-hour marathon affair between Michel Piccoli as a famous painter and Emmanuelle Béart as the model posing for a nude masterwork he's in no hurry to finish. *Tous les Matins du Monde*, much tamer, stars Gérard Depardieu as a renowned musician recalling the conquests of his student days (his own son, Guillaume, plays Depardieu the younger), when he coaxed his maestro's headstrong daughter (Anne Brochet) out of her vintage finery and left her pregnant. In *For Sasha*, gorgeous Sophie Marceau is a French wench in Israel who enjoys a swim in the buff with a trio of ardent admirers because, as she puts it in the subtitles, "a girl doesn't like to go skinny-dipping alone." France's droll-

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est comic turn is *The Hairdresser's Husband*, starring Jean Rochefort as a man whose fixation on lady barbers begins in boyhood; even in adulthood, he is so titillated by every trim that his dear wife (Anna Galiena) ultimately ODs from shear delight.

Spain's Victoria Abril, a super sex symbol abroad, stars in *Lovers* as a conniving temptress who beds and beguiles a poor young ex-soldier, then persuades him to kill his innocent fiancée. Abril is even better in director Pedro Almodóvar's *High Heels*. This time she's a famous singer's daughter who marries her mom's former lover but mainly performs sexual acrobatics with an investigator (Miguel Bose) who's disguised as a night-club drag queen. Almodóvar's reputation for mind-bending screen scandal was reinforced by the long-delayed release of *Pepi, Luci, Bom*, with Carmen Maura. The highlight of this antisocial comedy is the scene in which a policeman's repressed wife urinates on the face of another young woman, who appears to savor the golden shower.

From Italy came the Oscar-winning *Mediterraneo*, awarded best foreign-language film for its rollicking portrait of Italian soldiers sent to a Greek island during World War Two. Their principal occupations turn out to be playing ball, drinking wine and making love to amenable local girls, especially the island's lovely resident prostitute (Vanna Barba). Also from Italy, *Volere, Volare*, with popular Maurizio Nichetti, is about a sound man who dubs cartoons whose fate is to become a tiny caricature of his former self, complete with genitalia and ready for love—which he gets in a sexy scene with Angela Funicchiaro.

Other notable imports include *Zentropa*, a multinational epic by a Danish director. It's the story of an idealistic American who seeks his German roots in the ruins of the Reich after World War Two. One of the movie's more memorable moments has Jean-Marc Barr and Barbara Sukowa wrecking a model-train layout in the heat of their passion. *Raise the Red Lantern*, China's contribution to the year's erotica, is a restrained, splendiferous epic about a young bride (Gong Li) who goes quietly berserk as the fourth wife of a wealthy Chinese polygamist; his custom is to have a red light swaying outside the home of the wife he has chosen to visit on a given night.

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Movies seldom deal with human sexuality in a mature, responsible way. A viewer may hope for better things from some of the films slated to be unveiled—or undertaken—at presstime. Maybe *Damage* will deliver the goods, or at least amount to more than the stock blend of sex, suspense and cheap thrills. This drama, adapted from Josephine Hart's recent best seller, is directed by Louis Malle, with Jeremy Irons and Juliette Binoche reportedly creating spontaneous combustion as an unsuitable couple (she's his son's steady girlfriend). Also keep an eye out for *The Bodyguard*, which teams Kevin Costner with singing star Whitney Houston in the saga of a famous beauty's security guard who either takes his work home with him or works overtime at her place.

Director Alan J. Pakula's *Consenting Adults* brings on Kevin Kline and Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, straining family values as a middle-class married couple who decide to swing in the fast lane and wind up having to deal with a murder. Likewise, in *Body of Evidence*, Madonna plays a woman accused of murdering her elderly ailing lover with drugs and sex, and she is said to be heating things up both on and off camera with co-star Willem Dafoe (who plays the defense attorney).

There's also a new *Emmanuelle*—seventh in the series—in the works, promising more of the same from a brand-new heroine (Marcela Walerstein). *Sacred Sex*, from Australian director Cynthia Connup, promises to show the ways of all flesh on an international scale, from a sort of orgiastic sex seminar in Hawaii to a one-woman show in Hamburg by Annie Sprinkle, exposing herself in what she calls a "public cervix announcement." Good or bad, *Sacred Sex* caused a commotion when it played to packed houses at the Berlin Film Festival, was banned elsewhere and may deliver some seismic shocks. One spokesperson for Miramax, its distributor, calls *Sex* "explicit and riveting, potentially the most controversial film of the year."

Meanwhile, author Joe Eszterhas (who wrote *Basic Instinct* and braved the ire of gay rights activists who called the film homophobic) has said he'll be working on a new thriller, *Layers of Skin*, which will take a more sympathetic view of the gay world. Oliver Stone, after *JFK*, is producing *The Mayor of Castro Street*, a gay-themed film about San Francisco's murdered Harvey Milk. Movies taking a strong stand on the AIDS crisis are projected by such illustrious Oscar-winning directors as Jonathan Demme, John Schlesinger and Francis Ford Coppola. If advance word means anything, there could be some provocative, daring and timely films in our future. We'll see.

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-Ted Williams

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ELECTRIFYING NEWS (continued from page 130)

"The best advice we can offer on speakers, regardless of price, is to listen before you buy."

can also play your old analog cassettes, though they can make only digital recordings. All DCC player-recorders will have automatic reverse, so there's no need to flip the tape over. Digital codes in the recording will identify each track's number and contents, allowing the DCC machines to find the songs you want quickly and precisely. Some will even display the name of the tape you're listening to, the individual track or even the name of the performer. The first DCC machines, due out this fall from Philips, Technics, Tandy, Carver, Marantz and others, will plug into a stereo system just like today's cassette decks and will be priced in the $700 to $1200 range. By next year, you'll be able to get pocket-sized portable player-recorders as well as car stereos. Prerecorded tapes are expected to be priced similarly to compact discs, and blank ones will cost between $7.50 and $15, depending on length. Sony's system, called the minidisc, is actually a two-inch-diameter compact disc (packed in a protective case) that resembles a computer disk. Like DCC tapes, minidiscs will incorporate track-finding codes and song-name display. Because you can jump across an MD's tracks (but not a tape's), you can find the cut you want much quicker. Since the minidisc is being positioned primarily for portability, handheld personal player-recorders will be out first for $500 to $800, followed by car players and home decks. The question remains: Is there room on the market for both formats? Manufacturers think so.

STRENGTH IN NUMBERS

As music lovers' CD collections grow, so do the capacity and convenience of CD changers. Pioneer's new PD-TM2 ($510) holds and plays up to 18 discs in three six-disc magazines. Not enough music for you? Try the Proceed Music Library (under $13,000) or the NSM 3101 ($4000, with controller), both of which hold 100 discs. You can also link four changers to the Paramount SCP-110 by Home Theater Products ($8500), which adds computer control, displays the name of every track of every disc you own and shows a catalog of all CDs currently available (with updates available by mail or modem). As your CD library grows, you can even connect up to 15 more 100-disc changer modules ($3800 each) to NSM's own controller.

The digital technology that made CD possible is also offering new ways to treat and enhance signals. Digital sound processing is being used to simulate concert sound in living rooms by adding the acoustical ambience of typical performance spaces such as jazz clubs, opera houses or stadiums. Yamaha, JVC and Sony are among the leading makers of home DSP units. But the most impressive model is Marantz's AX-1000 Audio Computer ($15,000). It includes ambience simulation, a 14-band digital equalizer, a unique digital expander, a scratch suppressor (which gives your old LPs the quietness and wide dynamic range of CDs), plus test and measurement functions, so you can check on how your system's doing.

GETTING THEATRICAL

Virtually all movies made in the past few years, and many TV shows, already include Dolby Surround Sound. All you need to experience it is a TV, a VCR or laser disc player with stereo sound, additional speakers and amplification, and a decoder to shoot the right signals to each speaker. The top decoders, from companies such as Lexicon, Fosgate-Audionics and Technics, offer the added advantage of Lucasfilm THX technology. Created by director George Lucas, THX reproduces a film sound track the way the director intended it to be heard. It's considered by many to be the ultimate home-theater sound system and, yes, it's expensive: Prices for THX processors start at about $2200.

If you can't afford THX, another technology to look for in a surround decoder is digital sound processing. Onkyo's Integra TX-SV909PRO A/V (about $1800) is a good example. In addition to offering fully digital Dolby Pro Logic, it features DSP (with a movie-theater setting), plus the highly acclaimed Ambisonics surround system.

To make things simpler, many home-theater surround decoders from companies such as Denon, Hitachi, Kenwood, Onkyo, Sansui, Sony, SSI and Yamaha have built-in amplifiers. Some even offer four or more channels to drive an entire speaker system.

How many speakers do you need for authentic movie-theater sound? Ideally, six or seven: two in the front, one in the center to focus movie dialog at the screen, two in the rear for full surround coverage, plus one or two subwoofers for bigger bass. Since it's best that the sounds coming from all of these speakers match, you'll want to get a full set from one manufacturer.

At the high end of this scale is JBL's new Synthesis One system ($40,000), with about 1600 watts of amplification, a decoder, dual 18-inch subwoofers, center and surround speakers, and main speakers that let you switch between the ideal sound for music and movies.

There are also good home-theater speaker systems at far lower prices. For less than $2000, you can get complete setups from NHT, Cerwin-Vega and Atlantic Technology. The best advice we can offer on speakers, regardless of price, is to listen before you buy.

MORE VIDEO VISIONS

The latest audio/video craze is laser karaoke. Currently, more than 1000 karaoke rock, R&B, country and pop songs are available on laser disc. Americans are expected to buy nearly $600,000,000 worth of karaoke hardware and recordings this year.

In terms of gear, Panasonic's LX-K700 karaoke player ($1100) and Pioneer's models in the $1000 range all have circuits that let you match the music to a key you're comfortable with, fade out the lead vocals of most nonkaraoke CDs and laser discs and (in Pioneer's case) add surround ambience. These machines can even play both sides of the disc without your having to flip it—as can nonkaraoke laser disc players from Kenwood, Marantz, Onkyo, Pioneer, RCA, Samsung and Sony.

Technically, the most exciting news in the laser disc arena is Pioneer's new industrial VDR-V1000 ($40,000), which can record as well as play the discs. The discs it records on are $1300 each.

Obviously, VCRs will continue to be the recording medium of choice for years to come, so manufacturers are making programming simpler. Mitsubishi and Zenith pride themselves on clearly written, onscreen programming instructions; Panasonic has bilingual onscreen menus; and Zenith and Sanyo have trilingual ones. But the trend seems to be away from menus altogether and toward higher-tech solutions. Panasonic, for example, has an easy-dial Program Director system that's built into most of its VCRs and remote controls. It's also joined a number of companies—Toshiba, Hitachi, RCA, Sony et al.—in offering VCRs with built-in VCR Plus+ technology. With VCR Plus+, you just enter a number from a program listing in *TV Guide* or in many local newspapers and your VCR is automatically set to record that program. Prices range from $300 to $500.

In camcorders, the big trend is smaller. Companies such as Canon, Panasonic and Sony make models that weigh under six pounds and fit easily into the palm of your hand. Unfortunately, the tinier these camcorders get, the harder they are to hold steady. Panasonic countered that two years ago with an electronic image stabilization system, and Mitsubishi now has a similar one. This year, Sony and Canon have developed an optical

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Sounds for the Open Road

Nearly half the names in home hi-fi are now putting living-room sound on wheels. Bose supplies systems to Audi, Honda, General Motors, Infiniti, Mazda, Mercedes-Benz and Nissan. Ford offers systems from JBL, Acura from Bose and Panasonic, and Lexus from Pioneer and Nakamichi. Although most of these high-end stereos are installed as options in more expensive cars, you can get the same exceptional sound (sometimes better) from the systems sold at a car-stereo store. You're also more likely to tap into the latest technology. It's a good bet, for example, that minidisc and digital compact cassette car stereos will first appear in stores—from companies such as Alpine, Panasonic, Philips, Sony and Tandy—and then in car showrooms once the demand is established.

Either way, both new formats are well suited to the car: DCC machines will be able to play the cassettes you're already using, plus new digital ones you buy or record. Minidiscs will be protected by their shells from the scratches that can afflict CDs in the car. Furthermore, the changers will eventually be small enough to fit a dashboard slot or the glovebox.

And why not? You can already get an in-dash changer for full-sized CDs. Alpine's Model 7980 3D Shuttle ($880) holds three CDs and an AM/FM tuner. For more capacity, Denon and Kenwood make bigger models that can still fit into many glove compartments or center armrests. If you value capacity over compactness, JVC's XL-MG1800 ($730) holds 18 CDs, and you can link six of them (if you have the trunk space) for up to 140 hours of music.

Car stereo is becoming helpful and informative as well. Clarion's CAL-1000 ($2200) and Blaupunkt's Las Vegas (about $2000) have built-in cellular phones, and displays on some new DCC and MD players will tell you the name of the song or group that's playing.

Radio can't give you that information yet, but some new models, such as Panasonic's CQ-ID60 ($389) and Alpine's Model 1310 ($650), can tell you what stations you're listening to and help you find those you want when you're far from home. The secret is the built-in ID Logic system, a computer data bank holding the program formats of every FM and AM station in North America.

Tomorrow's car stereos may tell you where you're going, too. Blaupunkt already makes a digital car navigation system—the Travel Pilot ($2495), which indicates your route on an electronic map. Pioneer and Sanyo sell similar systems in Japan. Map displays are too big to fit in current car-stereo control panels, but a growing number of automobiles now have dashboard room for double-height stereo units. While many are Japanese makes (it's a common feature in Japan), the Chevrolet Corvette has an optional stereo that features both CD and tape slots as well as a radio. Currently, the only double-size sets you can get at a stereo store are JVC's KS-RX835 ($800), which incorporates CD, tuner and tape, and Sanyo's Voice 2 ($1400 with ten-disc changer), which can recognize about 20 voice commands by the driver, even when the music's playing.

In Japan, some double-height stereo displays store flat-panel TV screens. You may not see them here, as front-seat TVs are illegal in many states. But Casio has two flat-panel car TVs designed for passenger enjoyment—the TV-570CK ($349) with a 2.2-inch screen and the TV-7700CK ($700) with a three-inch one.

Digital sound processing, mentioned in the main text, is another significant technology being built into car stereos. With DSP, you can alter the vehicle's interior acoustics to compensate for road noise and simulate a range of listening environments, from a jazz club to a stadium to a church. Companies such as Alpine, Denon, JVC, Kenwood, Panasonic, Pioneer, Sanyo, Sony and Yamaha make DSP units, and factory-installed DSP is available in the Acura Vigor. In addition, Alpine, Denon, Kenwood, Panasonic, Pioneer and Yamaha make DSP circuits that add surround effects and also perform frequency equalization, regulating tone more precisely than ordinary bass and treble controls can. And Pioneer's KEX-M900 ($1200) combines DSP surround and equalization with a cassette player and an AM/FM tuner.

Finally, the latest in car-stereo security is a removable faceplate. Until now, the best way to keep your car stereo safe when you parked was to remove it from your dash and take it with you. But newer models (from Alpine, JVC, LA Sound, Panasonic, Pioneer, Profile, Sherwood and Sony) have control panels you can slip into your pocket, leaving just a useless unit in your dash. This way you can have a stereo in your car and make sure you keep it, too. —IVAN BERGER

stabilizer that, unlike the electronic kind, won't reduce resolution or increase noise. It's also available on camcorders from Yashica and Ricoh, all for $1800.

Ultrawide coverage, another Hollywood touch, is available on Sharp's TwinCam 8mm and VHS camcorders. Because regular zoom lenses can get only about as wide as a 35mm still camera's standard 50mm lens, Sharp added a superwide lens. Then it gave that extra lens its own camera sensor, so users can switch or fade between the wide-angle and the zoom, or even set a zoomed close-up into the wide-angle picture. VHS models run from $1150 to $1250, 8mm models from $1400 to $1700.

Hitachi, RCA and JVC will be bringing out camcorders priced under $1000 that can shoot in both the 4-to-3 aspect ratio of today's TV screens and the 16-to-9 proportion of the wide-screen sets just coming out. (See page 132 for a peek at a prototype from Philips.)

If you're not ready to go wide, then go flat with one of Sony's new XBR² TV sets ($1899 to $2599). The flat picture tube in this top-of-the-line direct-view television offers an expanded viewing area and minimal distortion. Among its other features are Dolby Surround Sound decoders, DSP ambience circuits and SRS sound, an ambience system that creates surround effects with just two speakers.

Finally, if you'd like a home theater with all the bells and whistles of the high-end systems but few of the complexities, check out a setup from Bang & Olufsen ($8800 to start). Be sure to test the new remote-control interface, which, in conjunction with the Beolink 5000 remote control, can turn off one TV while simultaneously dimming the lights, lowering a screen and powering the Surround Sound decoder and speakers.

HIGHLY PERSONAL

The marriage between video and photography, which started when camcorders replaced home-movie cameras, has now extended to still photography. Companies such as Panasonic, Sony and Samsung now offer video printers that create color printouts from any video source. While most take at least a minute to process the pictures, Samsung's CP6000 printer ($1100) can do it in a record 45 seconds.

Going the other way, your local photofinisher will soon be able to put your pictures onto a Kodak Photo CD. The players (which also play regular CDs) start at about $449, and each disc will hold up to 100 images at about one dollar a shot. Photo CDs can also be played on the new CD-Interactive (CD-I) players by Philips ($699). With CD-I, you can also enjoy CD games and education titles. Coming soon for CD-I: games featuring full-animation video.

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BOBBY²

(continued from page 134)

"'I've never been wild-hog hunting,' she said. 'It sounds exciting.' She had that breathless tone."

Corky wasn't wagging her tail or barking. She just stood there eyeing Sheila and Bobby. "Old Corky can chew up a wild hog pretty quick," he said, and motioned them toward the cabin.

They followed him into a small kitchen. A big man with a .38 in a holster on his hip was waiting for them. "This is Charlie," Brad said, grinning. "He's jes' an ole Immokalee cowboy like me." Bobby smiled at him, but Charlie didn't smile back. He was a huge, soft-looking man, like an NFL tackle. He kept his hand close to his .38 and his eyes on Bobby. "This here is my bidness pardner, Bobby Squared," Brad said. "And his ladyfriend."

"Sheila," Bobby said. She smiled at them.

"Nice to meetcha, ma'am," Brad said. He was a wiry little guy about 30, with a deep scar down one cheek and an even deeper, more jagged scar on his arm. He wore a dirty white T-shirt and dirty jeans. He walked over to Bobby, smiling, and threw his arms around him in a hug. "Good to see ya, buddy," he said. He ran his hands down Bobby's back, patted his ass, then knelt down and patted his legs all the way to Bobby's boots. When he stood up, he said, "No offense, Bobby. Jes' checkin'."

Bobby smiled. "No offense, buddy."

Brad looked at Sheila. She spread her arms wide, inviting, and flashed him a smile Bobby had never seen on her before. "Oh, that's all right, ma'am," Brad said. "Y'all can't be hidin' nuthin' in that outfit." He looked her up and down. "So you're Bobby's old lady."

"I'm nobody's old lady," she said. "I thought Bobby told you."

"That's right. He did. A workin' girl, huh?" He shook his head. "I plum forgot. How'd ya like to see the rest of the cabin, ma'am? If it's all right with you, Bobby."

"Why not? That's why I brought her." Sheila looked at him as if he'd hit her in the face. She looked bruised, stunned, but only for a split second. She recovered her smile.

"Why not?" she said.

"Bobby, fix yerself some a that Crown Royal and 7UP," Brad said. "Charlie, be a little sociable, boy, while I show the lady around." He led Sheila down a narrow hallway into a room. She never looked back.

Bobby had to force himself not to look after her. He went over to the Crown Royal, poured some into a glass. "You want one?" he said to Charlie. Charlie shook his head and kept his eyes on Bobby. Bobby sat at the kitchen table and sipped his drink in silence. He felt weak in the knees, light-headed, hollowed out. He tried to concentrate on the kitchen, on the old white-enameled sink filled with dirty dishes, the bare light bulb hanging by a wire from the ceiling, the rickety card table he was sitting at, Charlie standing at the sink. That was it. Charlie. Big and mean, but stupid, too. Stupid guys like Charlie always thought they hid their stupidity with silence. I'll bet every one of them had a mother who told him, Better to be thought a fool than speak and prove it, Bobby thought. Charlie was the key. Brad would never make a slip. But Charlie, he could be had. If only Sheila saw it, too.

Bobby heard the sound of muffled voices from the room down the hallway, then a woman's laugh and the creaking of bedsprings. Charlie heard them, too. A slow grin passed across his face and was gone. Bobby drained his drink, poured another and sat down again. Maybe she liked it too much, he thought. He had another drink. Then he heard footsteps in the hallway. Brad came into the kitchen first.

"Whatever you payin' that girl, it ain't enough, Bobby," he said, grinning. Sheila appeared a moment later, carrying her pumps in her hand. Her face was flushed and her lipstick rubbed off, but she was smiling. Brad looked at Bobby looking at Sheila. "Anything wrong, buddy?" he said.

Bobby smiled at him. "Not a thing, buddy."

Brad tossed a head fake toward Sheila. "Maybe you oughtta get yerself a piece of that, too, Bobby. It's your money."

Bobby looked at Sheila and said, "I already had my piece." But it didn't wipe that smile off her face. He turned to Brad. "Now can we get down to business? We got some things to talk over."

"Sure we do," Brad said. "Why don't we do it while we go wild-hog huntin'? Catch us some pork you can take back to the city."

Bobby was stunned. Brad could see it on his face. It took Bobby a long moment to speak. "Brad, it's late, man. I got things to do. Let's just get this——"

Sheila's voice interrupted him. "I've never been wild-hog hunting," she said. "It sounds exciting." She had that same breathless tone in her voice she had before they went through Customs. Bobby glared at her. She ignored him and kept on talking to Brad. "Is it dangerous?"

"Jes' a little," Brad said. "Mostly for the dogs. A hog's tusk can tear up a pit bull pretty good." He looked at her with an amused grin. "You got a lotta surprises in you, lady."

"I'm willing to try anything," she said in a sexy voice. "Once, anyway."

"Good. Let's go."

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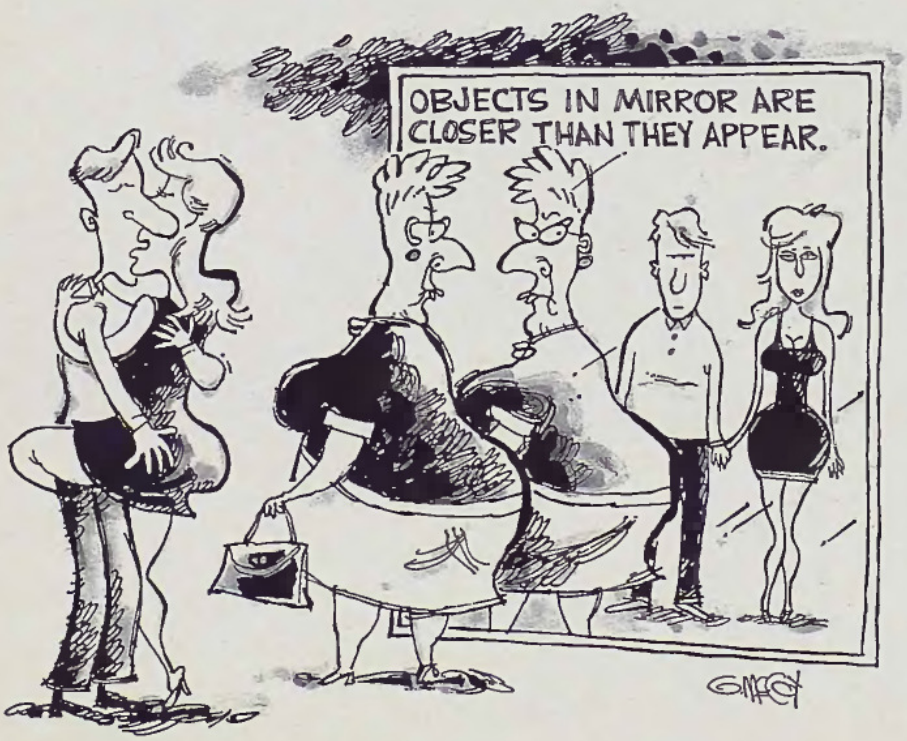
They all went outside into the cool, damp darkness. Off in the black swamp,



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lighted by a full moon, the mist hovered low to the ground, wound itself around the bushes and the trunks of trees like a shroud. Brad called the dogs. They came running, yelping, and leaped onto the back of the Jeep. One dog hung back. Brad grabbed him by the loose skin of his neck and tossed him up like a sack of laundry.

"Just one minute," Sheila said, hugging herself in the cold. "I have to get my sweater in the car. I didn't exactly dress for a night in the swamp."

Brad looked at her and then at the car. "No need. Give me the keys and I'll get it for you."

"It's open," she said. "The sweater's in back. You might as well take these, too." She handed him her pumps.

Brad went over to the car, searched around in the back seat and came back empty-handed. "Couldn't find it," he said.

"Damn," she said. "I must have left it back at Bobby's place."

"Don't worry, little lady," Brad said. "A little hog huntin' will warm your blood right up."

Brad chained Corky to the gearshift lever in front, away from the other dogs. He patted the passenger seat beside Corky. "Sit right here, Bobby. Keep me company." Bobby sat beside Corky, while Charlie helped Sheila up in back. Charlie stood behind Bobby, his hand on his holster, looking down on him, while Sheila stood behind Brad as he started the Jeep. "It'll get a little bumpy back there," Brad said. "Best hold tight to that roll bar." Sheila wrapped her arms around the roll bar behind the front seat. It had a big spotlight mounted to it. Brad jammed the Jeep into gear and they took off.

He drove slowly, without lights, through the brush and fields. The mist parted before them, then closed behind them. Charlie and Sheila had to duck branches. The dogs squirmed around them with anticipation. Corky sat perfectly still and mean beside Bobby. Bobby tried to put it together in his mind. Why was Brad going to whack him out in the swamp? It didn't make sense. If he was going to rat Bobby out for a lighter sentence, he needed Bobby alive to do it. Or did he? Not if he already cut the deal. *That's why he's been out on bond so long—the fuckin' redneck already ratted me out*, Bobby thought. Alive, I'm a liability. Bobby knew too much. He knew that Brad wasn't just a redneck courier mule. Brad controlled it all, Brad and his big redneck family with their fingers in every piece of merchandise that came into south Florida, from Fort Lauderdale to Naples to Florida City. They were a tight bunch that didn't rat on their own. Bobby, now, was a different story. A freelancer. And worse. He was an Indian. He'd never owned up to it, but Brad knew. "If it wasn't for that blond ponytail, Bobby," he liked to say, "I swear you remind me of this big old Seminole buck I went to high school with."

The Jeep hit a rut and everyone bounced into the air. "Oooiieee!" Sheila yelled. "This is fun!" Bobby couldn't believe it. Where was her fucking mind? He looked back at her. She had her arm around Charlie's waist and her head close to his shoulder. "What's that?" she said. Far off in the woods, Bobby saw pairs of shining emeralds.

"Deer," Brad said. The Jeep flushed a covey of quail. They flapped their wings violently, then lighted down farther into the mist. "The man who owned that ranch was the one what rolled over on my daddy," said Brad, pointing at the top of a fence line emerging from the mist. "They caught him with a lousy two keys." Brad shook his head and laughed. "Course, nobody went away. The guy disappeared before the trial. Ain't that so, Charlie?"

Charlie spoke for the first time. "That's right." Bobby looked back at him. He was smiling. *What a fucking moron*, Bobby thought. And then he saw Sheila's hand massaging the base of Charlie's neck. Was she acting, or was she really getting off on it? Maybe she liked excitement too much. Maybe this whole deal was turning her on, just like in the plane coming back from Barranquilla. *Fuck her, then, I'll have to do it myself.*

Suddenly, a scream pierced the night.

"What was that?" Sheila said.

"Panther," Brad said. "Sounds jes' like a woman bein' raped, don't it? It's the only thang in these woods sends shivers down my spine."

The dogs stopped squirming and began to sniff the air. "They're on ta somethin'," Brad whispered, and slowed the Jeep. Corky sat bolt upright. Brad pulled to a halt in a clearing and pointed to the woods ahead. "There." Charlie held the dogs back in the Jeep till Brad said, "Turn 'em loose." Charlie threw them out and they landed on the run, only the top half of their bodies visible in the mist, heading for the woods. Corky was still chained to the gearshift.

The dogs raced back and forth. Suddenly, there was a piercing squeal, then a mad yelping from the dogs. The top half of a black hunchbacked hog burst out of the woods like a fullback breaking a tackle. It thundered past the Jeep, trailed by the yelping dogs, and headed across the open clearing toward woods on the other side. Brad jammed the Jeep into gear. "Hold on!" he shouted, and the Jeep leaped after the dogs and hog. Charlie flicked on the spotlight mounted on the roll bar. The dogs and hog were clearly lighted now as the Jeep bounced and rattled across the field. The beasts ran in and out of the spotlight as if they were being filmed by a hand-held camera. When the Jeep hit 60 mph, it passed the dogs, their tongues hanging out, and caught up to the hog. They raced him, side by side, like linebackers covering a fullback expecting a pass. They heard his heavy grunting above the noise of the Jeep's engine, could smell his filthy breath, could see it even, all steamy in the light as he ran in terror. He cut to his right. "Hot damn!" Brad shouted.

Sheila was smacking Brad on the shoulder, shouting, "Turn it! Turn it! Turn the goddamn wheel, you're gonna lose him!" Brad swerved the Jeep sharply to the right. Bobby started feeling sick to his stomach. The Crown Royal, the careening Jeep, the stench of the hog, Sheila's betrayal, his own impending death he could do nothing to stop—it was all too much. He leaned over the side of the speeding Jeep and vomited white bile.

"You all right, Bobby?" Brad shouted. "This all too much for ya?" He laughed just as they caught up to the hog again. The hog cut across the front of the Jeep, and for a split second Bobby could see the fear in eyes that were as red as hot coals. Then it disappeared into the woods.

Brad slammed on the brakes. Charlie and Sheila almost fell over the roll bar onto Corky, who was still sitting patiently, biding her time. The dogs disappeared into the woods after the hog, and then everything was quiet again, except for the thrashing in the thicket.

"God, that was exciting!" Sheila said. "I never had such fun." Bobby looked back at her. Her eyes were wide and glassy, her forehead damp with sweat. She was breathing heavily. "We're not gonna quit, are we, Brad?" she asked.

"We ain't done yet, honey."

They sat in darkness, catching their breath. Bobby knew what Sheila was up to now. She knew Brad and Charlie were gonna kill them both out here in the swamp. Nothing Bobby could do about it. Sheila was doing everything she could to keep Brad and Charlie from killing her, too.

The thicket exploded with more terrified squeals and mad yelping. "They got him!" Brad shouted. He unchained Corky and said, "Go get 'em now, baby." Corky leaped out of the Jeep and ran into the woods. The squealing grew even shriller and then it began to die down, go silent, and all they could hear was the heavy grunting of Corky as she tore the dead hog to pieces.

"We better go in there and pull Corky off," Brad said, "or there won't be nuthin' left for you to take back, Bobby." He got out of the Jeep. When Bobby didn't follow him, he waved him on. "Come on, Bobby. It's all over now." Bobby glanced back at Sheila one last time. She looked flushed, excited, like before sex. She had her arm tight around Charlie's neck and her face buried against his chest. Bobby stepped onto the ground, his legs shaking, and followed Brad into the woods. The dogs were tearing at the hog's bloody carcass. Brad pulled them off, one by one, and shooed them back to the Jeep. "Gimme a hand here, Bobby," he said. If Bobby was going to take him out, now was the chance. He was a lot bigger and stronger than Brad, but there were still the dogs. And Sheila, back in the Jeep with Charlie. "Come on, Bobby!" Brad was holding the hog's front legs, waiting for Bobby. Bobby grabbed it by the back legs and they dragged it out of the thicket into the open field. Bobby's back was to the Jeep. The spotlight had been turned off. "Hold it a minute, Bobby," Brad said. He was grinning. "Let old Charlie finish. He's a bashful boy." Bobby turned around to see the Jeep half covered in mist again. The dogs stood around it, panting. Charlie, illuminated by the moon, was leaning back against the roll bar, his head thrown back like a wild animal howling at the moon. He was naked from the waist down. For a second, Bobby couldn't see Sheila; then he saw her dark form kneeling on the floor of the Jeep, her face buried in Charlie's waist.

They waited until Charlie came with a low animal moan they could hear. Sheila began groping around the floor of the Jeep with her hands. She handed Charlie's pants to him. Then she pushed herself up with her hands and leaned back against the side of the Jeep.

"Come on," Brad said. They dragged the dead hog to the back of the Jeep and tossed it in. The dogs leaped after it, snorted around it for a moment, then lost interest.

"Y'all had yerselves a time, didn't ya?" Brad said. "While poor Bobby and me was working our ass off." Charlie just grinned his moron's grin while he buckled his pants. Sheila was against the side of the Jeep, her hands behind her back, breathing heavily. She reached one hand around to wipe off her mouth. Then she smiled at them, a hard smile that scared Bobby.

Brad chained Corky, her snout bloody, to the gearshift again, and they both got in. Brad started the engine. He let it idle, then turned toward Bobby. "I'm sorry it had to go down like this, buddy."

"Can't we talk about it?"

"It's too late for that, Bobby. I'm sorry." Then, still looking at Bobby, Brad said, "Do it now, Charlie."

•

Bobby heard an explosion in his ear, felt a hot flash, but nothing else. He looked back and saw Charlie's body half-slumped over the side of the Jeep. Sheila had Charlie's .38 held tightly in both hands. She swung the gun toward Brad, who was still smiling at Bobby until it dawned on him that Bobby hadn't been shot. He whirled around toward Sheila, saw the gun aimed at his forehead, opened his mouth as if to speak. Sheila shot him once between the eyes. His head jerked back, hit the front window, then fell over the door of the Jeep. Corky began to growl and pull at her chain.

"Oh, baby!" Bobby said. "I didn't think you could do it."

Sheila swung the .38 toward his face now. She held the gun so tightly in both hands that they shook. She glared at Bobby for a long moment, her breath coming in gasps that made her body shudder. "You fucking bastard!" she said, and fired the last four bullets into Corky's brain.

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BAIL OUT *(continued from page 108)*

"How can a country that's produced such marvelous cars have done so badly in real estate here?"

Fudosan had bought the Exxon Building, the Rockefeller Center area's most valuable single property (and for a while the most valuable single taxpaying building in New York City).

Even if all the Japanese were to act as one—which they won't—their ability to hurt the U.S. by pulling their money out has diminished greatly in the past few years. In the mid-Eighties, hot Japanese money flowed into U.S. Treasury securities. But much of it has flowed right out again while most of us weren't looking.

For at least three years, Japanese investors have been net sellers of Treasurys. They have sold or held until maturity more Treasurys than they have bought. All that talk about Japanese money's helping to finance the U.S. budget deficit is just that—talk.

According to U.S. Treasury statistics, which aren't perfect but are the best numbers available, Japanese holdings of Treasury securities have dropped from $86 billion at the end of fiscal 1989 to $67 billion at the end of fiscal 1990 to $50 billion at the end of fiscal 1991. Meanwhile, the Treasury market has grown from $2.9 trillion at the end of fiscal 1989 to $3.7 trillion at the end of fiscal 1991 to around $4 trillion now.

But even as the Treasury was flooding the world with an extra trillion dollars of paper while the Japanese were selling more Treasurys than they were buying, U.S. interest rates dropped sharply. Obviously, rates would be down even more had the Japanese (or anyone) bought more Treasurys than they did. But somehow the republic survived Japan's disinvestment in Treasury securities.

The major reason the Japanese have been net sellers of Treasurys is that the spread between the interest rates paid on U.S. government debt and the rates paid on debts of countries such as Japan and Germany has narrowed substantially in the past few years.

Japanese insurance companies were major buyers of Treasurys because of interest rate differentials and Japanese accounting. Under Japanese accounting, insurance companies can pay out as policyholder dividends only the interest they collect, not the capital gains. When U.S. Treasurys were yielding nine percent compared with three percent for Japanese Treasurys, the insurance companies invested here. Now they're not.

So you see, the Japanese weren't trying to help the U.S., nor were they following some evil master plan to get a hammerlock on U.S. fiscal policy. They were just trying to make a buck like everyone else.

Granted, the $50 billion of Treasurys that the Treasury says Japanese investors owned at the end of fiscal 1991 isn't exactly chopped liver. And granted, the U.S. Treasury would be in big trouble if the Japanese showed up with a $50 billion IOU and demanded cash. But that ain't the way it works. Treasurys aren't like U.S. Savings Bonds, which get redeemed on demand. The Japanese can't march up to the Treasury tomorrow and demand $50 billion. If Japanese investors decided to dump their Treasurys tomorrow, they would have to sell them, not present them for redemption. And the market for Treasury securities, the biggest and deepest debt market in the world, could absorb those securities without much more than a big burp.

•

To be sure, Japanese investments in U.S. securities, companies and real estate totaled $261 billion at last count, compared with almost zilch at the start of the Eighties. "Their biggest asset in this country before the Eighties was their inventory of cars for sale," says a public relations person at the Commerce Department, which tracks foreign investments in the U.S. Commerce hasn't released any numbers on foreign investment past the end of June 1992, so we can't get a fix on what the current Japanese investment is.

But there's no reason to think that Japanese investors, as a group, have enough corporate stocks or bonds to start a panic if they began to unload. In fact, they probably have already been dumping their U.S. holdings, because stocks and bonds are relatively easy to sell and can be sold in London rather than in Tokyo or New York, allowing sellers to hide their identities.

Real estate, though, is another story. Japanese investors have vast real estate holdings, including huge pieces of downtown Los Angeles—not the world's greatest investment, given the L.A. riots and all—and a good chunk of Hawaii. They also own many trophy properties in New York City.

But you can't just wake up and decide to sell the Exxon Building or 666 Fifth Avenue in New York or the Arco Plaza in Los Angeles. Why not? If for no other reason, because many of these investments are so far under water that their owners need submarines. They don't dare sell, especially in this horrible commercial real estate market, because the losses would slaughter them.

How can a country that's produced such marvelous cars and consumer electronics have done so badly in real estate here? By making the same mistake that Americans often make when trying to analyze Japan: They applied the rules of their home market to a foreign country.

Japanese investors thought real estate prices in the U.S. would always rise, just as they always rose in Japan. You couldn't go wrong buying trophy properties. What Japanese investors didn't realize is that real estate markets in the U.S. are much more fluid than they are in Japan, where people normally won't sell buildings because of the huge income taxes that would have to be paid on that type of gain. In Japan, it's far more sensible to borrow a lot of money against a property that has risen in value than it is to sell it.

The idea that someone would buy a building to knock it over and build a larger one in its place—which happens in the U.S. all the time—never occurred to many Japanese buyers, who relied on their own skills because they didn't think they needed local *gaijin* real estate talent.

In the U.S., at least, most Japanese owners seem to have enough staying power not to be forced by mortgage holders to sell their buildings or have them foreclosed. That's because the buyers took out mortgages on properties they own in Japan and used the proceeds to pay cash for U.S. buildings. With no mortgages or very low mortgages on them, the U.S. buildings' rental income still exceeds the cash outgo. There's no reason to sell unless lenders force them to settle up accounts in Japan.

To see how this all works in microcosm, let's look at the Exxon Building in midtown Manhattan. Mitsui Fudosan bought the building, half-owned by Exxon and half-owned by the Rockefeller Group, for $610,000,000 in 1986. It was not one of Mitsui's better moves.

Not only has the building declined sharply in value but it has lost a lot of its trophy status. It's not even the Exxon Building anymore—it's now the 1251 Avenue of the Americas Building, which isn't exactly a trophy name. We'll keep calling it the Exxon Building, to make life simpler. The building, which had been rated the most valuable building in New York City by the assessor's office, has now slipped to third place. (The building the assessor values as the most valuable in the city, 55 Water Street, is owned by the non-Japanese firm of Olympia & York, which can't make the interest payments on its $548,000,000 of bonds. The building requires so much upgrading, because of the presence of asbestos, that it's not only worth less than the bonds, it's probably worth much less. But that's another story.)

When Mitsui bought the Exxon Building, the major tenants were Exxon,

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which rented the top seven floors, and the Morgan Stanley investment banking house, which now has about a third of the building. At the time, rents, which averaged in the low $30s per square foot, were expected to rise sharply. Rockefeller Center Properties, the aforementioned real estate trust that controls 71.5 percent of Rockefeller Center, projected it would be getting around $75 a square foot for space in 1994, when many Rockefeller Center leases expire.

In your dreams. Exxon is gone, having moved its executive offices to Dallas in 1989, when its lease expired. So sorry, Mitsui. And Morgan Stanley, which has many of its leases expiring in 1998, is playing lease-renewal hardball.

The firm is negotiating with Mitsui about the Exxon Building, but it's also talking with Mitsubishi Estate's Rockefeller Center Management about space in the McGraw-Hill Building, which is just across West 49th Street from the Exxon Building. Morgan Stanley rents space in the McGraw-Hill Building, too.

Even if Morgan Stanley stays in the Exxon Building, which is by no means assured, you can bet that it won't be paying much more rent than it pays now. It may even pay less. It surely won't be paying anything like the $75 per square foot that Rockefeller Center Properties projected. It will be a cold day in hell before the Exxon Building will bring anything like $610,000,000 from a rational buyer.

When Mitsui bought the building, it was looking for a current cash profit of about three percent a year on its purchase price. This was about half the return a U.S. investor would have expected, but much more than a Japanese investor would expect from an equivalent building in Tokyo.

The only way this kind of investing makes sense is if you're borrowing money at cheap rates and you expect property values to increase forever. That's the way things were in Tokyo and Osaka, so it's the way Japanese investors thought they would be in New York.

If Mitsui were to sell the Exxon Building today—fat chance!—it would fetch maybe half what it paid, assuming that it was a real sale and not a put-up deal by Mitsui's bank lenders.

The only way that Japanese investors will sell U.S. real estate in big pieces in this current market will be if their Japanese bankers—who are in desperate trouble—force them to sell.

So far, I can find only one big example of that: Pebble Beach, the huge California resort property.

As you may recall, Minoru Isutani, a golf-course developer in Japan, bought Pebble Beach for $832,000,000 in 1990 from Marvin Davis, one of the world's smartest sellers. Last year, the property nominally changed hands when it was "bought" by another Japanese investor for about $500,000,000.

Although it was called a sale, the transaction amounted to a foreclosure, with the Sumitomo Bank in effect taking over the property. But Sumitomo Bank, you will notice, didn't put Pebble Beach on the market. How could it? No buyer using his or her own money would have paid $500,000,000 for it.

And even if Japanese investors are pushed by their banks to sell their U.S. assets all at once, which is inconceivable, it wouldn't be the end of the world. Japanese assets here can't possibly approach the hundreds of billions of dollars of properties—many of them such dogs that you can hear them howling—that passed into the hands of the Resolution Trust Corp. (responsible for resolving failed S&Ls) and the Federal Deposit Insurance Corp. (which insures deposits in commercial banks and savings banks).

The biggest danger to the U.S. from a Japanese economic collapse involves Japan's banks. In the U.S., Japanese banks and their affiliates account for 16 percent of commercial and industrial loans. In California, it's 35 percent.

Japanese banks have big problems meeting new internationally required capital standards. Capital is a bank's net worth. Essentially, its capital ratio is its capital divided by its total assets, which consist mostly of loans and securities. If a bank falls short in this ratio, it can increase its capital, which is difficult, or decrease its assets, which is much easier.

To understand what's going on here, you have to know about the capital rules established at the Bank for International Settlements. One provision, written with Japan in mind, allows banks to include in their capital 45 percent of all profits in their stock portfolio, even if they haven't actually converted the paper profits into

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real profits by selling the securities. Japanese banks have long owned huge stockholdings in other Japanese companies.

Japanese banks are thinly capitalized by U.S. standards but have counted as a sort of invisible capital the paper profits on their stock holdings, which are carried at the original price paid years ago. But if the Japanese stock market falls much further, many of those profits will be gone. According to *Business Week*, from September 1991 through this spring the collapse of the Japanese stock market cost 11 big Japanese banks about $85 billion in paper profits.

Combine the banks' capital problems, made worse by the stock-market fall, with the looming warrant-bond problem, and you could see Japanese banks hacking and slashing like mad, trying to get smaller.

What, pray tell, is a warrant bond? It's a dandy little security that many Japanese companies issued in the late Eighties. The warrant, which could be separated from the bond, gave holders the right to buy stock at a fixed price for a set period, typically five years. These warrants were thought to be so valuable that bond issuers sometimes paid less than one percent interest on the bonds.

The idea was that stock prices would continue rising, and warrant holders would exercise their warrants and buy shares when the bonds came due. Money from the warrant holders who were buying stock would give the bond issuers enough cash to pay off the bonds.

Steven Nagourney, an investment strategist at Lehman Brothers in New York, estimates that through 1994, Japanese companies have $135 billion of these little gems coming due. Virtually none of the issuers have stock prices high enough to prompt warrant holders to use their warrants to buy shares.

But can't the companies get money to repay the bonds by selling whatever they bought with the bond money? So sorry. According to Nagourney, about 70 percent of the $135 billion went for *zaitech*, Japanese slang for financial engineering. This money—call it $95 billion—went into the stock market, helping to drive up prices, if only briefly. Now, of course, with stock prices down so sharply, most of that money is simply lost.

Japanese banks are going to have to help borrowers refinance a lot of these bonds. Combine this with the banks' own problems—bankruptcies in Japan for the past fiscal year were more than double the previous year—and you can see where Japanese banks may well be asking many of their U.S. borrowers to pay them back, rather than rolling over their loans.

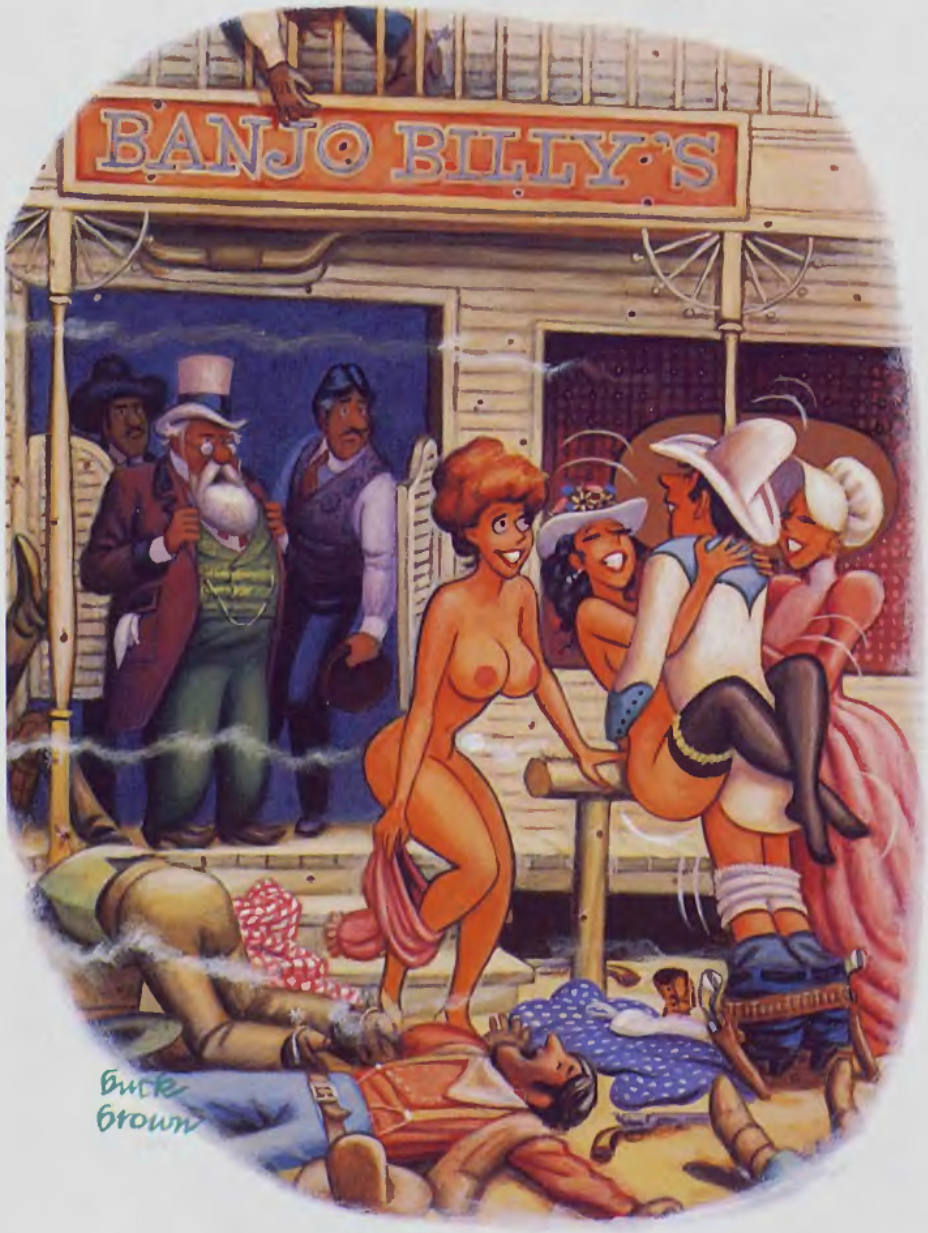
So there will be a credit squeeze in the U.S., of sorts, as Japanese banks try to get some of their good borrowers to pay off their loans. This is the same problem faced by U.S. banks: Your bad borrowers can't pay you back, so you have to get your good borrowers to pay you back.

Although Japanese banks are important to the U.S. economy, it's not as if we haven't already seen a credit crunch here for several years. We've survived, at least so far. And we will survive the Japanese bank problems, though there will be endless weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth when the first big Japanese bank goes under.

You can also bet that the folks at Columbia Pictures and Universal Studios won't benefit from rivers of cash from the studios' new Japanese owners. Sony and Matsushita can no longer raise cheap money because Japanese interest rates are now at world levels. They blew their wads buying the studios, for which they wildly overpaid. Now, instead of dreaming about mating movie "software" to Japanese consumer-electronic hardware, they are going to have to buckle down and try to get the studios to make a buck. This doesn't mean Hollywood will starve—it never does—but it will need some new free-spending, deep-pocket investors to fleece. Where are the Germans when we need them?

I certainly don't know where things will go from here. If I did, would I tell you? Hell, no. I'd be out making money.

The thing I can safely predict, though, is that one day the problem of the Japanese crunch will pass from the scene, to be replaced by a new problem. And that one, too, will be deplored as the end of the world. And it won't be.



"In the old days, a gunslinger would clean up a town and ride on without waitin' for thanks!"

OCTOBER SURPRISE

(continued from page 84)

voters, the prospect of an October surprise—an event so stunning, so unexpected, so earth-shattering that it can turn around a voter's position 180 degrees—is pure nonsense. When these voters break rank with their party, they don't wait until October to do so. The renegade blue-collar Democrats who voted for Ronald Reagan in 1980 had already made up their minds to vote for the Gipper months in advance of the election and would not have suddenly changed their votes if the Carter Administration negotiated a release of the hostages trapped in Tehran. The blue-collar Democrats were sick of inflation, sick of soaring energy prices and sick of our dilatory response to the Soviet arms buildup. But most of all, they were sick of Jimmy Carter. He was the kind of guy who was easy to get sick of. A lot of us are still sick of him. And he's been gone for 12 years.

The idea of an October surprise, therefore, has no practical relevance to the vast majority of voters. October surprises—a secret deal with Iranian dirtballs to let our hostages go the day before the election, a secret deal with Iranian dirtballs to hold on to the hostages until after the election, LBJ's decision a few days before the 1968 election to talk peace with the Viet Cong—are cynical attempts to win votes from swing voters. Swing voters are people who do not hold strong political principles, or, if they do, don't hold them for more than 20 minutes at a time. The October surprise is aimed at the rootless suburbanite, disgruntled yuppie or professional malingerer who wants to see who's going to win before he even places his bet. The October surprise is aimed at fellow travelers, chameleons and Monday-morning quarterbacks.

However, the *idea* of an October surprise is more important than the surprise itself. In every presidential election in recent memory, it has been vitally important for the incumbent or front-running candidate to cultivate the notion that he is capable of taking bold, unexpected measures on the eve of the election that would blow his opponent out of the water. Conversely, it is vitally important for his adversaries to cultivate the notion that they are in possession of damaging personal information about the front-runner or incumbent that will blow him right out of the water. And it is vitally important for *all* candidates to cultivate the notion that something vitally important is going to happen in the vitally important days before the vitally important election. Otherwise, what the hell are we all doing hanging around the TV set watching Ed Bradley trade banalities with Dan Rather?

Most recent elections have not had an October surprise. But most recent elections have been haunted by the specter of a surprise lurking right around the corner. In 1988 there were eleventh-hour rumors about George Bush's involvement in Iran-contra and published reports about his shadowy business dealings. There were also indications that Dan Quayle, to put it kindly, had not set any academic records while at DePauw University.

But these were not October surprises, they were October surpriselettes. The surprise everyone was waiting for was the news that George Bush had a long-running extramarital affair with a woman named Jennifer, who supposedly was a much snappier dresser than Babs and who came dogless. This October surprise never materialized, but its gray specter hovered over the campaign until Election Day itself. This is exactly what October surprises, if they are to work, are supposed to do. Hover. Haunt. Loom. Lurk.

Clearly, October surprises are valuable weapons for politicians waging psychological warfare against their opponents. Yet the main beneficiaries of the October surprise phenomenon are journalists, not politicians. So long as a substantial portion of the public (and we estimate swing voters to be roughly 20 percent of the population) believes that an October surprise is in the offing, it is obliged to keep watching Tom Brokaw and Bernard Shaw, listening to National Public Radio, reading Robert Novak and William Safire and David Broder and William F. Buckley, Jr. If the public should get the idea that the election is in the bag, there would be no reason to keep up on the news. Off goes the TV set, down go the newspaper and magazine sales and poof goes all that revenue from ad sales.

At all costs, the press cannot allow this to happen. Thus, in the late stages of presidential campaigns, political reporters begin to resemble play-by-play guys who keep telling the audience that even though the 49ers are reaming the Colts 45–0, the Colts may still have a few surprises up their sleeves. The media need the October surprise to maintain the illusion that *something exciting is going to happen very, very soon*. Even if it hardly ever does.

Logically, there is a huge conceptual flaw to the October surprise. If the press, having clawed through the candidates' personal and professional lives with maniacal zeal for 18 months, still hasn't found anything ruinous by September 30, why do we all assume that journalists will be able to dig up something during

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the frantic final weeks of the campaign? Are they rationing the scandalous material so that everyone will have enough to last until the first Tuesday in November? Conversely, if one candidate is in possession of some politically incendiary revelations about his adversary, why in the world would he wait until the very end of the campaign to disclose them? By that time, it could be too late to change people's minds about whom they plan to vote for. And what politician would run that risk?

The premise of an October surprise is also rooted in the fatuous notion that an administration that has been able to do nothing right for four years can suddenly reverse its disastrous course and correct the ship of state before it sails into the maelstrom. This makes no sense at all. By the time LBJ decided on further negotiations with the North Vietnamese in 1968, the American people had already lived through the Watts riots, the Detroit riots, the Philadelphia riots, the murders of Martin Luther King and Bobby Kennedy, tens of thousands of deaths in Southeast Asia and the destruction of the Democratic Party in Chicago. The public was in an ugly mood. A lot of Americans were ready for Richard Nixon's law-and-order message no matter what the Johnson Administration promised to do in Vietnam. We could ask whether it is possible that an earlier October surprise could have saved Hubert Humphrey. It's possible. But it's not likely. If the election had been held two weeks later, he probably still would have lost. The popular vote in 1968 was close. The Electoral College vote wasn't.

The irrelevance of the October surprise is even more true in Jimmy Carter's case. No matter what Carter had done in the final weeks of his 1980 campaign, he was doomed, and he knew it. Carter's presidency officially died in the desert when those helicopters crashed. But the pallbearers had begun gathering right after the prime rate hit 18 percent, right after the killer-rabbit incident, right after the malaise speech. This guy was history long before history officially said he was history. He'd been history since 1978.

Despite all these facts, there will still be lots of talk about an October surprise this year. The pols want it, the flacks want it and the press wants it. Some voters may even want it. The last-minute revelation that George Bush's relatives are involved in some cruddy get-rich-quick scheme, however, will not qualify as an October surprise. In order for a surprise to be a surprise, it has to be surprising, and it is no longer surprising to learn that the President's sons, brothers and best friends are garden-variety sleazeballs. No, if we do have an October surprise involving George Bush, it will almost certainly involve his medicine cabinet. We know for a fact that the President takes, or has taken, Synthroid (for his thyroid condition), Digoxin and Procainamide (for his irregular heartbeat) and Halcion (for his insomnia problem). Five will get you ten that there's Valium, Librium, Tagamet and maybe even a bottle of Prozac hiding somewhere in that cabinet.

As for Bill Clinton, things happen in rural Arkansas, you know? All those *Dukes of Hazzard* babes in tank tops and cutoffs who don't look anything like Hillary and didn't go to Yale?

There will be other rumors of this ilk. Hillary Clinton's patriotism will be questioned, as transcripts of her speeches to ultra-left-wing symposia over the past 20 years are conjured up through Nexis searches. Dan Quayle's crackpot Bircher dad will resurface for a few gags. So will Marilyn's whacko, Bible-thumping family. Even though it will be clairvoyantly evident weeks and months before the election who is actually going to win, millions of voters backing the wrong horse will cling to the hope of an October surprise. In this sense, these voters will resemble the fans of the Buffalo Bills or the Portland Trailblazers or the Chicago Blackhawks, who kept hoping against hope that "something would happen" when their heroes faced off in the championship round against the Washington Redskins and the Chicago Bulls and the Pittsburgh Penguins. Well, something did happen: The favored teams won.

Surprise, surprise.

"Oh, God, yes, baby—the meaning of life—I think about it all the time."

DIRTY TRICKS

(continued from page 87)

Richard Nixon smiles and poses with a group of Chinese American schoolchildren during a campaign stop. Unbeknownst to Nixon, the large banner that the children are carrying says, in Chinese script, WHAT ABOUT THE HUGHES LOAN? This is a reference to the controversial unsecured $205,000 loan from wealthy industrialist and recluse Howard Hughes to Nixon's businessman brother, Donald. The banner stunt is the handiwork of legendary Democratic Party trickster and longtime Nixon nemesis Dick Tuck.

1964: The Republican presidential candidate is attacked in full-page ads in major U.S. newspapers, their bold-face headlines proclaiming: ELEVEN HUNDRED EIGHTY-NINE PSYCHIATRISTS SAID GOLDWATER WAS PSYCHOLOGICALLY UNFIT TO BE PRESIDENT. The ads are sponsored by the muckraking *Fact* magazine, which has sent surveys to 12,350 U.S. psychiatrists regarding the Republican presidential nominee's psychological fitness. Only 2417 of the shrinks respond to the *Fact* questionnaire, and of these, 657 say Goldwater *is* fit, while 571 say they have no way of knowing. Republicans charge that Democrats have financed the ads but proof is never established.

1972: A watershed year in the history of political dirty tricks begins in February in the New Hampshire presidential primary, when the *Manchester Union Leader* prints a phony letter (later identified as having come from the White House) charging that an aide to Democratic candidate Edmund Muskie has cast a slur on the state's French Canadian population by referring to them as "Canucks." The newspaper then editorializes against Muskie, and in passing demeans the character of his wife, Jane. Muskie responds by denouncing *Union Leader* publisher William Loeb as a "gutless coward," but is reported by the press to be so overwrought that he breaks down and cries. The ensuing public perception of Muskie's emotional "weakness" is sufficient to end his hopes to unseat incumbent President Richard Nixon. There is also some evidence that the Republicans hired a woman to run naked from the Democrat's campaign hotel base shouting "I love Ed Muskie!"

In June 1972 five men are arrested by Washington, D.C., police after breaking into the headquarters of the Democratic National Committee in the Watergate office building. The burglars—soon to be identified as agents of the Committee to Re-Elect the President—may have been trying to find out what dirt DNC Chairman Lawrence O'Brien had on Nixon's ties to billionaire Howard Hughes. O'Brien had once served as Hughes's Washington public relations representative, was privy to Hughes's political intrigues and was not reluctant to spring embarrassing information on the hated Nixon. Suspicious and fearful of O'Brien's capacity for dirty tricks, the Nixon White House perpetrates the biggest dirty trick of all.

1980: Campaign aides to Republican presidential candidate Ronald Reagan secretly acquire a highly sensitive issues-briefing book written by Democratic Party strategists to help incumbent Jimmy Carter prepare for his debates with Reagan. The book is then allegedly used (by Reagan partisan George Will, among others) to help coach Reagan in his successful debate appearances against Carter, which are considered a turning point in the Republican's campaign. When the debategate scandal is finally aired in 1983, it seems to threaten Reagan's re-election chances—but is virtually forgotten by 1984.

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SPIN DOCTORS *(continued from page 88)*

"What do you do in such circumstances? 'You go out there, look 'em in the eyes and lie,' he responded."

accused of a variety of unministerial activities in his past, they admitted to a youthful sowing of wild oats, but said none of it mattered because Robertson had been born again.

• Tell the truth. Two of the best spin doctors argue that in some cases, truth may be the only choice. In 1976 President Gerald Ford insisted in a presidential debate that eastern Europe was not under Soviet domination, leaving his spin doctors to explain to reporters what that meant. Nobody bought the farfetched explanations, and Ford looked progressively more foolish as time went by. "What he needed to say was, 'I misspoke,'" says Republican consultant Doug Bailey, "but that's very hard for a President to do."

Bob Squier faced a similar dilemma with the Democrats in 1988 when Michael Dukakis was asked by CNN anchor Bernard Shaw, "If Kitty Dukakis were raped and murdered, would you favor an irrevocable death penalty for the killer?" Dukakis was impassive and unyielding. In the nearly unanimous judgment of a nation of onlookers, he blew the question. Squier was sent to the pressroom to tell reporters how well Dukakis had done in the debate. "Amazingly, some of the print reporters were buying my line. Then I saw Jeff Greenfield of ABC laughing at me. When he told his crew to turn off the cameras, I knew it was hopeless," says Squier.

• Lie. David Keene, Republican spinner for Ronald Reagan, George Bush and Bob Dole, says the greatest challenge any spin doctor ever faced was the night New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller died. The ambulance crew that answered the 911 emergency call had been met by a young woman in a sexy nightgown and found the governor in bed wearing nothing—two facts the paramedics failed to keep from dozens of reporters gathered in the hospital lobby. What do you do in such circumstances? Keene inquired of Rockefeller's spokesman. "You go out there, look 'em in the eyes and lie," he responded.

• Throw yourself on the mercy of the voters. This is a dangerous alternative, but Democratic spin doctor Neil Oxman says it's sometimes your only choice. In 1982 Cincinnati Mayor Jerry Springer was running for governor of Ohio when voters faced the revelation that Springer had visited a prostitute in Kentucky and paid by check. Since the charge was true, Oxman advised Springer to go on television and express remorse. "Nine years ago," said Springer, "I spent time with a woman I shouldn't have." Oxman says there were no choices. "What was he going to do? Promise to carry cash in the future?" The public wasn't impressed. Springer lost, and he now hosts a syndicated Donahue-style TV show.

• Fall on your sword. This is a final solution for the spin doctor who really cares enough to save his candidate. Ray Strother says he once made a mistake in a Bill Clinton-for-governor television ad that caused a brouhaha statewide. "I saw a way to put an end to it," says Strother. "I told Clinton to blame me and fire me. He did."

• Tell the candidate he's on his own. Some stories are unspinnable. They are so outrageous that they're terminal for the candidate and, more important, potentially damaging to the doctor who wants to survive to spin again. There was the Massachusetts candidate for governor who was discovered sitting nude in his office making phone calls. And the candidate for Senate in New York who made up a Vietnam combat record when he'd never served in uniform. And the politician discovered by his wife while in full stroke with his secretary. He beat the rap by feigning amnesia. Looking his wife in the eye, he demanded, "Who are you and what are you doing here?"

In these cases, spin doctors admit they head for the ratlines, leaving the captain to go down with the ship. In case that happens, it's good policy for a politician to learn to spin for himself.

Perhaps the best first-person spin doctor in modern American politics is Louisiana Governor Edwin Edwards. So notorious were his exploits during his first two terms that they earned him the nickname the Silver Zipper. Stories abounded of Edwards' cruising sorority row at Louisiana State University in search of female company. A disaffected aide published a book that recounted marathon sexual exploits with as many as five women during Edwards' gambling sojourns to Las Vegas.

With his reputation grown beyond the grasp of any spin doctor, Edwards assumed the job himself, tossing off his now legendary 1983 campaign quip, "I can't be beaten in this election unless I'm found in bed with a dead woman or a live boy." On the day of Edwards' landslide victory, his campaign aides uncrated a box of bumper stickers that read WIN ONE FOR THE ZIPPER.

"Ms. Chase: Being of good intentions and protected by counsel, I hereby respectfully invite you to dinner this evening, an overture you may freely decline if it in any way suggests sexual harassment to you."

(continued from page 100)

and the Crips really weren't united.

LIL MONSTER: We're not ready for that confrontation [with the police]. That's just the bottom line. The problem is, they don't respect us as gang members or as people. So, what we want to do with the pigs is to keep them out of our community. We want to police our own community, that's all.

For me to sit here and say that all black businesses were being burned by accident is not the fact. People in the community know who does the law. People know who's not a part of the community, and that's why these stores were burned.

GALIPEAU: They burned one black-owned fast-food chain that they felt ripped off the neighborhood and treated them bad. They left Korean stores standing that treated them good.

KODY: What took place in South Central, beginning on April 29, was a necessary cleaning-out process. I don't condone the beating of innocent civilians. I do, however, support my people's effort to strike at those who systematically rape our communities of vital finances needed for our own urban development.

LIL MONSTER: The gang peace had been going on for several weeks before the rebellion took place because of the work that [former football great] Jim Brown and his Amer-I-Can group did with members of certain sets throughout the city. By April 29, Brown had already laid some groundwork, to the point where certain areas were putting down their weapons. Once this happened, we realized that we had a common goal: If I'm a Crip and you're a Blood, and we meet at the front of a Circuit City, we both know that we want to get in and get out of this Circuit City as soon as possible. We saw a common goal. And then when the National Guard came, we saw a common enemy.

I hope that people realize the magnitude of the war that has gone on between the Crips and the Bloods. It lasted nine years longer than the Vietnam conflict. It's lasted longer than any war America has ever been in. The body count is uncountable. Missing in action, wounded—unthinkable to even count.

GALIPEAU: I have been a probation officer for twenty-seven years. I do not remember another three-month period when there has not been a black gang shooting or killing. This is why I'm so optimistic. This peace had nothing to do with organized society. It was not really facilitated or assisted by the police, the probation department or any organized group. It was a grass roots movement that started in the projects of Watts by older guys—when I say older, I mean in their late thirties, early forties—who grew up in the projects before there were Crips and Bloods. These guys played little-league baseball and Pop Warner football together. They went to grade school, junior high and maybe even high school together before there were Crips and Bloods.

BONE: We hate that word gang. We'd rather be considered a community inside of a community, you know? But the word gang puts a stigma on our love. And it's all about love.

GALIPEAU: I do things for them because they do things for my kids. When I ask them to do something for one of my kids, they do it in a minute. When they ask me for something, I'm there in a minute. These people are proud and honorable. Their code of conduct may not meet with the approval of society, but it is just as strict.

KODY: It's like being in a family, like being in a house—a secure house. A place where you get the praise and love of people who are appreciative of you and your achievements—albeit they may be criminal. But these people are appreciative of you.

LIL MONSTER: I was thirteen when I became active. But it's not something that you just do. It's not like you say, "Well, today I'm gonna be active." I mean, growing up—and I'm quite sure it was like this for a lot of people—you go through phases. With each phase you push yourself to the limit. You may start by robbing somebody, right? OK, so you've gotten over the robbery phase. And then it may come down to your actually having to correct somebody. So there's another challenge. Boom, you knock that down. And once you knock that down, it's like riding a bicycle.

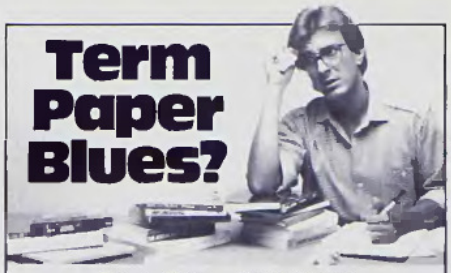
KODY: I was ambitious as a kid. Outgoing, energetic, intelligent. I was my mother's favorite. I always wanted to be the achiever, so I struggled harder in certain areas than my siblings. I was combative and violent.

My older brothers are not involved in gangs. They're a different generation, different age group.

Do you know the chronological makeup of gangs? In reference to age, we live in dog years, meaning that the life expectancy of a gang member is eighteen years. Being that I'm twenty-eight now, I'm basically a fossil in the gang arena.

GALIPEAU: The real genesis of the street gangs was black gangs that were really more social groups than they were gangs. These kinds of gangs were territorial. The big difference was, when these guys got into conflicts, it was on a one-on-one basis. And it was fists. Sometimes there might have been a chain or a switchblade or some other weapon, but by and large it was what they called "goin' from the shoulders."

For these guys it was an adolescent phenomenon. The guys would come up, the gang would be part of their adolescent development and then they would get married, have kids and get jobs. It



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was just a passing thing.

BONE: The first time I ever got into a real confrontation—gunplay, I should say—I was about fourteen. It was still about me, my brother, my neighbor across the street and the homie on my street. Then I came to find out that this was a common battle for everybody. This was a whole neighborhood thing. Then I said, "Oh, OK. Now I get it."

GALIPEAU: All of a sudden the Sixties came, particularly the mid-Sixties, with Black Power. Blacks became more militant. You had the Black Panther party with Eldridge Cleaver and Huey Newton and those other guys coming out of Oakland. They were talking about pride in race, talking about armed resistance, walking around Oakland and, to some extent, Los Angeles wearing guns—which was legal in those days. Then you got some of the groups who became way more political and racist, and who identified with the Muslims, Malcolm X and Elijah Muhammad. And Martin Luther King was on the scene during that time, talking about Gandhi-type things. So the kids were torn in a lot of different ways.

KODY: I go to the shooting range because bullets are too expensive, and I don't like to miss. That's why I go to the range, because I don't want to shoot innocent people. And, you know, I've pushed a few innocent people out and had it in my thoughts, and I'm sorry for it. I don't like to shoot innocent people. I like to get a soldier, because that soldier is trying to get me.

BONE: The last time I was shot, I was shot in June, July, something like that, this past summer. Careless. That's how I got shot, being careless. Running my mouth. Talking. Being careless.

I had been coaching a kids' baseball game, but it was over with, and it was in a high-risk area. You know, I always watched for 'em coming down the street. I never thought that they would creep up on foot. Yeah, they saw me and creeped up. As soon as I got shot, the first thing that came into my mind was, Damn, I slipped.

KODY: My name is Monster, therefore I had to live up to the personification of that name. A monster is someone who does atrocities, who is atrocious, who carries on in an inhumane manner. So I would do things that people wouldn't normally do. I would go on missions considered suicidal, and live to come back. What I mean by that is, entering a totally armed camp of another gang, a street where these people are heavily armed, where no one does drive-bys, no one does walk-ups. I would go to put down these people militarily. I'd use whatever was at my disposal at that particular time, which was often a large-caliber gun. But I would survive. And as I continued to do military maneuvers and get away, my reputation grew.

BONE: Bloods are considered a minority, and Crips are the majority. This is in the correctional facilities, on the streets—anywhere. We're outnumbered by more than half. But what we lack in numbers we make up in heart.

KODY: Someone may disrespect your particular set, your little chapter. Or someone may step on your shoe. What we take as serious, the outside world takes as trivial. But to us, stepping on a shoe can quite easily get someone killed. In fact, it has, and will probably continue to.

Crips are my worst enemies [even though I'm a Crip]. The Compton Crips' worst enemies are the Bloods. But where I live there are relatively few Bloods, and my worst enemies are the Crips. I've been shot six times by Crips. I've lost eighteen homeboys to Crips. We've killed many Crips.

We have not always killed one another. The contemporary problems can be traced back to colonialism. Don't get me wrong, there have been tribal wars in the African tradition. Always. Like in every other person's tradition, every other person's heritage. No one has ever gotten along with everybody all the time. To study gangs is basically to study the history of a people.

BONE: You have petty differences, and they escalate. The petty differences were before our time. Our enemies were chosen for us.

KODY: One of the biggest wars inside the Crips today goes back to when a woman, or a young girl, had a leather coat taken by a guy from my neighborhood. It erupted into a full-scale war, with people getting dropped. And today, twenty-five or thirty deaths can be attributed to that one coat being taken.

GALIPEAU: Maybe one percent or less are vicious killers. I work with them and I have seen them. They like to hurt people. Ninety-nine percent of the hard-core

"'**ab•stain** \əb-ˈstān\ *vi* to refrain deliberately. . . .' *Holy shit!*"

gangbangers I deal with, when I get them one-on-one or two-on-two, we can talk, and they wouldn't hurt one another because they aren't intrinsically evil. They are not intrinsically hateful. They are not intrinsically vicious. They do it because that's what is expected of them out on the streets.

Ninety-nine percent of these guys could not come up to another person and beat him to death with their hands. One percent or less could. Leave those people to me and the cops, the penitentiaries and the gas chambers. The rest of them we can deal with.

LI'L MONSTER: These are people who have been created by America, to the point where they now feel so much rage, so much hatred. But at the same time, this rage and hatred is misdirected.

KODY: But when we fight one another, it's this black-on-black crime that looks so bad. Well, of course it's bad, but people magnify our problems so that they won't think about the larger issue. If I think my only problem is another African person, I'm never going to think about the larger problem—us as African people in this country. Narcotics, lack of education, inadequate health care and inadequate housing all contribute to the demise of a people. Genocide.

When I got out of Folsom prison in 1988, I came home and somebody handed me a Kalashnikov AK47—7.62 x 39. It had DISTRIBUTED BY CHINA on the side. So my questions were to the homeboys: "How did you get to China and get this gun? Who got the helicopter? Who got the plane?"

These are not sold down on the street. Where are these guns coming from? Who is bringing these guns in? Who is bringing in kilos of cocaine—more cocaine than we've ever seen? I've seen money stacked from that side of the wall to where I'm standing right here, three feet off the ground! Who puts these things in our community? That's my question.

GALIPEAU: This, to me, was the downfall of the Crips and the Bloods. It came around the time cocaine hydrochloride—crack and rock cocaine—came into the equation. Then it became about money. It wasn't about heart, it wasn't about territory, it was about money.

KODY: You have youngsters with AK47s, high-velocity weapons, who are shooting into houses, not knowing they're shooting ten houses behind that house because of the velocity of the weapon.

GALIPEAU: When I started to work with gangs—when the Crips and the Bloods began—you would seldom hear of a gang member rolling over on another gang member. They would rather go to jail. Nowadays, I see them rolling over on their mamas. They will tell on anybody in the gang. They will tell on family members. They will do anything to get back onto the streets and get to their money or their drugs or their girls.

In relation to the lack of real loyalty to the gang, there is the worldwide-known phenomenon of the Los Angeles drive-by. The drive-by is the coward's way of becoming a gang member. The old gang members used to go from the shoulders. They would fight.

KODY: One of my homeboys was killed when we were both sixteen. His mother came to us and said, "I want to see newspapers. I want to hear bodies drop. I want these people who killed my son. And you don't come back here, you never face me again, until you bring me a newspaper." And she continued to give us bullets and ammunition until we brought back newspapers. To see her and sit with her, to feel her anguish, sent me on outrageous missions. I used to feel emotionally responsible because some of the people who were killed were my friends, my clique. So I was obliged to drop bodies in response to that. It used to tear me up—initially. Now it's to the point where, "Oh, such-and-such is dead. Oh, he got killed." I'm not emotionally attached to it anymore. It's just a way of life now.

LI'L MONSTER: We're not savages. We're not beasts. We think very clearly. We're made out to be these uncaring human beings who, when one of ours gets

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hit, don't care about it. We have a total disregard for human life. There's that reaction of revenge, that reaction of hatred and sorrow and sadness. There's that feeling that you've lost someone close. We go through those same emotions. It's just that we act on them, because the police aren't gonna act on them for us.

BONE: People look at us in fear. They fear us because "Oh, you've taken life." But when their government does it, they bust out their flags. They bust out their yellow ribbons.

The United States killed how many thousands of innocent people [in Desert Storm]? Why do people put us in a category of being subhuman, as if we don't have regard for human life? And they live theirs as patriotic, as the right thing to do.

KODY: Gangs are nomadic. The police will catch us on one street, so we will go to another street. The only reason we're still around is that we're disorganized, because there's no central body they can strike at and say, "Now we've got the leadership. Now this will die." Kill the head, the body will die. As soon as we organize ourselves, we will be struck down, like any other organization that the government deems a threat.

GALIPEAU: Basically the role of drugs in the gangs is to finance guns and to finance loyalty. It's revenue-enhancing, but it is not funding.

Few gang members make any money from drugs. Out of the thousands of gang members who have been on my caseload, I can count fewer than ten who could support themselves, an old lady, a kid, a six-hundred-dollar-a-month apartment and a four- or five-hundred-dollar-a-month car payment with their illegal activities.

The top dogs get all the money. I'm fond of the saying from my liberal Berkeley days that, in the United States, ten percent of the people control ninety percent of the wealth. In the gangs, it's worse than that.

KODY: People amass huge amounts of wealth from the distribution of narcotics. We used to break into houses to get guns. Now Colombians and Cubans are dropping off cases of weapons—and I'm not talking about shotguns: H&K .308s, AK47s, AKSs, AK74s. Top-notch assault weapons. In hospitals, they're employing combat doctors from wars just to deal with the people who are the victims of these weapons. So the drug trade has been devastating to the community in two ways: the death toll and the addicts who sell their worldly possessions.

LIL MONSTER: It's easier for someone to get an ounce of cocaine and sell it than it is for him to get a job. You tell that man it's wrong, but that's how he's feeding his family, because he can't get hired.

KODY: The drug trade, although lucrative, is on its way out. Legitimate business is on its way in. Music production. People are starting to take all this drug money and put it into rappers. You'd be surprised how many rappers are drug-backed.

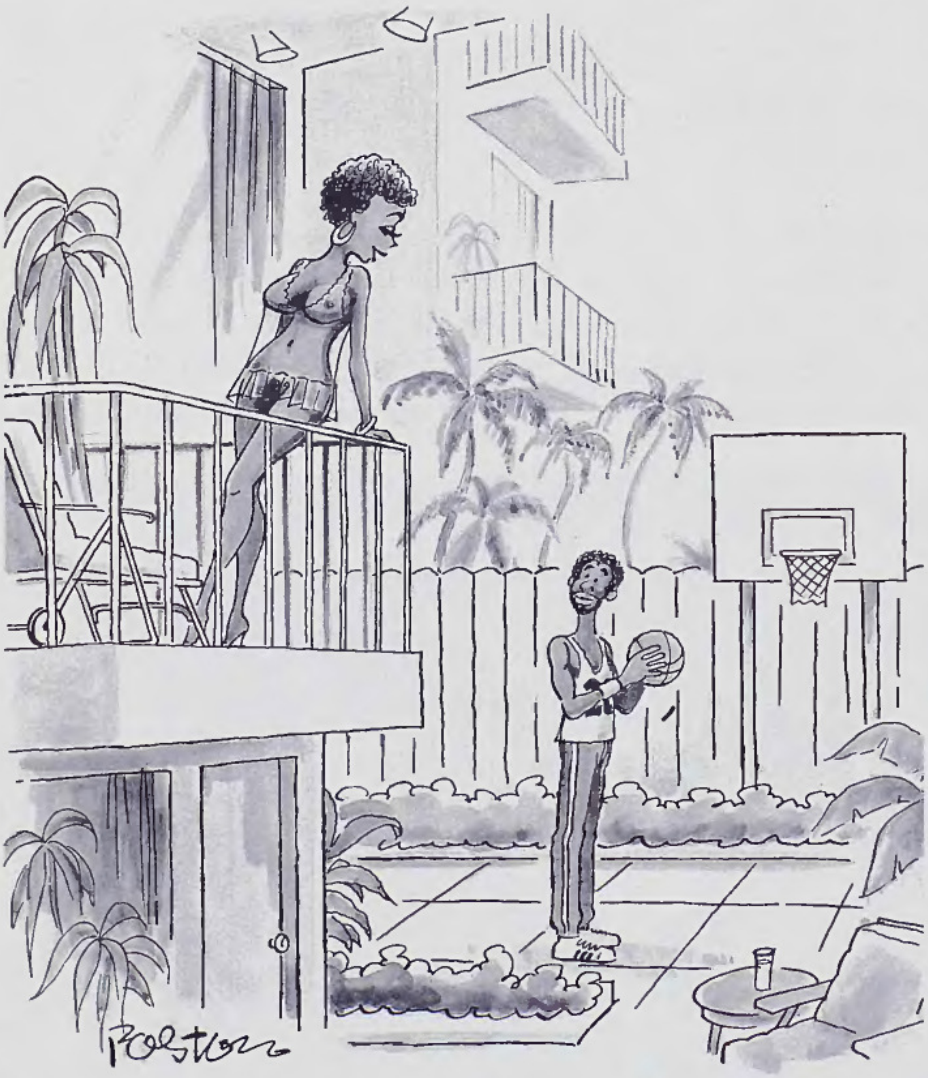
GALIPEAU: I have seen a twenty-thousand-dollar Trans Ams given to a sixteen-year-old kid who didn't have a driver's license. The cars are bought with cash. The dope man who has a kid pushing a hundred-grand worth of dope every month gives the kid a car. The kid has not been going to school, so he has no possibility of getting a driver's license, because he has to take driver's ed. He goes out and drives the damn car—picks up his girl, has dope in it, guns in it. Pretty soon, the cops pull him over, he runs away. Well, there's the car. Who's it registered to? Nobody. A fake name. The car gets towed back to the dealer. The kid has had a month, max, maybe a month and a half, with his car, and that's it. To gangsters, dope money is play money.

The guys who are the real dope dealers got tight with the gang and let the gang distribute their dope. They don't give a fuck about that gang. They're the ones who have houses in Beverly Hills and Encino. They're not homeboys. They don't even want to come down to the ghetto.

KODY: Drugs were put into our community deliberately to push down the resistance of a people desperately trying to exert themselves to be free. There's no doubt about that. The gang members got hold of them simply as a survival tactic. They knew they weren't going to be employed by AT&T or IBM, because they didn't go to school to get the proper education. Education is not available in the community.

LIL MONSTER: We network with one another. We help one another. There have been times when a homeboy didn't have a place to stay. He'd spend the night with me. The next night he might stay with another homeboy. "Don't tell me you don't have a way to school, because you can call me and I'll take you." "Don't tell me you don't have a way to this job interview, because I'm gonna take you."

BONE: We have a place where we house seven or eight homeless youngsters



"Interested in a little one-on-one?"

whose parents have moved out of town to get away from the bullshit.

We pay rent on this house and we have people in and out of it. Some people stay two weeks and get their shit together. Some stay two months.

There is someone older to oversee the youngsters most of the time. And the kids usually go to school.

KODY: The schools act as babysitter, recruitment area and drug distribution area. But they're not learning centers, for sure. Knowing George Washington and Abraham Lincoln isn't going to help you survive in South Central. People are wise to that. The schools could be mowed down in South Central today and nobody would miss them, because the kids would still congregate in the parking lot where the school used to be.

GALIPEAU: Most guys on my caseload started at eleven or twelve years old. It's a full-time avocation. You have to be beating up people, you have to be planning shit, you have to try to get off in the drive-by. You cannot go to school and do this.

By the time they're seventeen years old, they've done their drive-bys, they may or may not have killed people, but they've certainly hurt people. They've had whatever involvement with dealing they're gonna have. They have three or four babies spread out all over the ghetto. Grown men step off the sidewalk when they walk down the streets of their neighborhood because they're afraid of them. But it gets old. It's like anything else: Once you get to the top of what you're doing, you start looking for something else. It's not stimulating. And they see they don't have a future.

They have no chance of getting a high school diploma because they have no credits. They don't have any of the classwork to prepare them to take the GED. They have no skills other than kicking the shit out of grown men.

BONE: I don't feel connected to America, because I know America isn't connected to me. My type of people are the mass of people in the streets, and America is forcing us farther and farther out of the picture, or trying to. I feel alienated. I don't fit the plan of America or of the presidency.

GALIPEAU: I cannot sell them on going three years to night school to get a diploma and then two years to trade tech to get a plumbing certificate, when they won't get a job because of their record. What I can offer them is the *Los Angeles Times*' Reading Lab, where they can reach high school reading level in two months. The *Times*' Reading Lab has the technology to do that.

But Governor Wilson just closed down four of six of these Impact programs. San Diego has closed. Compton—my God, of all places, they closed down Compton! It's disgusting because the combination of eight weeks to read and six weeks to get a GED and a job—they can see that. You're talking four months. These guys can see four months down the road, but you can't talk to an OG about three years down the road because he knows there's a high probability he's going to be dead or in the pen.

KODY: Until the gang members, the OGs, the youngsters, the community, the church, the workers, the students—until we say, "That's it, no more," it won't stop. We have to create an alternative ourselves to this madness. The alternative must come from the people.

But there are people who are in the community working to bring about this particular perspective. You see it in every facet of society now, in the way people dress. People are starting to wear haircuts that reflect their African culture. Rap music. Other political leaders. Things like Rodney King heighten the consciousness of the people who are still oppressed.

Gang activity in America is only a small problem in terms of the way people are dying. Gang members are not responsible for the largest number of deaths in the African community. Don't you know we have a high infant-mortality rate? We have people who are on narcotics. We have a high level of hypertension. Those things are causing a tremendous amount

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of deaths in our community.

GALIPEAU: If we're going to solve the gang problem, the country will have to resolve itself like we did when Kennedy got pissed off because Khrushchev put up Sputnik first. When I was growing up, our society said that nobody is going to beat the Americans to the moon. And our whole social fabric, our intelligence, our brilliance, our education, our science—everything honed in on putting an asshole on the moon to hit a golf ball. We spent billions of dollars.

KODY: I'm never going to be unarmed. Because power goes out of the barrel of a gun. They've got guns, so I'm gonna have a gun. If it were up to me to stop this today, I would do it. But it's larger than the individual.

Gang activity will stop when an alternative is reached where a youth can say, "I can still keep my gun and be a part of this." They're never going to be unarmed, because they see what's going on in Palestine. They see what's going on in South Africa, where youth are throwing rocks and bottles at tanks because they were unarmed years previously. The African community is never going to be unarmed again, because we know that being unarmed means certain death. See, gangs are like every other thing in society, they're evolutionary. In the Nineties the new thrust of gang crimes will be extortion. Just as the Mafia started with the Black Hand, with small extortionists, and evolved into a multinational corporation today, so will gangs.

Commercial extortions. Merchants in our community, for example, who are not of our nationality. Who have recently been killing African people. Koreans. These people will either be systematically driven out of the community, or they will be extorted at the expense of staying in the community. If they want to take our money, they must have money to put back into the community.

BONE: You have a Korean on every corner now. It didn't used to be like that. You might have had one on a corner. We had black stores, man, I'm tellin' you, about eight years ago. They've got Koreans selling chitlins now. Goddamn!

LI'L MONSTER: They just sap our community, drain the life out of our community. And they won't put a dime of it back in. Then they kill our kids, like Latasha Harlins [a black teenager shot during an altercation with a Korean shopkeeper]. No, that's not an isolated incident. There's a Korean-owned market right up here. Earlier this year I would go in there in the morning and get me a cup of coffee before I started on my way. One morning I walked in there and the store was completely rearranged so you couldn't just step straight through the store, you had to go through a little maze to get in. I asked the owner why he did that. He said, "Because kids come in and steal candy on their way to school." He said, "I called the police and they won't do nothing, but they told me I can shoot them." This is what a Korean merchant in a black community told me that the police told him.

KODY: Drugs started the expansion, and now gang members are, in a sense, just like the American government. They're looking for new land to conquer. They're expansionists. They're imperialists. Don't you know whole states are allocated to a specific set now? I can't go to Louisiana because it's controlled by another set. So my set goes to Baltimore. That's just a small look into the future of what we'll be about, because we will really start to control commerce.

GALIPEAU: One thing I am most fearful of is something that's starting over in Inglewood, Hawthorne, Torrance, Gardena—middle-class areas where you have down gang members [dedicated gang members] who shoot out of cars. The problem is going to be between browns and blacks, and it's gonna start in middle-class communities with kids who don't understand what they're doing.

BONE: We always have small race wars. You always hear about small race riots at different high schools and stuff like that. It's like that in South Central because ten years ago the black high schools were black high schools. But now it's half Latino and half black. So with the Mexicans going to school side by side with blacks, there's a lot of tension. Where the problem comes in is with holidays, like Black History Month. The Latinos say, "Fuck Black History Month. We don't give a fuck." They're walking out on the black history celebrations. So the blacks get mad. Then they come with Cinco de Mayo. And the blacks say, "Fuck Cinco de Mayo. We don't care nothing about the fifth of May." And then they walk out on their celebration, laugh at their culture. So it's building right there.

GALIPEAU: Law enforcement is not capable in Los Angeles County or anywhere else of taking care of brown-black warfare. When they get it on, nobody will be safe. Every freeway is going to be a drive-by land. Everybody who ain't your color, who doesn't look just like you, is a target—that's white, that's brown, that's Korean, that's black. Anybody who doesn't look like you gets blasted on these freeways. We're going to have to have federal troops—not National Guards, not Army reserves—federal troops coming in putting us under martial law.

LI'L MONSTER: You know what? I'm going to tell you the truth. I worry more about dying at the hands of some white racist pig than I do of another gang member. Plain and simple.

GALIPEAU: We're now in an era where there is no one in South Central who hasn't had a loved one killed or seriously hurt [by gang warfare]. It's come to that. Everybody has had a mother, father,

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brother, sister, auntie, uncle, nephew, niece—somebody who has been killed or seriously injured. If you drive around South Central, you'll see ramps going up the steps to people's houses. They aren't there because this is an old person's community. They're for young people who need the ramps because they're paraplegics as a result of gunshot wounds. Everybody wanted peace, but they didn't want to admit it and sound like a buster or something.

One of the parties I was most gratified by was at Lueders Park in Compton. This is a Blood stronghold. I saw Crips I hadn't seen in fifteen years. They had big tough guys who were running it, keeping people in control—keep your bottle in a bag, keep it down so the neighbors don't get upset. There were probably five or six hundred people there. I was there from two in the afternoon until eight at night, watching these guys drinking that awful Old English and Cisco's steady. There was not one fight. Now, I was in the Army during Vietnam and I was never in a beer hall with fifty guys when there wasn't a fight within an hour. There was not a fight in six hours with all these high-status Crips and Bloods. Dancing with each other's girls. I mean, it brought tears to my eyes.

BONE: You know what one of my biggest fears is? Not being in my kids' life at all times. Just not being there. I'm sure that's anybody's biggest fear if they think about it. If you have kids, that's supposed to be your number-one shot.

KODY: I have two sons and a daughter. That's my most fearful thing, not being able to support them or teach them the pitfalls of society. I wasn't taught, and so I've fallen.

It wouldn't surprise me if either of my sons joins a gang because I've seen it in the past, but I doubt that would happen. If it did, it would be on me as a parent for not teaching them the right and the wrong ways of growing up. It would be my responsibility, and I would feel bad. Of course I wouldn't want them to be in a gang, because that would mean their lives would be shortened. If they joined a gang, that would mean that my family wasn't giving them the attention and the love they needed, and therefore they've had to seek that somewhere else.

LIL MONSTER: I have no regrets in my life, but that doesn't mean I want somebody to live the same life I've lived. So, quite naturally, I'm going to steer the person in another direction than what I went on my own. One of my worst fears is going out of this world without having made a difference. My idea of making a difference is getting to brothers and sisters when they're young and when they've started in a life of crime and telling them that they have other avenues and other channels they can take to turn that negative influence into something positive.

BONE: Yeah, I've been lucky. But it still could happen any day. I could get washed up tomorrow, you know, if I made the decision to do something or get caught doing something. It still holds today. So it's not like I won the battle, you know, because I'm still down in South Central every day resisting and stuff. Anything could happen.

SO LONG, POPPY

(continued from page 51)

much richer and the number of children thrown into poverty increased by the hundreds of thousands. For once, why don't those pro-lifers stop screaming about how precious the fetus is and demand that the government help all those babies, once born?

Or let's take patriotism and defending America. The Gulf war (which could very well start up again) was supposed to have been his finest hour. He had this country in the palm of his hand for humbling Saddam Hussein, who Bush convinced most of us was a modern Hitler. Then when Bush dropped in the polls, the pundits claimed the public was fickle. Not so. What we learned was that rather than toppling Hussein, Bush had created him. Without money from Bush, it turns out, there would have been no Iraqi nuclear, Scud or germ-warfare threat. And without friendly signals from the U.S., Hussein's ally in the war against Iran, the Iraqis would never have invaded Kuwait.

Then there is the matter of losing the peace. Has victory ever turned so sour? And has anyone noticed that the price of gasoline has gone way up while the corrupt Kuwaitis collect the spoils of war?

But all of the above pales in comparison to Bush's disastrous performance on the economy. This is a man who knew Reaganomics would not work—that's why he called it voodoo economics—and yet to stay in power, he meekly went along with bankrupting the country. Ironically, he was left holding the bag as the boom of the Reagan years gave rise to the deepest economic crisis since the Great Depression. Under his tutelage, the economy has collapsed and the debt soared. And he dares to ask for four more years?

Fact is, he doesn't care. This guy was bred into a noblesse oblige so cushioned by privilege that he assumes the rest of us are similarly buffeted from the rude economic shocks of this world. No, it's not cute that he didn't know what a supermarket scanner was. It's a damned serious omission in his education about how the rest of us live.

He never could understand the bitterness felt by ordinary folks over the apparent ethical conflicts of some of his relatives. Tens of thousands of taxpayers may get rolled, but old Poppy thinks it's some kind of game, that they're basically good guys and, gosh, can't you take a joke? Well, gosh no, Poppy, sorry, but this time you really did make a mess of it, and we just can't see our way clear to giving you another chance. Now don't throw a tantrum. Yes, you tried your darnedest, but we're just in too much trouble to go on carrying you.

PATRICK STEWART *(continued from page 140)*

"'You're Patrick Stewart. Jean-Luc Picard.' And I said, 'Yes,' and he shouted, 'I love L.A.!'"

STEWART: I was a journalist for nearly two years. It was my first job when I left school at fifteen, having completed the minimum education that the state required at that time. Although my education is unremarkable, with the help of one teacher I developed a flair for language, and the local newspaper took me on as a beat reporter. I had a specific geographic area that was mine until something important happened in it, and then one of the senior reporters would come in and cover it. I then sold furniture for a year. And I was significantly better at that than I was as a journalist because I would, as an acting exercise, simply become whatever sort of salesman that I thought each customer wanted me to be.

15.

PLAYBOY: What finally turned you to acting as a profession?

STEWART: My editor at the newspaper wanted me to abandon all of the amateur acting I was doing because it interfered with my journalism commitments. I would get people to deputize for me when I had rehearsals, or I would try to cover events in advance or afterward by making phone calls. More than once I just made up the copy. And it led to a showdown with the editor, who insisted that I give up all these "absurd amateur theatricals," as he termed them, or get off his newspaper. I was seventeen, and I left out of spite. I objected to being told how I should lead my life. I went home and told my parents I'd left and they were very upset. They asked what I was going to do, and I said, "I'm going to become an actor." I made that decision only to annoy the editor of the newspaper.

16.

PLAYBOY: Your voice may be even better known than your face, thanks to your work in TV commercials for RCA and General Motors, to name just two. Describe the joys and challenges of commercial acting.

STEWART: In the case of the Pontiac commercials, it was a terrific contract financially. And actually, I really enjoyed doing them. I got more direction as an actor in fifteen minutes in that sound studio, in a satellite hookup to Detroit with people I have never met—detailed, acute, intelligent, sensitive direction—than I might get in six months of doing *Star Trek*. These guys are paying a lot of money and they want it *exactly* right, in twenty different ways. So in a thirty-second commercial they will say, "We would like you to shave two tenths of a second off this take." I love that. I love saying, "Right."

17.

PLAYBOY: What's your most memorable encounter with a fan?

STEWART: Leaving the studio very late one night, I went to a nearby bank to get some cash from an automated teller. It's always risky doing that late at night, so I take precautions. While I was standing at the machine, a car cruised into the parking lot and stopped, and so I kept one eye on it while I was punching in my numbers. And the guy looked out of his window and watched me. I got my money and began to walk briskly toward my car, and the door of his car opened in the path between my car and his car. He stood up and he said, "You're Patrick Stewart," and I said, "That's right." And he said, "Jean-Luc Picard," and I said, "Yes," and he lifted up his arms and shouted, "I love L.A.!"

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18.

PLAYBOY: Was there any single event that changed your life?

STEWART: In 1953 I went to my local cinema, on a Monday night, to see a film I'd never heard of. I went to the movies obsessively. I'd been utterly seduced by Technicolor, and I remember when the titles came up feeling irritably disappointed to see that the film was black and white. It was *On the Waterfront*. Until then I had imagined myself in a world populated by people like Debbie Reynolds and Doris Day. My friends would be Tab Hunter and Rock Hudson. All the lawns were green and freshly mowed. All the houses were painted white, everybody looked wholesome and nice and everybody had a car and a telephone—and then *bang*. Everything changed from that moment on, partly because I saw that people made movies about *me*. I lived in an industrial town in northern England. It was a million miles away from the Brooklyn waterfront, but nevertheless, all those values and conditions—the things that people were doing to one another—were recognizable, particularly, of course, in Brando's character. I went back four times. I even took my poor mother, who didn't understand what the hell was going on. It was overwhelming. Still is. I've now met three of the stars of that movie. Brando is the only remaining star I have never met.

19.

PLAYBOY: Does Patrick Stewart share Captain Picard's oft-stated discomfort around children?

STEWART: For somebody who says he can't be with children, he actually does extraordinarily well. Because when he's with them, he does the very best thing you can do with children, which is to treat them as adults—overestimate what they will understand and what they can do. And it goes down just great with most kids.

20.

PLAYBOY: The 24th Century seems pretty inviting: We can think of several fully consummated interspecies affairs that have taken place on *The Next Generation*. Are there more opportunities on the new Enterprise than on the old?

STEWART: It's always amused me, the extent to which people will complain of any one period being more wicked, licentious or libertine than another. Generally speaking, I think those who are looking for fun will invariably find it—no matter what the era.

good intentions

(continued from page 136)

Hardy said. "That's why I finally said yes. I think I can make a difference."

"It won't be a problem," Satan said calmly.

"I'm serious. No swaying with the winds. I don't care what the polls say, I won't alter a stand just to get votes."

"You won't have to."

"And no fat cats. No special interests. I want to limit campaign contributions to one hundred dollars, like Jerry Brown."

"Done."

"No negative advertising. No character assassination, no mudslinging. No Willie Horton."

"You're taking all the fun out of—all right, all right. Done."

"And I get . . . ?"

"A congressional seat in two years. In six, the Presidency." Satan waited, asking without words if there were any more points to discuss. Then he went to the phone bank across the room. He punched in his AT&T credit card number and spoke briefly to the party at the other end. In a moment the fax machine began to hum and he pulled out three pages of a contract. Taking out a ballpoint pen, he bent over a table and began marking up the boilerplate.

Hardy read it twice, folded it, put it into his pocket.

"I'll run this past my lawyer," he said, "but I think we've got a deal."

"I'll see you in his office tomorrow at three," said the Devil. "And in the meantime. . . ." He held out his hand.

Hardy hesitated only a moment, then shook it. The Devil's hand was warm and dry and firm. He'd been afraid it would be clammy. He hated that.

"What should I call you?" Hardy asked.

"'Nick' will do just fine."

•

"I don't care much for 'his immortal soul,'" said the attorney, a worthy named Cheatham. "And what's this about 'until the end of time'? The customary term would be 'in perpetuity.'"

"It means eternally," Nick said. "Forever."

"Um, yes, yes." Cheatham frowned. "Frankly, it seems like a long time."

"These are my standard terms. The duration is long, granted, but the reward is huge, and the payment . . . frankly, sir, most courts would see it as trivial."

"It being difficult to establish a market value for an immortal soul," Cheatham said, nodding. "I see your point. But look here: 'To be disposed of in whatever manner pleases the party of the first part.'" He looked owlishly over to Hardy. "It's all very vague, Joseph."

"Let it stand, Mr. Cheatham."

"Very well, very well. But I still don't think that I can sign off on the time

element here." A little palpitation of sparks appeared around Nick's eyebrows, unseen by the lawyer, who was studying the ceiling as if the solution to the impasse might be written there. And perhaps it was, for he soon looked down and said portentously, "Why don't we make it a thousand years?"

Nick laughed.

"I ask for eternity and you offer a thousand?" he said. Then he leaned forward. "A billion years. My final offer."

They settled on 250,000 years, and Cheatham seemed satisfied.

"I imagine you'll want to show these amendments to your own attorneys," he said.

"No need," said Nick, hooking his thumbs in his vest. "Harvard Law, class of 1735."

•

While a secretary was preparing clean copies, a bottle of brandy was produced. Cheatham asked Nick what eventuality had led him to read for the law.

"The legal fees were eating me alive," Nick admitted. "I saw which way the wind was blowing, and I can't tell you how handy it's been."

Hardy took a stiff drink when the copies arrived and hardly hesitated before he signed. Nick bent over Cheatham's desk, then looked up at Hardy with a gleam in his eye.

"Don't worry, Joe," he said. "I know ways of making a hundred thousand years seem like an eternity." He signed each of the three copies, then straightened and said, "We should get started. How does tomorrow sound? Let's have lunch."

•

They met at a Chinese place for dim sum. They each stacked half a dozen of the little plates brought to the table by girls pushing carts and finished half a pot of tea.

"I suppose you've been wondering how we'll go about this," Nick said.

"I've thought of nothing else."

"Simplest thing in the world." Nick produced a small bottle with a glass stopper and set it on the table. "Concentrated charisma."

Hardy picked it up, looked at it, pulled the stopper and sniffed.

"Try not to spill it," Nick said. "Pretend it's thousand-dollar-an-ounce perfume. Just dab some on your face once a day."

Hardy applied some and felt nothing.

"Bit of a letdown," he muttered.

"Wait for it," Nick said, folding his arms. "The stuff's hard to come by. I collect it where I can find it. Baptist revival meetings are good; sometimes the stuff drips off the tent walls. You can find a bit around used-car lots, salesmen's conventions, get-rich-quick real estate seminars. And, of course, every year I get a lot of the stuff at the Oscar ceremonies." He shrugged. "I have to be out there, anyway, so what the heck."

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"I thought I recognized you," someone said, and Hardy looked up to see that two waitresses had converged on the table. They had been serving Joe and Nick for half an hour without incident.

"Joseph Hardy!" said the other, putting her hand to her mouth. "I voted for you, Joe!"

"You and about three more," Hardy said. The waitresses laughed more than the feeble joke deserved.

"I didn't vote," the first one admitted, "but if you run again, I sure will. Here, take this, it's on the house." It was some sort of meat-stuffed dumplings.

Soon a buzz spread through the restaurant. The owner came by and tore up the check, and people began to ask for autographs. Nick sat back and watched, then during a lull reached over and touched Hardy's sleeve.

"Tough being in the public eye, eh?"

"What's that? Oh, Nick, sure. Why don't you try one of these dumplings with the spicy mustard?"

"Far too hot for me, I'm afraid. Joseph, I'll be going now. You won't see me for another five years. Look for me at primary time."

"What's that?" Hardy signed another napkin and glanced up. "Oh, sure, primary time. Uh . . . is there anything else I should know? Anything I need to do?"

"Just stick to your principles. I'll take care of the rest." He frowned slightly, taking one more look at his candidate. "Next time, be plain old Joe. And get a haircut. See if you can find Dan Quayle's barber."

•

The next five years passed like a montage in a Frank Capra film based on a Horatio Alger novel.

Joseph "Call me Joe" Hardy returned to the campus and immediately his classes began to fill up. Within a term, the administration had twice moved him to a larger hall. The students loved his lectures and said he managed to make economics interesting for the first time ever. Applause was common.

Strangers approached him on the street to pump his hand. Reporters asked his comments on political issues. The camera loved him, they said. Radio talk-show hosts clamored for him to be interviewed and to field questions from callers. He had a folksy, common touch that showed to good advantage on the local *Nightline* knockoff, where his face became familiar to everyone in the state.

Even his marriage improved.

At the proper time he announced his candidacy for Congress. Party bigwigs couldn't have been happier. Although his opponent outspent him three to one, the election was never in doubt. Joe Hardy led in the polls from the first, and the only question come election day was

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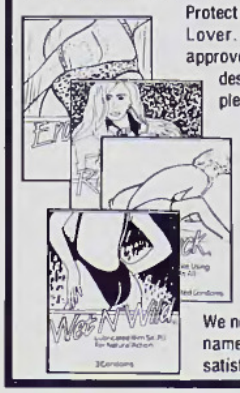

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the margin of his victory. He was sent to Washington with a stunning mandate and very little political baggage.

In D.C., he did a passable imitation of Jimmy Stewart for a few weeks, stumbling a few times, making a few mistakes as he got his office organized. But he was neither stupid nor innocent and soon was offering bills and fending off political action committees as if he'd done it all his life.

His reputation as a straight shooter was quickly established. It could have been a handicap, but Joe Hardy knew when to compromise to get things done and when to stand fast on a matter of principle. He was a man you could do business with, but you couldn't buy him. He earned the respect of most of his colleagues, grudging at first, genuine soon after.

There was jealousy, of course, from both parties. It wasn't every freshman Congressman who had Ted Koppel calling every other week to ask him to debate George Will or Ted Kennedy. Few new faces rated a 20-minute profile on *Prime Time Live*. Hardy had an uncanny knack for picking up free exposure worth millions in a reelection campaign. He was returned for a second term by an even larger margin.

No one was surprised when he threw his hat into the ring for the upcoming presidential race.

•

Even a Capra movie must have trouble along the way, and some was brewing. Dark forces were gathering inside the Beltway, powerful forces stirring within think tanks, public relations firms, advertising agencies. Campaign committees representing his rivals from both parties began to circle Joe Hardy, sniffing for blood.

Soon after his name started coming up as a presidential hopeful, his opponents began their research. It went from his birth to his last vote on the House floor. It was quickly established that he was not an escaped mass murderer, a homosexual, an IRA terrorist or a communist spy. Still, the private detectives reading his grade school reports and interviewing every friend Hardy ever had were not discouraged.

There were persistent rumors, whispered here and there, of something really big. Some knockout punch, something to blow Joe Hardy out of the race before it'd really begun. The peepers vowed to find it, whatever it was, if they had to track leads straight through hell.

Which is exactly where the trail led them.

One by one they had returned, battered, scorched, empty-handed, until one day a tall, thin, pimply fellow walked into the offices of the Elect Peckem Committee and put a smoking document on the chairman's desk.

"It wasn't that tough," the hacker said smugly. "Old Scratch could use better security software. I was in and out of his hard disks before anybody knew what was happening."

•

JOE HARDY IN PACT WITH LUCIFER screamed the headline of the Manchester *Union Leader* two weeks before the New Hampshire primary. Next to the damning article was another quoting a CBS–*Wall Street Journal* poll conducted minutes after the announcement. Joe's standing had plummeted. He now stood only two percentage points above the chief rival for his party's nomination, Senator Peckem.

Nick found Joe secluded in his office. Joe leaped to his feet.

"How could you do this to me?" he screamed.

"Calm down, Joe. Just calm down. All is not lost."

"The deal was supposed to be confidential!"

"I know, Joe, and I couldn't be sorrier. I've hired a new security consultant, but the cat's out of the bag," he said.

"So stuff him back in! You're . . . well, you know who you are. Can't you do that?"

"Unfortunately, my powers have limitations, Joe. I can't change what's already happened. As for that cat, however"—and now he smiled—"I've always preferred to skin it. And I know more than one way."

•

"Tonight Jay's guests are: From *Beverly Hills, 90210*, Jason Priestley. Congressman Joe Hardy. And special guest, Satan, Prince of Darkness. And now . . . Jay Leno!"

It was rough at first, as they'd known it would be. Leno skewered them during the monolog. But when Joe and Nick were finally seated, the tide began to turn. The two of them seemed relaxed, not at all ashamed or defensive, and, well, *interesting*. The audience wasn't on their side yet, but they were willing to listen.

So when the talk turned serious, Joe offered information about something that hadn't got much play in the press: the *terms* of the contract.

"If I had it to do all over," Joe said with a pensive frown, "would I? I really don't know, Jay. But you read it yourself. Of all the candidates in this race, I am the only one guaranteed not to stoop to attack-advertising. You saw it there in black and white. I won't abandon a stand I've taken for a cheap political motive. There'll be no flip-flopping on the issues from Joe Hardy. I won't say one thing in Boston and something else in Atlanta. I want to be your President, and I want to do it solely with the small contributions of the working class and the middle class

of this great country. I can't do otherwise. It's in my contract."

"And if he were to break it," Nick said with a devilish grin, "I'd be sure to give him hell."

•

The next day, on *The Joan Rivers Show*, Nick tackled the question of his role as the Great Adversary with a casual wave of his hand.

"That's been blown way out of proportion," he said. "Remember, He and I used to be good friends. We had a falling out, it's true, but He *did* create me, and I'm part of His plan. You might say I'm just doing my job." The grin on his face as he said this was infectious.

To Arsenio, Nick said, "I have to say this Lord of Evil business is mostly a bad rap, my friend. *Darkness*, yes. But that can be cool."

Discussing his methods with Regis and Kathie Lee, Nick said, "We both move in mysterious ways, God and me. It's true, I *am* out to get your soul and I *do* send it to hell. But have you been there lately?"

That's exactly where Dan Rather went with a television crew. He reported back with footage that suggested a medium-security federal prison. "We saw no fire and brimstone," Rather said, wearing his Afghan-war safari jacket. "Make of that what you will; we were not given free run of the facilities. Still, all in all, Manuel Noriega doesn't have it much better than what we were shown."

Geraldo sneaked to the outskirts of Hades shortly afterward, was roughed up by succubi and was ejected. He claimed to have been sucker-punched by the head succubus, but she denied everything and had a lurid videotape to back her story. When it aired the tape, *A Current Affair* drew an enormous audience rating.

Oprah claimed to be worried by something: Could one love God and still deal with Satan? Nick convulsed her audience by retorting, "Me and God? It's true we don't double-date. Think of us as Siskel and Ebert."

Slowly Joe edged back up in the polls as voters adjusted to the new playing field. Many seemed to feel they'd faced considerably worse choices most election years.

On primary day, New Hampshiremen slogged through a snowstorm to give Hardy 38 percent of the vote, ten points more than his nearest rival.

•

That nearest rival was Senator Peter Peckem, and upon viewing the exit polls, Peckem slammed his fist onto his desk and growled to his assembled campaign staff: "That's enough of that crap. You're all fired." He was on the telephone before the last of them had scampered through the door.

Within the hour he had spoken to Phillips Petroleum, General Motors,

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Matsushita, Dow Chemical, McDonnell Douglas, Toshiba and was working his way through the Fortune 500. The message was the same: I need lots of money and I need it now. Send it and I'm your boy. It was very much like a stock offering. By midnight he was a wholly owned subsidiary, and the money was pouring into offshore laundries from Bimini to the Cayman Islands.

His last act before retiring for the night was to hire a new campaign manager, a man by the name of Yerkamov, famous for engineering the reelection of an 82-year-old Senator from a Southern tidewater state shortly after that worthy's conviction on a charge of statutory rape.

Yerkamov hired the advertising firm of Mayerd & Scheisskopf, the Charity Crackerjack public relations agency, a top pollster, a speechwriter and a political psychologist. By the time the sun rose on the ruins of New Hampshire, the revivified Peckem campaign had come out of its corner swinging.

•

"Let me show you something, Joe," Nick said, pressing a button on a VCR remote control. On the screen, in grainy black and white, Japanese torpedo bombers swooped over Pearl Harbor. The Arizona exploded and sank. Hordes of troops waved rising-sun flags and shouted "Banzai!" And a deep, concerned voice said: "The Matsushita company likes Senator Peckem. Sony likes him, too, and so does Toshiba. If they didn't, they wouldn't be funneling millions into his campaign through their fat-cat lobbyists and special-interest political action committees. Joe Hardy stands for the American worker. Who will you vote for—Joe Hardy or the Senator from Toyota?"

"Are you out of your mind?" Hardy gasped, leaping from his seat.

"Just thought I'd run it past you."

"Why don't you show the bomb falling on Hiroshima, too? Maybe I could take credit for that."

"Actually, in the next one. . . ." Nick tapped another videocassette box thoughtfully against his chin.

"No, never! The agreement was, no attack ads."

"I wouldn't call this precisely an attack ad," Nick wheedled. "We do know it's true, about the Japanese contributions. Peckem has sold out to every——"

"That's his problem. No one will own me when I'm President, and I'll do it without stooping to. . . ." He noticed the look on Nick's face. "What's the matter? Is something wrong?"

"Wrong? No, nothing." Nick sighed deeply. "I don't like those new numbers from Florida, that's all."

•

It wasn't just Florida. Hardy's support was eroding in Massachusetts, Tennessee, Delaware . . . across the board in the upcoming Super Tuesday primaries and caucuses. He had held his early strength in Maine and South Dakota, but by the time Super Tuesday rolled around, he'd slipped an average of three points in the eight early March races. Peckem, written off by many pundits in February, was being called a slugger, a man with staying power, not afraid to take off the gloves and mix it up at the line of scrimmage, coming up on the rail.

These things don't happen spontaneously. Voters in the 12 Super Tuesday states were being surveyed, pamphleted, focus-grouped, phone-banked and sound-bitten more thoroughly than in any previous election. All over the South, people sat in conference rooms and theaters to have their sweat glands, heartbeats, blood pressure and breathing rates monitored as they listened to trial speeches or discussed the issues. Computer-guided laser beams were being bounced off eyeballs as test groups watched new commercials. Semanticists and programmers had developed an all-purpose speech that could, within two seconds, be tailored not only to small constituencies in a particular state but also to individual zip codes within the state. Peckem could promise one thing at nine A.M. at the Masonic Lodge and something completely different two miles across town at ten.

The usual hot-button issues had been identified, and Hardy's weaknesses in each category carefully plotted. He had once said that school prayer might make Islamic or Buddhist students uncomfortable. By the time Mayerd & Scheisskopf were through with it, Hardy sounded like a goddamn atheist. Once, Joe had opined that burning the flag might be protected by the First Amendment. The Charity Crackerjack agency soon had him using Old Glory for toilet paper. But the best purchase Yerkamov made turned out to be Peckem's speechwriter. He came up with a catch phrase widely viewed as the best since "Read my lips." It quickly became a chant at Peckem rallies and spread rapidly through society, and it went like this:

"To hell with that!"

Do you want the man who stands for higher taxes and being soft on criminals?

"To hell with that!"

The man who wants to keep this great

"Ah, fall—and the heavy scent of spandex in the air."

country headed down the road to mediocrity, who sends your tax dollars overseas whenever his liberal friends tell him to, who doesn't give a damn about the jobs of working men and women in America?

"To hell with *that*!"

Who wants to close the military base in this fair city, shut the sawmills, cancel the weapons systems, kowtow to the Japanese, truckle to the Arabs, deny you the right to pray . . . the man who says I can't get elected because he's made a deal with the Devil?

"To hell with that, to hell with *that*, to hell with THAT!"

Elect Peckem was outspending Vote for Hardy 50 to one, but the crowning blow was yet to come.

•

"It was the charisma," Joe whined when the story broke.

"Charisma my forked tail," Nick steamed, pacing the floor. "Charisma my aching horns. It was your not keeping your pants zipped."

Nick was not being completely fair. One of the hazards of charisma use, discovered by many a politician before Joe Hardy, was the bimbo factor. It attracted bimbos as sugar brings flies, and in the first heady days Joe had succumbed to the charms of several.

"Several? Hah!" Nick huffed.

"OK, OK. Let's call it a few score." Of that number, Peckem's troops had found four willing to tell their stories. Worse, two of them had proof.

Far, far worse, Mrs. Hardy did the unthinkable. After a short, sharp meeting with Joe, she filed for divorce and flew off to the Bahamas.

"So what are we going to do now?" Hardy asked.

"We have a little money," Nick mused. "Not what we should have, but some. Of course, I'll need your permission." He pulled a videocassette from his pocket and put it on the table between them.

•

The Pearl Harbor ad started running on Saturday, along with three others of equal virtue. Hardy applied a triple dose of charisma and appeared with Nick on *Meet the Press* on Sunday. By Monday the polls had begun a ponderous swing in his favor.

Super Tuesday found him winning by small margins in seven states, losing in three, with Texas and Florida too close to call.

•

Old Scratch sat in the ruins of a presidential campaign early in the morning of the second Wednesday in March and wondered if God was laughing.

Joe Hardy entered the room, along with a burst of noise from Hardy faithfuls partying into the night in the next room. Joe held a bottle of Dom Pérignon and a glass and he staggered slightly. His shoulders were littered with confetti and draped with ticker tape. His hair was unruly.

"So," he said, burping. "On to Illinois?"

"It's over, Joe," Nick said.

"What do you mean, 'it's over'? We won!"

What a pathetic thing his man had become, Nick marveled. He'd been a lot easier to take back in the days before the contact lenses, before the new barber. Back in the days of cheap California champagne. Now he was more of a sound bite than a man. Hardy must have known this, at some level, or he wouldn't be drunk so much.

"You call that a win?" Nick handed Joe a long sheet of Teletype paper. Key sentences and words had been highlighted with a yellow marker. "Did you catch the NBC special? Did you hear what John Chancellor had to say?"

"I was——"

"Those are tomorrow's columns you've got in your hands. They're saying the secret word, Joe, the one they've been hinting at for weeks. 'Unelectable.' And the duck comes down but you don't win a hundred dollars."

"We didn't do so bad in——"

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"You don't win anything." Nick cupped his hand to his ear. "Hear that sound, Joe? That's the sound of the press corps beating a retreat. A dozen of them have already left to cover Peckem. By morning the bus will be half full. By next week, who knows?"

Hardy was leafing through the Teletypes with a baffled expression.

"That's right," Nick said. "Read it and weep. Look at what Evans and Novak are saying. And get a load of that Royko column: 'The Senator from Toyota versus the Congresscritter from Hell.' When you've got the time, play that tape over there, see what Letterman had to say about you a few hours ago. With spin like that, we're sunk."

"But we won, damn it!"

"By three points in two states. And we lost two we were supposed to win."

"But we're still ahead!"

"That matters only in the general election. What matters in the primaries is fulfilling predictions, sustaining momentum. Joe, if the polls have you at seventy percent, and you get sixty-five, you *lose*! Just ask Lyndon Johnson. I did, ten minutes ago."

"You spoke with——"

"Well, where did you think he would end up? He said to throw in the towel. And I haven't even told you the worst of it yet."

"There's worse?"

"Exit polls. That's what this is all about these days. A month ago the voters saw you as an attractive outsider. Now you rate as just another politician. Your approval rating has dropped below twenty percent."

"It was that damn ad," Joe accused. "The Pearl Harbor ad."

"Actually, no. They liked that. The voters say they hate a negative campaign, but they really get a charge out of it. Running that ad made you look scrappy. Like you won't take Peckem's allegations lying down."

"Then we'll just have to hit 'em harder," Joe said, tossing the papers aside and slapping his fist into his palm. "Let's run more of those ads. Lots more. Let's punch that bastard Peckem where it hurts."

"We're broke, Joe," Nick said. "We can't afford the airtime. The campaign's in debt almost a million dollars. The only reason we could borrow that much is some ex–S&L people owed me some serious favors."

"Well, let's accept larger contributions. I won't hold you to the letter of the contract. Maybe we could even get some corporate money."

"Great. You think people are lining up to give you money after a showing like today? Wise up."

"Then *make* some money. Snap your fingers, make a pile of it appear right here." Joe pounded the table, getting angry.

"Get thee behind me, politician. What, are you crazy? With the Federal Elections Commission breathing down our necks and the IRS snooping around?"

"But . . . you're the *Devil*, goddamn it! Why should you be afraid of Internal Revenue?"

"Obviously, you've never been audited," Nick said, shivering.

"Peckem gets away with it," Joe sniffed after a long silence.

"Peckem's organized, Joe. It takes time to put together a money laundry like that. He's insulated. He's got plausible deniability."

Nick stood and rubbed his face, then looked at Joe Hardy, standing with his shoulders slumped.

"Go home, Joe. Get some rest. It's over."

Joe nodded and turned to go, then looked back over his shoulder.

"What about my soul?"

"You're free to keep what's left of it."

•

Satan had never been quite so depressed. For a century he'd been feeling as if he were falling behind. He kept trying to adapt, did everything he could think of to modernize his operation. Then they did something new. Hitler, the H-bomb, global warming. Toxic wastes, the ozone layer. Deforestation. AIDS. Heavy-metal rock and roll. Jim and Tammy Bakker. *I wish I'd thought of that*, he'd say to himself, then scramble to catch up. And now this.

It was not the first time he'd lost a soul in contention, though his batting average was high. But it darn sure was the first time he had lost one through being unable to fulfill his own side of the bargain.

It was one heck of a note. In today's political world, if you weren't willing to lie, cheat and be bought, it looked as if not even the Devil himself could get you elected.

He had decided to catch the next shuttle to Hades, flog a few sinners, try to cheer himself up, when his beeper went off. He glanced at the number in the liquid crystal display, got out his cellular phone and dialed.

"Yeah, what is it, Ashtoreth?" He listened, then sighed and said, "All right, put him through." After a short pause, "Son of Chaos here. What can I do for you?"

"Sure, I know who you are."

"Uh-huh. Uh-huh."

He sat up a little straighter.

"Talk to me," he said.

•

Yerkamov and Associates had the top floor of a 20-story tower of black glass that dominated a sterile edge-city office complex in Bethesda with all the warmth of the slab gizmo in *2001*. Nick's

heels echoed on black marble as he was whisked from the limo through a stainless-steel lobby and into a brushed-aluminum private elevator that deposited him before the glass desk of Yerkamov's receptionist. She'd been kicked out of the Miss America pageant. The judges thought she was too pretty. *Why can't I get help like that?* Nick wondered as she ushered him into the vast corner office with the million-dollar view of the Potomac and suburban Virginia. It was freezing cold.

Yerkamov was a fat little man with a bald head and rolled-up sleeves and sweat trickling down his neck. Sitting behind a big clean desk, he was almost obscured in a cloud of blue smoke. He leaned out of the cloud and thrust a chubby index finger at Nick.

"Reason I called," he said, brandishing a sheaf of computer printouts, "I was going through some polling data and I came across a little blip here when I ran Hardy versus Peckem." He chuckled. "Sort of a Ross Perot factor. Thing is, *you* tested higher than either of 'em."

"How interesting."

"I thought you might think so. The numbers from the Oprah show got my staff sitting up and howling at the moon. You do quite well across all the demographic lines. Young ones like that whiff of anarchy. And boomers find you trustworthy. Fatherly. Women enjoy the hint of danger." He got up and walked to the windows, puffing on his cigar. He looked over his shoulder. "Got any money?"

"People owe me favors. I can raise some."

Yerkamov nodded. "Of course, I can see a certain amount of trouble with the whole Prince of Darkness issue. Fly-god, Corrupter, Father of Lies. . . . Some of the nicknames you've picked up over the years."

"I prefer plain old Nick," said Lucifer.

"Sure, sure, and it plays better, too. And you've made a start on defusing that. With the right spin . . . do you see where I'm going here?"

"I think I have the direction. Not so sure about the motivation."

Yerkamov shrugged. "My business is seeing the writing on the wall. If I head Peckem's reelection committee, I'll have to learn Japanese and see him only on visiting days. There's things even *I* can't make look good. Besides, I like to back a horse I understand."

He went over and sat on the edge of his desk. "Potential problem. What's your citizenship?"

"I have a United States passport."

"Not good enough if we're going all the way. Gotta be a natural-born citizen."

Nick thought it over.

"Hades is vast. I believe I could convince any court in the world that when I was cast down, I came to rest beneath New Jersey."

"That would explain a lot. Where do you live?"

"I maintain a condo in Dallas for tax purposes."

"Then here it is: junior Senator from Texas in '94. Six years later. . . ."

"The millennium. . . ." Nick whispered, and the banked fires in his eyes blazed briefly. When he looked down, he saw that Yerkamov had extended his hand. Nick took it. Yerkamov's hand was clammy, his grip flaccid. Nick hated that. He swallowed hard and pretended he didn't mind.

Hell, it was a small price to pay for the White House.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

PLAYBOY *expands your purchasing power by providing a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 30, 104–107, 130–133 and 189, check the listings below to locate the stores nearest you.*

STYLE

Page 30: "Country Gentleman": **Jacket** by *Henry Cotton*, for store locations, 800-323-7862. **Sports coat** by *Nigel Cabourn*, at Rosey Jekes, 15 Lebanon St., Hanover, NH, 603-643-3693. **Pants** by *Barry Bricken*, for information, 212-719-4670. **Suit** by *Grays by Gary Wasserman*, at Barneys New York, Seventh Ave. at 17th St., N.Y.C., 212-929-9000. **Cap** by *Schuman & Sullivan*, for information, 800-937-1577. "Knit Picky": **Sweaters:** By *Lyle & Scott*, at Bergdorf Goodman Men, 745 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-753-7300. By *Cucci-nelli*, for information, 212-582-0042. By *Ballantyne*, at Cashmere-Cashmere, 595 Madison Ave., N.Y.C., 212-935-2522; 840 Madison Ave., N.Y.C., 212-988-5252; 920 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, 312-337-6558. By *Malo*, for store locations, 212-753-7015. "Hot Shopping: Los Angeles": Monopoly, 213-655-0704. Funkeesentials, 213-653-2585. Who Makes Sense?, 213-651-0311. Who's On Third, 213-651-2928. Taboo Hair Salon, 213-655-3770. The Cook's Library, 213-655-3141. Polka Dots and Moonbeams, 213-651-1746. "Clothes Line": **Suits:** By *J. Crew*, for information, 800-562-0258. By *Giorgio Armani*, at Barneys New York, Seventh Ave. at 17th St., N.Y.C., 212-929-9000. By *Cerruti*, at Barneys New York, Seventh Ave. at 17th St., N.Y.C., 212-929-9000. By *Liz Claiborne*, for customer service, 201-662-6602.

FOR CONTROL FREAKS ONLY

Page 104: **Car** through *Great Planes*, for the dealer nearest you, 800-682-8948, ext. 9889. Page 105: **Helicopter** through *Horizon*, for store locations, 217-355-0022. Page 106: **Boat** by *Dumas Boats*, to order or for store locations, 800-458-2828. Page 107: **Motorcycle** by *Royal Products*, to order, 800-962-2010.

1993: THE ELECTRIFYING NEWS

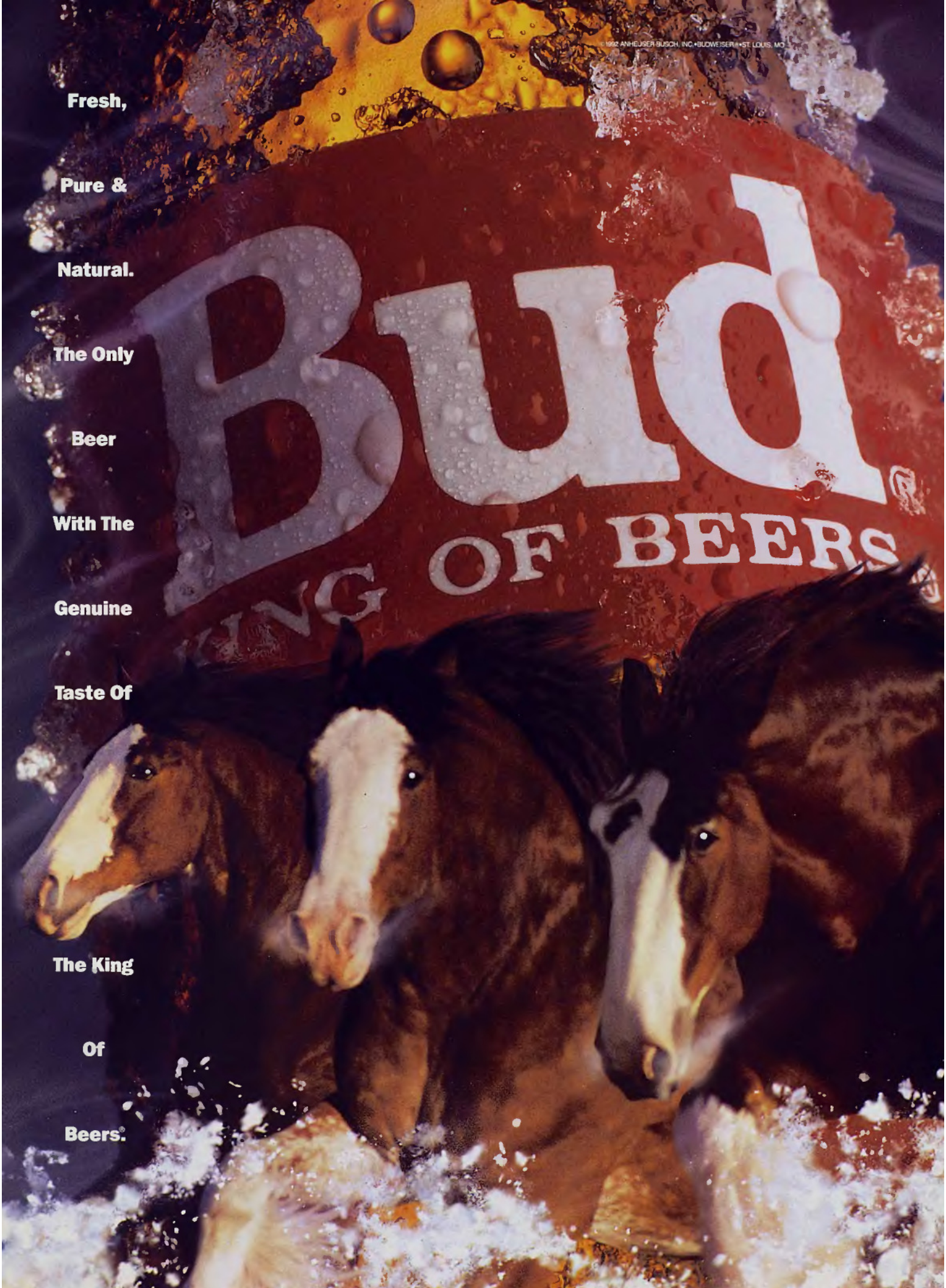
Page 130: **Laser karaoke** by *Pioneer*, for information, 800-421-1404, for the dealer nearest you, 800-421-1623. Page 131: **Minidisc player** by *Sony*, for store locations, 800-222-SONY. **Camcorder** by *RCA*, for information, 800-336-1900. **DCC deck** by *Technics*, for information or store locations, 201-348-9090. Page 132: **VCR** by *Toshiba*, for store locations, 800-631-3811. **Car stereo** by *Clarion*, for the dealer nearest you, 800-487-9007. **TV** by *Philips*, for information, 615-475-0317. Page 133: **Amplifier** by *Onkyo*, for store locations, 201-825-7950.

PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE

Page 189: **World-band radios:** By *Panasonic*, for information, 201-348-9090. By *Philips*, for information, 615-475-8869. By *Grundig*, to order, 800-872-2228. By *Sony*, for store locations, 800-222-SONY.

You can contact the manufacturers directly for information on where to purchase merchandise in your area.

For free information on advertised fashions only, call Playboy's Fashion Line at 800-354-4502.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Fresh,
Pure &
Natural.
The Only
Beer
With The
Genuine
Taste Of
The King
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Bud
NG OF BEERS

THE WORLD IN YOUR EARS

If CNN's around-the-clock broadcasts aren't enough to satisfy your news-junkie appetite, then a pint-sized world-band radio—shortwave, as we used to term it—should do the trick. Thanks to digital technology, some of the latest portable models make it easier than ever to tune in to the BBC, Radio Moscow or any of the other 1000-plus international stations. To listen, you simply punch a frequency into the keypad or use UP/DOWN buttons to scan the airwaves. Memory presets in most units allow quick access to your favorite stations (one world-band receiver from Grundig accepts as many as 512), and most models feature world time clocks, radio alarms and circuitry that improves reception during storms or when you're surrounded by high-rise buildings.

STEVE CONWAY

Clockwise from top left: The RF-B45 multiband radio by Panasonic offers 18 memory presets, a sensitivity selector for improved reception and six tuning methods, about $190. The Philips AE3905 world-band receiver features 13 shortwave bands, 18 memory presets and a liquid crystal display that shows a world map and cities by time zone, about $350. Grundig's Satellit 303 world-band receiver with 42 memory presets offers continuous shortwave tuning, including access to two-way amateur, military and commercial communications, $249. Sony's ICF-SW55 has 125 memory presets as well as an automatic timer that turns the unit on and off for up to five programs and a world clock, about $430.

Where & How to Buy on page 187.

Andréa's Hands On

Actress ANDRÉA LYNN has been around the dial from *Hard Copy* to PBS to cable, as well as on the big screen. She played Maggie in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* in Hawaii and played coy with us in *Grapevine*. You'll be seeing more of Andréa.

ANDY PEARLMAN

ANTHONY SAVIGNANO/RON GALELLA LTD.

Hands Off, Grace

Actress/singer GRACE JONES knows how to get her picture taken and we know how to print it. Grace checked herself out at a party recently. Since you couldn't be there, go see her in *Boomerang*.

PAUL NATKIN PHOTO RESERVE INC

Sisterhood Is Powerful

Next time five attractive women decide to go out dancing in a major American city, maybe they'll be as lucky as GOOD 2 GO. They were discovered one night in a club having fun, but it was their singing that sealed the deal. Look for the LP.

WERNER W. POLLENER

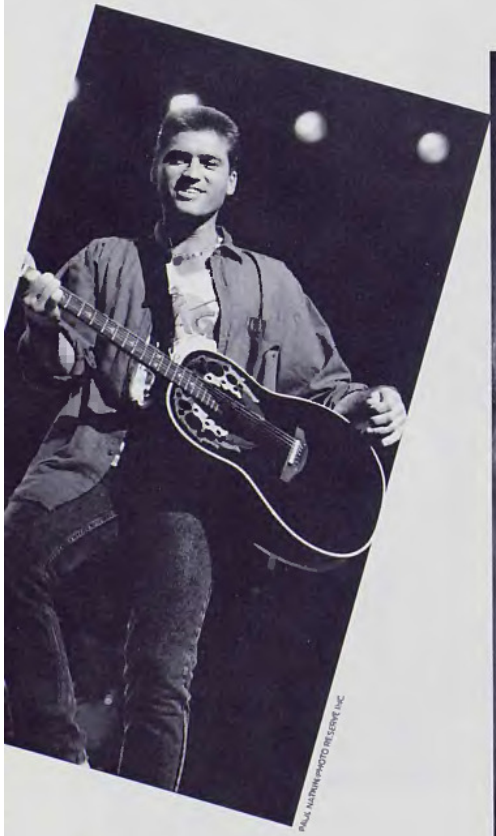
Cheeky

There's nothing between JENNIFER SCHWALENBERG and her jeans. Jennifer has graced *Beverly Hills, 90210*, *Baywatch* and a music video for the band Poison. She's working on a poster and was once Miss Teen Wisconsin. The Midwest's loss is clearly Hollywood's gain.

This Tribe Has Arrived

This is YOTHU YINDI, an aboriginal rock group from Australia. If you missed them opening for Midnight Oil and Neil Young, catch the LP *Tribal Voice* or the single *Treaty*. Music is the universal language. Speak it.

PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.



PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Billy Ray Has His Say

If country music is exploding, BILLY RAY CYRUS is a Roman candle. He went from obscurity to the top of the charts with a number-one single, *Achy Breaky Heart*, and a number-one LP, *Some Gave All*. Cyrus calls the stage "the one place where I'm happy." Lucky for the rest of us.

MARK LEVDAL

Sheer Energy

Dancer/starlet DUSTINA LANAI has posed for posters and calendars. She appeared in the HBO series *1st and Ten*. Now she's holding her own with us. Let's hear it for basic black. It's our favorite color.

SECRETLY DOING YOUR VIDDING

When Sally Beaton told her boyfriend that either his messy collection of videotapes had to go or she would, and he opted for keeping the videotapes, she knew something had to be done. So she created Hid Vid: standard VHS videocassette boxes with a spine fashioned after leather-bound editions of *Hamlet*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Othello*, *Macbeth*, plus other classics—as well as *Our Christmas* and *Our Vacation*. The Sharper Image and the Horchow Collection sell three-packs of Hid Vids for about $25. Or call 410-625-0230 for the name of a local retailer. Of course, you'll want to stash your video of *Deep Throat* in *Moby Dick*.

GLENN ARMSTRONG

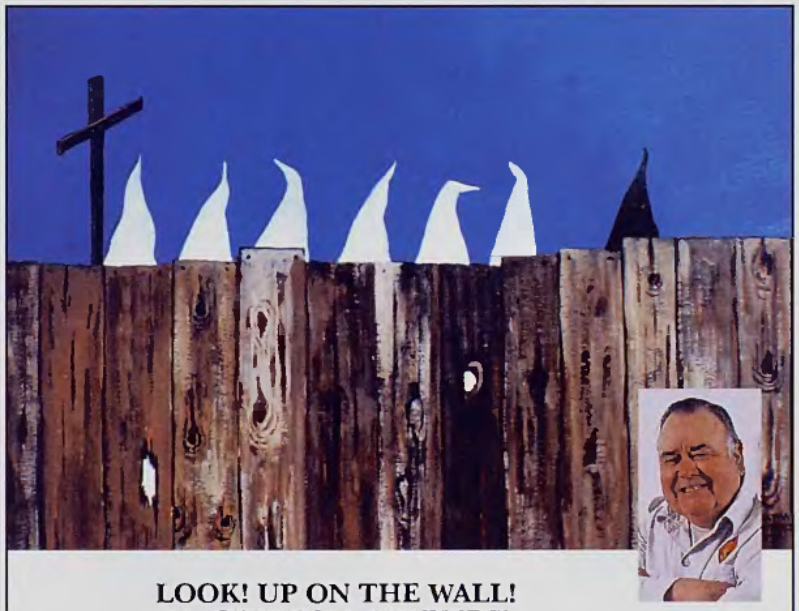
RAG-HEADED

Rowing teams, weight lifters and other jocks have been sporting the pirate look for years—a bandanna tied across the head to keep the sweat off one's brow. Now a company named One-on-One Active Wear, 2920 Norman Strasse Road, Suite 106, San Marcos, California 92069, is selling rag berets that are secured in the back with a cord lock. A variety of patterns is available, with rust, black, purple, white, green, pink or blue as predominant colors. The price: $10 each, postpaid. Phone: 619-727-1472.

STEVE ROSMAN

WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE

"Two people showering with a Shower for Two consume less water than two people showering separately," says the spokesperson for Hydrokinetic Designs Inc., P.O. Box 119, 103 Main Street, Thomaston, Maine 04861. Sure they do. And we know that water conservation will be the foremost thing on your mind when you and a close friend are contributing to the environment while testing your newfangled bath fixture. Shower for Two is available in three snazzy styles: chrome or brass for $106 and gold-finished for $136. (All prices are postpaid.) To order by credit card: 800-225-5800. Talk about wet and wild. Pretty slick.



LOOK! UP ON THE WALL! AN ORIGINAL WINTERS!

What do David Bowie, Robert Redford, Jack Palance and Jonathan Winters have in common besides being top entertainers? All are talented painters, and examples of their artwork (along with that of Katharine Hepburn, Candice Bergen, Elke Sommer and 71 other stars) are reproduced in the $40 hardcover *Actors as Artists*, by Jim McMullan and Dick Gautier. (Winters' whimsical painting *A New Member* is pictured above.) The book also contains a foreword by Norman Lear, biographical sketches on each artist, personal comments on their artwork and photographs of them taken in their homes, gardens or art studios, plus more. Charles E. Tuttle of Boston is the publisher.

THE GAMES CANDIDATES PLAY

Now that Ross Perot has dropped out of the presidential race, place your bets on Boomer Littlefeet, the front-runner among the 25 candidates in the campaign board game Road to the White House, by Mayfair Games. All the tools of a real campaign enter into play. The first player to amass 270 electoral votes wins. The price: $31.95, postpaid, ordered from 800-432-4376.

THE SPICE OF LIFE

Back in the Thirties, magazines with such titillating titles as *Cupid's Capers* and *Stolen Sweets* were hot sellers. Now Kitchen Sink Press in Princeton, Wisconsin, has reprinted 39 of the greatest covers in a *Spicy: Naughty '30s Pulp Covers* trading-card set. On the back of the cards is a brief history of each magazine and a description of its contents. All for $12.45, postpaid. Call 800-365-7465 to order.

CABIN IN THE SKY

The management at Beaver Creek Resort near Vail, Colorado, describes its Trapper's Cabin as "the ultimate get-away-from-it-all vacation." And for $2000 per night (winter rates) for up to four people, it ought to be. What you get is a four-bedroom retreat in the Rockies with a huge roaring fireplace, king-sized hot tub, courtesy bar and a gourmet dinner prepared by your private chef. Skiing and snowshoeing are the principal al fresco amusements. For more information, call Trapper's Cabin at 303-845-5788. But hurry, the cabin books up fast.

KELLY JACKSON

NICK BRACKS

BARTÓK, BEETHOVEN AND BERNSTEIN

Leonard Bernstein: The Royal Edition from Sony Classical draws on the more than 500 works Bernstein recorded for CBS during the Fifties, Sixties and Seventies. The inaugural ten titles are devoted to the music of Bartók and Beethoven played by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. Some 100 additional recordings featuring the works of Brahms, Debussy, Mahler and others will be released over the next two and a half years. *Royal Edition* CDs are $10.98 each; cassettes are $5.98. Music, maestro!

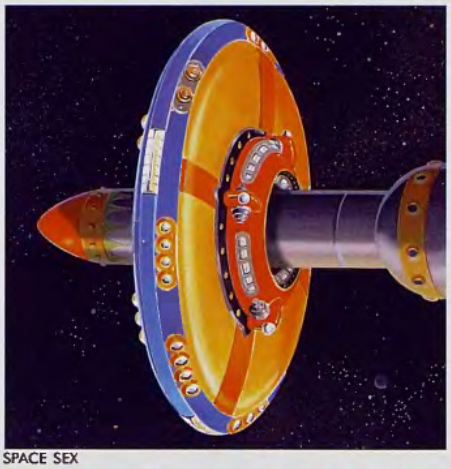
GOING FOR BROKE

"*Your Complete Unemployment Financial Survival Guide* is a 144-page how-to manual designed to prepare people for the worst scenarios of job loss," says its author, Townsend S. Albright, himself a veteran of an 18-month job hunt. The book details sources of financial assistance on federal, state and local levels for the unemployed worker, along with info on how to negotiate your best severance package and more. Best of all, the manual is priced at $19.95, postpaid, from Financial Forum, P.O. Box 454, Wilmette, Illinois 60091.

ANNE SEYMOUR

COMING NEXT: OUR GALA CHRISTMAS ISSUE

PAGE PROOF



SPACE SEX

PARTY ANIMAL

HAHN'S BACK

"GENERATION X"—WE'RE THROWING A RAVE FOR THE POST-BOOM BABIES, WHO KNOW HOW TO TAKE THEIR FUN SERIOUSLY

"BOP TILL YOU DROP"—PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF JAZZ AND ROCK, PART FIVE, SALUTES THE MOST INNOVATIVE (AND MOST CONTROVERSIAL) ERA IN JAZZ—BY DAVID STANDISH

SHARON STONE, AMERICA'S NEW SEX QUEEN, TALKS ABOUT LIFE OFF CAMERA, LOVE ON SCREEN AND A FEW OF HER MOST BASIC INSTINCTS IN A HIGHLY PROVOCATIVE PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

"PARTY ANIMAL"—THE LATEST ADVENTURE OF DORTMUNDER, AMERICA'S FAVORITE BURGLAR—BY DONALD E. WESTLAKE

"THE PREMONITION"—WHITNEY PAYS A PRE-CHRISTMAS VISIT TO HIS BROTHER'S WIFE AND KIDS AND RECEIVES AN UNEXPECTED GIFT—BY JOYCE CAROL OATES

HELMUT NEWTON, PHOTOGRAPHY'S KING OF KINK, TALKS ABOUT NUDE SELF-PORTRAITS, MARGARET THATCHER'S BLUE HAIR AND THE WOMAN WHO COULD COAX HIM INTO WEARING A SADDLE IN AN OFFBEAT "20 QUESTIONS"

"GOLDEN FEATHERBEDDERS"—WHILE THE REST OF US SCRAMBLE TO PAY THIS MONTH'S VISA BILL, THE COUNTRY'S CRASSEST CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICERS ARE POCKETING MILLIONS—A REPORT BY AMERICA'S LEADING EXPERT ON EXECUTIVE COMPENSATION, GRAEF CRYSTAL

"HOW TO PLAY WITH YOUR FOOD"—PENN AND TELLER, THE BAD BOYS OF PRESTIDIGITATION, REVEAL THE SECRET OF THE POPCORN SURPRISE AND OTHER INCREDIBLE EDIBLE TRICKS

JESSICA HAHN—WITH A NEW TV CAREER AND HER HOTTEST PICTORIAL EVER, JESSICA'S 15 MINUTES OF FAME ARE ENJOYING A LONG EXTENSION

"EROS IN ORBIT"—ARTHUR C. CLARKE WEIGHS THE POSSIBILITIES OF SEX IN ZERO GRAVITY

PLUS: "BETTY PAGE"—A TRIBUTE TO THE FABULOUS FIFTIES PINUP; FICTION BY THOMAS BERGER; A VIEWERS' GUIDE TO WHAT THE SHOUTING IS ABOUT ON TV'S *MCLAUGHLIN GROUP*; "PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW," BY GARY COLE; THE CAST OF *MELROSE PLACE* DECKED IN HOLIDAY FASHION; "SEX STARS 1992"; "PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE"; A KILLER GUIDE TO SNOW-BOARDING; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE

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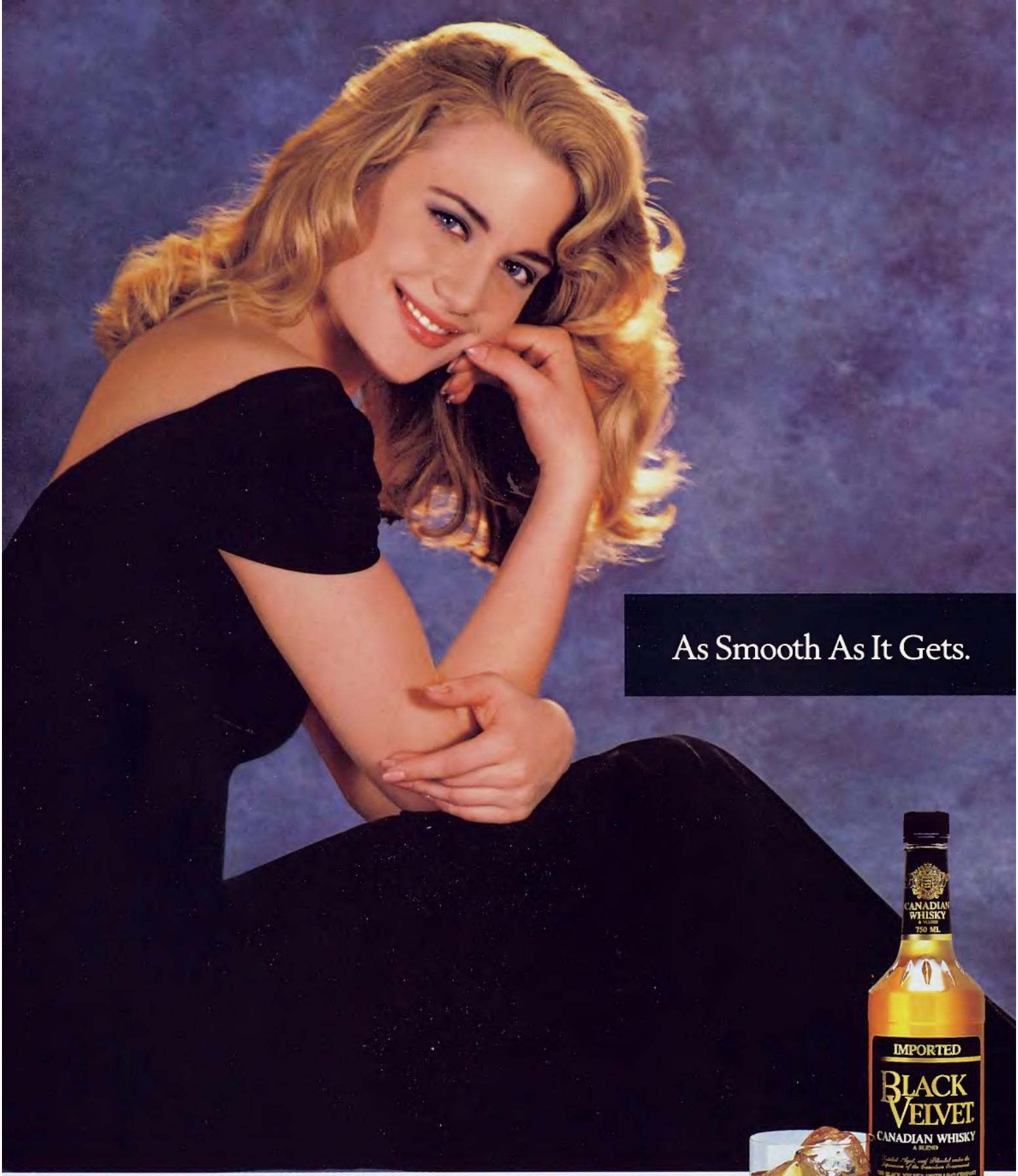

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